2103

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXIX JANUARY, 1906 NO. 1

PHILIPPA'S NERVOUS PROSTRATION

A STUDY IN NOBLENESS

By Kate Douglas Wiggin

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

STANWOOD SANITARIUM,
MAPLETON, PENNSYLVANIA,
June, 1905.

FIRST WEEK

Monday

THE door has just closed behind one of the most eminent physicians in the State, and I am no longer Philippa Armstrong, but a case of neurasthenia, an inmate of Room Number 17, which has a yellow placard over its entrance—a placard announcing that no callers are allowed within save with the special permission of Dr. Levi Stanwood. At present the placard is the only thing I enjoy about the institution; that, at least, promises peace—at all events such peace as can be found outside of one's own soul.

I am counselled to have complete rest, careful and nourishing diet, freedom from anxiety, gentle tonics, with electrical and other treatments underlined upon a printed list.

The head physician (who is a genius in the way of diagnosis, seeing through the human system as if it were plate glass) has made a careful study of my symptoms and written my cousin Sarah that all I need is six or eight weeks of his care to be quite myself again.

How little they understand us women, after all—poor blind, innocent doctors! My heart-beats, my color, my temperature, my pulse, even my tongue, all these have told no tales to the scientific eye, and as it was literally impossible for Dr. Stanwood to discern my malady, it was equally beyond him to suggest a remedy. As a matter of fact, all I need to make and keep me well is large and constant doses of Richard Morton, Esq., of Baltimore.

Cousin Sarah does not suspect the state of things, the gentleman himself is, I trust, quite ignorant, and the doctor will waste upon me all the wealth of curative agencies at his command without effecting the least change in my condition.

Richard Morton is an orphan; so am I. He is young, strong, good-looking, clever, and poor. I am the first, second, and fifth; as to one's own beauty and cleverness it is difficult to speak impartially.

I have thought for nearly six months, and indeed I am still inclined to think, that Richard Morton loves me, and I was equally certain, until a few weeks ago, that he was only awaiting a suitable opportunity to declare his love and ask me to marry him. I had made up my mind whenever he should put the important question to answer him frankly and joyously in the affirmative; not because he is the handsomest or most brilliant or most desirable person in the world, but because for sheer lovableness and husbandliness he is unsurpassed and unsurpassable.

In March Cousin Sarah made a visit to Germantown and met there a Mrs. Taunton, Richard Morton's widowed aunt. When the intimacy had progressed sufficiently Mrs. Taunton told Cousin Sarah one day that she hoped her nephew would

Copyright, 1905, by Charles Scribner's Sons. All rights reserved.
Printed in New York.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Miss Darling is a man's woman," she continued.

eventually marry a certain Amy Darling, a near neighbor of hers; that Miss Darling's father and Richard's had been friends from boyhood; and that they had always planned a marriage between the two young people, each an only child.

Of course, Mr. Darling, who died only this winter, did not indulge in any such melodramatic or bookish nonsense as setting down commands or desires in his will, nor were any of his bequests dependent upon them. He did talk with his daughter, however, during his last illness, and he did leave Richard Morton a letter expressing his affection and confidence, and saying that as his daughter was entirely without relatives he should have felt much happier had he seen her married before his death. He knew, he said, that Amy was one of the sweetest and most attractive girls in the world, and if a mutual affection should grow out of her acquaintance with Richard he would be glad to know that the fortune he had made by his own energy might be a basis for the future prosperity and business success of his old friend's son.

Cousin Sarah came home from Germantown quite excited by this romance and discussed it with me daily, in exasperating unconsciousness that I could feel the least distaste for the subject.

"It seems almost providential, Philippa," she said, over her knitting.

"Providential for which of them?" I asked, stabbing my sheet of music paper with the pen, while I tried in vain to think how many eighth notes would fill a measure.

"For both; though I was really thinking of Mr. Morton. His business is one that peculiarly requires capital; then again he has many interests in Philadelphia, and there is that beautiful place in Germantown with house, stable, horses, and gardens all ready for him."

"And the girl, too; don't forget her," I responded. "Though some men don't care for these ready-to-wear wives; they prefer to look about and choose."

"He would have to look a long distance before he found anyone to compare with Miss Darling, either in beauty or suitableness," said Cousin Sarah, thereby injecting the first drop of poison in my blood and starting me on the downward path toward nervous prostration.

"Miss Darling is a man's woman," she continued, unconsciously giving me another push; "the kind neither you nor I

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have anything in common with, but which we know to be irresistible."

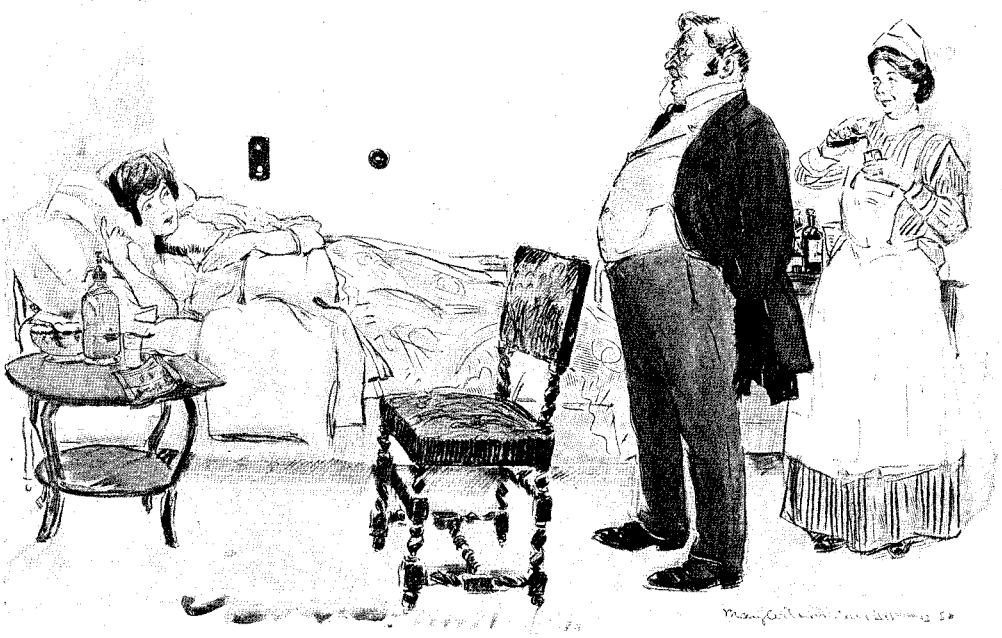
Now Cousin Sarah is fifty-five, thin, angular, erect, uncompromising. I love and respect her, but do not care to be lumped with her in affairs of the heart, at least not for thirty years to come.

"I can see her in my mind's eye," I ventured; "blonde, dimply, fluffy as to head, willowy as to figure so as to cling the better, blue eyes swimming in unshed tears, and a manner so exquisitely feminine that she makes all the other women in her vicinity appear independent and mannish. But not all men care for pets, Cousin Sarah—some of them prefer companions."

"A pet *is* a companion," remarked Cousin Sarah casually as she left the room, giving me thereby an entirely new and most unpleasant thought.

I have known Richard Morton for many months, and although I have met him very often at other places, he has been a constant visitor at our house. If he has had any resemblance to a possible suitor why hasn't Cousin Sarah discovered it? Is *she* deaf and blind, or have my ears and eyes played me false? Am I so undesirable that it would never cross her mind that a man might fall in love with me? Hardly, for she is well aware that several men have expressed their willingness to annex my poverty-stricken charms.

As I look back upon the weeks that followed the interview with Cousin Sarah I see that Richard was never the same after he received Mr. Darling's letter. I felt a nameless difference. It was not only that I saw him less frequently, but that he gave me less of himself when I did see him. I, too, was on guard and never succeeded in being quite natural. I am not so foolish as to give up a man who loves me, to another girl simply because she is rich. The thought that worries me night and day is this: if at the moment he only feels for me friendship, ought I to let it grow into love when there is another woman who could give him with herself everything he needs to assure his career? With Philippa Armstrong for a wife he will have to work unceasingly, and unless fortune is particularly kind he may not achieve a large success for many years. If he marries Amy Darling (soft, silly little name!) he has house, lands, and money, all the influence of her father's former business associates, and has, besides, carried out his own father's wishes.



The doctor called at noon.—Page 11.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This is considerable; quite enough to make a man reflect and vacillate, unless he is so deeply in love already that no temptation is strong enough to assail him.

Richard Morton, I know, likes to dance with me, sing with me, golf with me, talk with me, consult with me about his affairs, write letters to me; and more than that, he doesn't like to have other men usurp these privileges; but I am not prepared to say that he would pine away if circumstances removed me altogether from his path. At any rate, these perplexities have been too much for my peace of mind, and when Richard Morton announced that he had business which would keep him in Philadelphia for a month I began to feel physically ill and unable to bear Cousin Sarah's sympathy, her curiosity, even at last her proximity. When the doctor advised my coming here to this quiet, restful place I eagerly embraced the opportunity simply because I could be alone, and because I need not meet Richard until he had enjoyed a full month of Miss Darling's society, either succumbing to its fascination or resisting it, as the case might be.

Would it be nobler of me to give him up before he is really mine, knowing that in this way I am advancing his worldly interests? This is the question that I hope solitude will help me to answer, but its complications and side-issues are so many that I feel dazed by their number and their difficulty. I went to sleep last night echoing the old negro's prayer: "Thou knowest what's about right, Lord. Now do it!"

My next-door neighbor.—Page 6.

Tuesday

8 A. M.—Nurse gives me an alcohol bath.

8.30—She takes my pulse and temperature and enters them in the Bedside Record Book, afterwards reading me my diet-list. It seems I do not belong to the favored class, which to be cured is stuffed with pleasant things to eat; my symptoms demand a simple, unexciting bill of fare.

9—Breakfast— *Menu*

Fruit in season
(This is its only name, but everybody knows it by sight).
Poweretta Grits with Cream.
Graham Muffins.
Wheatoata Process Coffee.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

10.30—Hot fomentations.
11.15—Drop of blood extracted from ear and subjected to examination.
11.30—Glass of milk.
12—Visit from physician.
1—Dinner— *Menu*

Barley Broth.
Lamb Chops—Hominy—Rice.
Bread-and-butter Pudding.
Custard Sauce.

8.30—Tepid sponge bath.
9—Massage.
9.30—Glass of peptonized water.
9.45—Temperature and pulse taken.
10—Lights out.

Never in all my twenty-five years of life have I passed a busier or more exhausting day.

Wednesday

Precisely like Tuesday save for some new

I was allowed to sit on my balcony for an hour this morning.—Page 6.

2 to 3—Silent hour.
3.30—Static electricity.
4.15—Weight taken.
4.30—Cold pack.
5—Cup of Predigested Maltese Milk.
5.30—Visit from head nurse.
6.30—Supper—*Menu*

Cornetta Mush.
Poached Egg on Whole-Wheat Toast.
Sterilized Stewed Apples—Zephyrettes.
Cup of Somnolina

(A beverage from which everything pleasant and harmful has been extracted by a beneficent process).

7.30—Miss Blossom, the nurse, insists on reading to me.

experiences in diet. There was a mild process-drink called Cocoatina; Teaette also made its appearance. There were dolls' mattresses of shredded excelsior moistened with milk; nut salad, and Grahamata mush.

There is mush in the evening, mush in the morning,
Mush when it's looked for and mush without warning.

It is rather like the immortal "Charge of the Light Brigade":

Oats to the right of them,
Corn to the left of them,
Wheat to the north of them,
Grits to the south of them,
Into the Valley of Mush rode the two hundred.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Swinging in a hammock in a shady nook.—Page 7.

Thursday

I was allowed to sit on my balcony for an hour this morning. This would have been a pleasant change had I not heartily disliked at first sight my next-door neighbor who was sitting on the adjoining balcony. At noon she sent me a bunch of pansies and her card: Mrs. Grosvenor Chittenden-Ffollette.

Among fifty or sixty attendants there are always a few who gossip in spite of repeated warnings from the authorities. Sometimes it is a young nurse, sometimes a masseuse, a manicure or a shampooer, but there are always those who retail the news, mostly innocent news, of an institution like this. Cold-packing, or rubbing, or spraying, or electrifying, or brushing, or polishing—all these operations open the flood-gates of speech and no damming process is effectual. Miss Phœbe Blossom is the herald who proclaims tidings of various kinds in my room, there is also a neophyte in the electricity department who is always full of information and quite unable to retain it. It would be almost more than human to ask them to be silent when they are the only links with the world outside. A system reduced to nothingness by a supper of Wheatoata Coffee, Cracker-dust Croquettes, Cosmos with milk, and a choice of Cerealina, Nuttetta, Proteinetta, or Glucosa is in no fit state to resist gossip.

It seems that Mrs. Chittenden-Ffollette is more than a mere woman—she is a remarkable "case," and has proved a world-wide advertisement for this sanitarium. Dr. Stanwood has almost effected a cure; her disease has had to be named and her symptoms have been written up in all the medical journals. I don't know what sort of person she was before she became a case, but she is now a greater tyrant than Caligula or Catherine of Russia. As to her disease, she has those things that she ought not to have, and she has not those things that she ought to have, and there is no health in her; or at least there was not until she came here a year ago. Now she is strong enough to perambulate in the corridor a little while each morning or be wheeled along the board-walk in the afternoon, and when she hears that some of the other patients are suffering, she sneers at their modest, uninteresting ailments and glances in at their doors with half-disguised contempt. You know the expression of the prize dog who is borne from the show hung with medals and ribbons—how he gazes on the little mongrel curs that gather with the crowd in the streets?

Her name, Chittenden-Ffollette, is of as vital importance as her medical-journal malady. When the third floor is in dire confusion; when Mrs. Parks has hysterics and Miss Simmons is crying for her mother, and Mrs. Bell's hot-water bottle has burst in the bed, and Miss Phipps has taken a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

turn for the worse, Miss Blossom sometimes becomes flustered and hurried and calls her patient Mrs. Follett, whereupon she says, "*Chittenden*-Ffollette, *if* you please!"

If by any chance she sees the Chittenden-Ffollette without the hyphen in the Nurses' Bedside Record Book or scribbled on the morning paper she doesn't need any stimulant the rest of the day. The omission of the hyphen sends up her pulse and temperature to the required point for several hours, though there is always a reaction afterward. I've told Dr. Levi that I should name one of her complaints hyphenitis. The occasional operation performed on the hyphen by Miss Blossom, or the young lady at the stationery counter, might be called hyphenotomy. Everybody detests Mrs. Chittenden-Ffollette, but as the banner patient of the sanitarium she must be treated with respectful consideration. All America's most skilful physicians have struggled with her organism. They have tried to get her symptoms into line, so to speak, so as to deduce some theory from the grand array of phenomena, but the symptoms courteously decline to point in any one direction. When the doctors get seven-eighths of them in satisfactory relation there are always two or three that stay out and sulk and refuse to collaborate in any sort of harmony. They act precisely like an obstinate jury, in that they calmly refuse to agree, and then Mrs. Chittenden-Ffollette appeals to a higher court where flaws in the testimony are always found, judgment is reversed, and a new trial ordered. The greatest surgeons in Europe have left the bedsides of crowned heads to ponder over her inscrutable mysteries, and have returned to their sovereigns crushed and humbled. All this attention would have upset a stronger character than hers, and now that she is in a fair way to recover, her pride will have its inevitable fall. Though much more agreeable and docile than when she entered, she is in uniformly low spirits. The truth is, she liked being an unsolved mystery and she is a good deal nettled at being found at last both soluble and curable—obliged to live, like an ex-president, on the glories of the past.

I stole across the corridor —Page 9.

Friday

Buckle, in his "History of Civilization," claims that men and women are divided into three classes. The first and lowest talks of persons, the second of things, and the third and highest, of ideas. I should divide the human race into four, instead of three classes, and name as the lowest those persons who discuss their symptoms. The patients here are counselled not to do it, so the vice is reduced to a minimum, being practised, say, not more than three out of the fourteen waking hours.

Swinging in a hammock in a shady nook this afternoon the conversation that floated to me under my distant tree was somewhat after this fashion.

Mrs. A.: "Once I had neurasthenia. For three months I couldn't be moved in bed, and for nine weeks I couldn't turn my head on the pillow."

Mrs. B.: } "Mercy!"
Mrs. C.: } "O! Mrs. A.!"
Mrs. D.: } "Good gracious!"

Mrs. E.: "Cerebro-spinal meningitis is worse than neurasthenia. I had it four years ago, and the doctor said he'd never seen a woman live that was as sick as I was. One night my temperature was 137."

Mrs. C.: } "Goodness!"
Mrs. B.: } "That's pretty high!"
Mrs. A.: } "Are you sure?"

Mrs. E.: "Yes, I'm perfectly sure, or at least I think I am; I am seldom wrong on figures."

Mrs. A.: "I asked, because I've noticed here that the thermometers register only 110, and I wondered how they measured the temperature when it rose above that point."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Jimmy, you're too old to play with matches, aren't you?"—Page 14.

Mrs. E. (*huffily*): "Probably they have extra long thermometers for extreme cases."

Mrs. F.: "I am glad that in this sanitarium they take the temperature by tucking the barometer-thing under the arm. My doctor at home always puts it under the tongue, and it is a perfect nuisance. He never gets it well placed but that I think of something I want to say. Then, of course, I have to keep still for three minutes, which seem three hundred, and by that time I have either forgotten it or changed my mind, so there I am!"

Mrs. G.: "Just after my youngest child was three years old——"

Mrs. F. (*interrupting*): "I was going to say, when Mrs. E. spoke about the barometer, that after I was engaged to Mr. F. I had a dreadful attack of brain fever. I was ill in bed three months and they couldn't touch a brush to my head for nine days."

Mrs. D., *Mrs. E.*, *Mrs. C.*: "Horrors!" "Dreadful!" "Heavens!"

Mrs. G. (*bravely*): "Just after my youngest child was three——"

Mrs. X.: "A man patient was brought on to our floor this morning."

Mrs. S.: "*Our* floor? Goodness! I wish they *would* have separate corridors for male patients."

Mrs. X.: "This gentleman is an old friend of Dr. Levi's. His wife has been here four weeks, and now he's been taken ill, so they've put him next her on the first floor."

Mrs. S.: "I don't care, I hate to have him near us."

Mrs. B.: "Why? He's perfectly harmless; he is too ill to move."

Mrs. C.: "I'm sure I wish he could! Anything to relieve this hideous dulness. What's the matter with him, I wonder!"

Mrs. D.: "I'll ask Miss Oaks when I have my hot fomentations this afternoon; she knows everything and she's generous as a prince with her knowledge."

Mrs. G. (*patiently*): "Just after my youngest child was——"

A nurse passes through the grove, bear-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing a sterilized tray with peptonized preparations on it.

Mrs. Y. (*calling her*): "Nurse! what's the matter with the new man-patient on our floor?"

Nurse (*discreetly*): "I don't know, Mrs. Y."

Mrs. X: "She does, but she's a stiff thing! Anyway, I heard the attendants whispering about him in the corridor before breakfast. Something—I think it's an organ—is floating about in him."

All: "*Floating?* Horrors!"

Mrs. X.: "I couldn't understand exactly. You know people always roar if they have nothing particular to say, but if it is interesting they whisper. I distinctly heard the word '*floating.*' I don't know whether it's one of his regular organs, or something he swallowed accidentally."

Mrs. C. (*plaintively*): "Doctors are never satisfied. If anything floats they want to get it stationary, and if it's stationary they want to cut it loose."

Mrs. G.: "Just after my youngest child ——"

Mrs. B.: "They say Mrs. H. is going to leave to-morrow; she doesn't like the food or the service."

Mrs. E.: "Goodness, she has all the service there is on our floor! Nobody else gets a chance! She spends her whole silent hour pushing the electric button."

Mrs. D.: "Yes, Miss Oaks declares she 'lays' on it. She says that the head nurse told Mrs. H. she must ring less frequently, or the bell would be removed. Miss Oaks says the patients that pay the smallest rates always ring the bells most. It isn't fair that a twelve-dollar-and-a-half patient should annoy a whole row of sixty-dollar ones and prevent their bells from being answered."

Mrs. X.: "There's nothing made out of Mrs. H. at twelve dollars and a half a week. She was as contented as possible last night, but this morning she wanted her bed in the other corner, awnings put on the windows, a woven-wire instead of a spiral spring bed, and the bureau changed for a chiffonier. Come, we must all go in for treatment—it wants five minutes of four."

Mrs. G., in despair, as she sees the occupants of the hammocks dispersing, almost shrieks: "*Just after my youngest——*"

But the ladies, for some reason or other, do not care to hear anything about Mrs. G.'s youngest, and she is obliged to seek another audience.

Saturday

The doctor found me "overtreated" this morning and advised a day of quiet, with a couple of hours on the roof-garden or under the trees.

I have heard at various times sighs of weariness or discontent or pain issuing from the room opposite mine, and this afternoon when Miss Blossom had gone into Number 19 to sit with the haughty Mrs. Chittenden-Ffollette I stole across the corridor and glanced in at the half-open door of No. 18.

The quaintest girl raised herself from a mound of sofa-pillows and exclaimed: "Why, you beautiful thing! Are you Number 17? I didn't know you looked like that!"

"It's very kind of you," I answered, blushing at this outspoken greeting; "but I am not beautiful in the least; it is because you do not expect much from a person who has just crept out of bed. I don't look any better when I am dressed for a party."

"You don't need to," she said. "Now get on my bed and cuddle under the afghan and we'll talk till Miss Blossom comes back. Won't she beat you for being out of your room? Why are you here? You haven't the least resemblance to a rest cure! What is the matter with you?"

"Backache, sideache, shoulderache, headache, sensation of handcuffs on wrists, balls and chains on ankles, lack of appetite, and insomnia."

"Is that all? Haven't you any disease?"

"I believe not," I answered humbly, "but the effect is the same as if I had. Why are you here?" I asked in return, as I looked admiringly at her shining brown hair, plump, rosy cheeks, and dancing eyes.

"I came here, so to speak, in response to an ideal; not my ideal—I never have any—but Laura Simonds's. She is my dearest friend and one of the noblest girls you ever knew. She said the separation from the world would do us both good, and so it might if she could have stayed to keep me company. Now she has the world and I have the separation."

"She isn't here, then?"

"No, worse luck! She is always working and planning for the good of others, but

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

she is constantly meeting with ingratitude and misunderstanding. She had just brought me here when she was telegraphed for to turn about and go home. You see she had sent two ailing slum children to be taken care of at her house, and it proved to be scarlet fever, and, of course, her stepmother took it the first thing—she's a hateful person and takes everything she can get—and then the cook followed suit. Now they blame Laura and she has to find trained nurses and settle everything before she comes back to me."

"Then you're not an invalid? I thought you were in pain and couldn't reach the bell. That's the reason I looked in."

"Oh, dear no, I was only yawning! I came for what Laura calls the healing influence of solitude, but Laura thought as the place was so expensive, and treatment was included, we'd better take Turkish baths, massage, and electricity, they're so good for the complexion. I have a little table to myself in the convalescents' dining-room and haven't made any acquaintances. I can't stand their sweetbread complexions and their double chins. The patients are all so fat they might sing Watts's hymn in unison: 'Much of my time has run to waist.'"

"It is not an inspiring assemblage," I agreed, "though I haven't seen them all together, as you have."

"And they think of nothing but themselves, which is exactly what I want to think about—myself, I mean. There's one charming girl on this floor. Something's the matter with her solar plexus and they won't allow her to talk, so we have had some nice conversations in the silent hour. They've told me now I musn't call again; it seems that I was too exciting. Tell me something about yourself, Vashti—I am sure that's your name, or Semiramis or Zenobia or Judith, and if it isn't one or another of those I don't want to hear what it is, for you wouldn't look like it."

Just here a page brought in a letter which she glanced through with an "Excuse me, please."

"Oh, dear! Now Laura can't come tomorrow! She is certainly the most unfortunate being in the universe. She became very much interested in a deaf man that she met in her settlement work, and so as to give the poor thing employment she appointed him Superintendent of the Working Boys' Club. Now the working boys refuse to play with him and the directors have had a meeting asking Laura to remove him at once. I do think they might have endured him one season when I gave him a twenty-dollar ear-trumpet, but some people are utterly unreasonable; and here I am, in need of advice every moment, and Laura kept in the city!"

"Haven't you any family?"

"Not a soul; have you?"

"No one but a cousin."

"I believe nobody nice and interesting has a family nowadays. Laura has no one but an uncongenial stepmother, and that is the reason we are so intimate. I am so giddy and frivolous, and Laura is so noble and self-sacrificing that I try to form myself on her now and then, when I'm not too busy."

"You live with her, do you?"

"Oh, no! I don't live anywhere in particular. Of course I have a house and a lady housekeeper, but she doesn't count. I've been staying mostly with a Mrs. Beckett, an old friend of my mother's. She is the dearest and loveliest woman in the world and I can't bear to be away from her."

"Why can't she join forces with you if you are so alone in the world?"

"Because there's a son."

"Is he too young, or too old, to join forces?"

"No, he's just right, and he'd be only too glad to join forces, or anything else that had me in it, but he mustn't, and that's the reason Laura made me come here!" And with this she punched the sofa-pillows rebelliously, looking more like an enraged Angora kitten than anything else.

"It's your hour for cold spray," said Jimmy, the page-boy, peeping in at the crack of the door.

"I'll come!" she responded unwillingly. "Now do steal in again," she whispered, turning to me, "for I must talk to somebody, and if Laura could see you I know she would think you safer than anybody here."

That afternoon, as I swung in my hammock in the grove below the sanitarium, I looked up at its three stories of height and its rows upon rows of windows, and wondered how many cases of neurasthenia under its roof were traceable to a conflict

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

between love and conscience. "I begin to have an interest in that chatterbox neighbor of mine," I thought drowsily, "and that after vowing not to make an acquaintance in this place. Love will be a side-dish, not the roast, in her bill of fare, if I am any judge of character, and why does her Laura attempt to stem the natural tide of events? It is almost wicked of the Fates to give such a featherhead any problems to solve; she ought to have her what's-his-name, Beckett, if she wants him, particularly if he wants her. As for the noble Laura, I long to make her acquaintance. I can almost hear the uncongenial stepmother, the feverish cook, and the infuriated directors, clamoring for a providence to remove her from their field of vision, and substitute some thoroughly practical and ignoble person in her stead.

Sunday

I was very happy all the morning; so happy that I forgot my tonics, massage, and sedative tablets; but the doctor called at noon and spoke of the wonderful way in which my system responded to his remedies, and I said nothing.

Cousin Sarah forwarded me a letter from Richard Morton, who is superintending some surveying near a small town in Pennsylvania. He knows that I am not well and away from home on a visit to the country, but, of course, he is not aware of my exact whereabouts. It was just one of his gay, friendly letters, with an undertone of something warmer in it. Among other things he said:

"How weak a thing is man! Now that you are so far away and I am exiled in a village where there is but one post a day I suffer pangs of hunger for a word from you. So far the one daily mail would have been all too ample for your desires, since you have not written a word as yet; but there is always the hope. I have been speculating to-night upon the frightful risks and dangers surrounding the man who is waiting for a letter. It seems to me the very best postal service is inadequate to take care of a letter from you to me! Think of the uncertainties and perils to which it is exposed in transit! You give it to a maid to drop in the pillar post-box, but she may forget and leave it in her pocket, or she may lose it. Or say she drops it in; it must be removed from the box by an ordinary human being who has no conception of the issues involved in the rigid performance of this particular duty. The letter is then taken to the branch office of your section, then to the general post, and then to the railway, where new dangers menace its precious existence. The train may be robbed; and if a single letter is stolen it will be yours to me. No man alive could resist a letter of yours to me!"

Is there not a note of tenderness here, a note that has crept in only during the last few months? But what if there is? It occurred to me after dinner that the question of his feeling for me is not the only, nor even the principal one to be considered. The point under advisement is, shall I allow him to love me when there is something better in store for him?

Miss Blossom had scarcely left my room this evening when I heard a pattering step and a hurried tap on my door. On my saying "Come," my opposite neighbor slipped in and turned the key in the lock. It was an unconventional and amusing performance, but I didn't mind. Somehow one couldn't mind anything with such a spoiled baby.

"Good-evening, Zuleika!" she said. "No, you needn't smile and raise your finger at me as if you were dying to tell me your name is Abigail! Miss Blossom has gone for the night, hasn't she? I thought so. You know it's the nurses' ball this evening, and there's only one attendant on duty in each corridor from now to half past nine. May I have this big chair by the window? I am so bored with this place that it excites me even to think how stupid it is. I almost wish I had a symptom or two, just by way of sensation. Did you have Somnolina for supper? I did, and sometime I shall make a scene in the dining-room when I watch the hundred and fifty dyspeptics simultaneously lifting cups of Teaette or Somnolina to their parched lips."

"You ought to be ashamed," I chided, "when you know almost everyone who is here needs to be put upon a diet. You wouldn't expect champagne, terrapin, and canvas-back ducks?"

"I know it; don't scold, it makes you look like Cassandra. Isn't the moonlight enchanting, and if this weren't a health resort wouldn't it be a heaven upon earth?"

The broad, unscreened windows were

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wide open and vines of woodbine or honeysuckle framed them on every side. A lake shone like a silver mirror in the distant landscape and the elms and maples and chestnuts swayed in the summer breeze. Little groups chatted on the broad piazzas, and here and there on a rustic bench in the moonlight sat a man and a woman—two minds with but a single thought, and that thought his or her own solar plexus.

It was an hour for confidences, and I remember that my troubled heart cried out for a strong, tried friendship on which to draw for counsel and sympathy. What, wonder, then, that the Angora kitten, deprived of her Laura, emptied her silky little head of some of its worries, divining that I was older and graver and perhaps would find her lost ball and give it to her to play with again.

"There's no telling when Laura will be here!" she exclaimed despairingly. "When there is any duty within a thousand miles she stays to perform it. Mrs. Beckett has poisoned herself with mercury and Laura thinks she ought to go and nurse her for a day or two—as if Mrs. Beckett hadn't six maids and twenty thousand a year to spend in nurses! Laura can't bear Tom, his incurable levity gets on her nerves, and why she wants to martyr herself by staying in the house with him when I'd be only too glad to go, passes my comprehension!"

(I can't explain it, but at this juncture I seemed to have visions of Laura flirting with the Beckett during the Kitten's absence.)

"Sometimes," she continued, rippling along as if natural speech had been denied her for hours, "sometimes I wish I hadn't selected such a superior being for a bosom friend, and then again I despise myself for harboring such a mean feeling. I'm forever trying to climb, and Laura is continually trying to drag me, to her level, but I suppose I don't belong there, and that's the reason I keep slipping off and sliding down. At this minute, if she'd let me be the grovelling little earthworm I am by nature, I could marry Tom Beckett and be as happy as the day is long."

"What is the matter?" I asked sympathetically, though rather ashamed to drop a plummet into so shallow a brook. "If you love his mother so dearly, and love him too, and are sure of his affection, why don't you marry him? Isn't he suitable?"

"Oh, yes; he's almost too suitable; that's one of the lions in the way. His family is good, he is as handsome as Apollo, and he has a much larger income than mine, but you see there's another man."

"Another man! You didn't mention him yesterday."

"Didn't I? How funny! But after all it was our very first interview, and even silly I have my reserves."

"Do you love them both equally?" I asked, trying to keep the note of sarcasm out of my voice.

"Certainly not. I care nothing about anybody but Tom Beckett, but Laura says that such a marriage will simply mean a life of self-indulgent luxury, idleness, and pleasure. She says marriage is something loftier and nobler than pleasing one's self; that it ought to mean growth and development both to the man and the woman. She says that I should have no influence on Tom, and that I need somebody strong and serious to steady me. She says Tom and I would only frisk through life and leave the world no better or wiser than we found it. She even says" (and here she turned her face to the honeysuckles)—"I don't like to repeat it, but Laura is so advanced she makes my embarrassment seem simply idiotic—she even says that the children of such a union would be incurably light-minded and trivial; and O! Zuleika, if one isn't a bit advanced in any way, doesn't it seem hard to keep from marrying somebody you love just for the good of a few frivolous children you've never seen in your life?"

It was neither the place, the hour, nor the subject for laughter, but I forgot my neurasthenia and gave way to such a burst of whole-hearted mirth as I had long been a stranger to. Every second of time seemed to increase the unconscious humor of her point of view, and only fear of the nurse on duty in the corridor enabled me to control myself at all.

"Have I been funny?" she asked delightedly, as she drew her head in the window. "I never can see my own jokes, but I'm glad to have amused you, only I did hope for a little sympathy. Everybody can't be Zenobias, and Vashtis and Lauras, superior to common weaknesses!"

"I do, I do sympathize," I said, wiping the tears of merriment from my eyes, "and I agree with you much more than with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Laura. Now the 'other man' is, I suppose, all that is grave and reverend—a complete contrast to the too trivial Thomas?"

"Yes, and he's as good as good can be; trustworthy, talented, honorable—everything—you know the kind? I never get on with them."

"Does he love you?"

"Laura thinks he does, but I've no reason to suppose so. We've always been friends, while Tom Beckett and I squabble and make up twice a week; but anyway, even if he doesn't adore me in Tom's silly way, Laura says I ought not to mind. She says it would be noble of me to help him to a splendid and prosperous career, and thinks I ought to remember how much my father wanted him for a son-in-law—you see he is awfully poor."

At this coupling of fathers and poverty a sudden light blazed in upon my consciousness and I sat bolt upright among the sofa-pillows. How could I have guessed that the love-affairs of this rosy-cheeked dumpling, the casual acquaintance of a rest-cure, could have any connection with my own? If she hadn't been the sort of person who confides at first sight we should have learned each other's names at the beginning and been on guard. The truth is, I had thought of no one but Tom Beckett in her confessions; the personality of "the other man" had stolen into the chronicle so late in the day that I had taken no interest in him.

"Are you Amy Darling?" I asked her plump.

"Yes, but how mean of you to pump Blossom! I wanted to go on thinking of you as Zuleika and have you call me something imaginary and romantic."

"I am Philippa Armstrong. Did you ever hear the name?"

"No, but it's all right; it looks like you, and is nearly as pretty as Zenobia. Now if Tom Beckett had only chosen you and I could have obliged Laura by falling in love with——"

"Don't mention the other man's name!" I cried hastily; "it just comes to me that I may have met him."

"Met Dick Morton?"

It was true then! Here was the girl whom Richard ought, for his worldly good, to marry, and she was not a woman at all, only an Angora kitten, and moreover a kitten in love with Tom Beckett!

"Yes, I have met him, but I only this moment suspected it!"

"Have you known him long?"

"Less than a year."

"That settles it!" she cried, leaping to her feet excitedly. "If Dick Morton has known you for a year he won't want me and I can marry Tom! Goody, goody, goody!"

"Stuff and nonsense!" I said quickly. "Richard Morton is only a very dear friend."

"Stuff and nonsense yourself! No man with an eye in his head could be a dear friend to you! And Dick Morton is the hero sort who doesn't care for Dottie Dimples, but worships Vashtis and Zuleika-Zenobias. Have you any money?"

"Not a penny!"

"Oh, dear! I might have known you wouldn't have, with that hair and those eyes. Never mind! I'm certain that Dick would rather have a pauper goddess than a rich little earthworm."

"You mustn't talk any more about the matter," I said with as much dignity as I could muster in the midst of her laughter-provoking nonsense, which made the most sacred subjects seem a natural matter of discussion. "I know through Mrs. Taunton all about the circumstances,—your father's wishes and his letter to Richard. If you can possibly love him you must accept him, advance his fortunes, and do your duty by your father. I am determined to be as noble as Laura Simonds in this matter and I refuse to be a stumbling-block!"

The girl fell limply into the lounging-chair.

"Oh," she said despondently, "if *you* are going to be noble, too, there's no use discussing the matter. What an example we shall be for the heathen nations! You will be noble and give up Dick Morton; I shall be noble and marry him; and be noble at the same time in giving up Tom; Tom will be noble in suffering me to marry anybody but himself; Dick will be noble in obliging my father and marrying me instead of you; Laura is always noble! We could use up a whole order of nobility among us! And it is all so silly! Do you suppose my dear father would want four of us to be unhappy, his own daughter among them? It's really only Laura who matters, and if you had any ingenuity you could pacify her and per-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

suade her that it is my duty for once to follow my ignoble inclinations. I am afraid of her, but *you* needn't be! You could blaze and flash and tower, if you only would, and save us all!"

"You seem to forget," I urged, "that Mr. Morton has never asked me to marry him."

"That's nothing; he has probably been thinking how he could get me nicely disposed of, or how he could earn a roof under which he could ask you to step in wet weather. He's been too stupid and moody and dull this last winter for any use, and now I understand him. Has he ever seen you like this with your Rebecca-at-the-well hair down?"

"Certainly not!"

"I thought so; or he'd have forgotten the necessary roof!—Come in!—Goodness! it's your room and I locked the door! Do excuse me; I'll open it. A telegram for you.—Wait outside for an answer, Jimmy."

I tore open the envelope, confidently expecting that Cousin Sarah had been struck with paralysis; instead of which I read:

"ARCHVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA,
"June 16th.

"Have this moment secured a large and important contract assuring two years' lucrative work. May I come to see you immediately? Name earliest day.

"R. M."

I handed the message to the Kitten, who read it and exclaimed: "I knew he was only waiting for the roof! You see he doesn't worry about *my* prospects—selfish pig! Answer it and say Thursday—you can get well by Thursday, can't you?—for I want to send for Tom on the same day. There's a polo game at home Saturday, and Tom has a new motor car. Tell Dick the best hotel in the town is the Brooks House. "I must wire to Laura, too. I shall say, let me see: I shall say: '*You shouldn't have left me. I couldn't be noble alone.*' That's just ten words. She'll understand fast enough, and it will pave the way for you when you explain the situation to her. We'll leave the sanitarium Friday and get your Cousin Sarah to chaperon us on the journey home. Here, I've written my messages, now do yours—hurry! There!—Jimmy, you're too old to play with matches, aren't you?"

"Yes marm."

"Very well, then, you can be trusted with these two telegrams. Don't hold them near the fire; there's a match in each of them."

SECOND WEEK

As a patient Dr. Levi says I am almost as great a credit to the institution as Mrs. Chittenden-Ffollette herself.

Monday.—I slept all day, waking only for meals.

Tuesday.—The handcuffs slipped off my wrists and the balls and chains off my ankles.

Wednesday.—My headache, sideache, backache, and shoulderache disappeared.

Thursday.—Richard Morton came.

Friday.—Dismissed as completely cured.

"The dimensions of this mercy are above my thoughts," as Cromwell wrote after the Worcester fight.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WAPITI AND HIS ANTLERS

A STUDY OF THE WAPITI OR ROUND-HORNED ELK OF AMERICA (*CERVUS CANADENSIS*—ERXLEBEN, 1777)

BY ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

IN 1535 Jacques Cartier ascended the St. Lawrence as far as Hochelaga—now Montreal. On his return he reported "great stores of Stags, Deere, Beares, . . . and other such like sorts of Beasts" (Hakluyt Voy., vol. iii, p. 225). He saw then *two* kinds of deer! We know that both Whitetail and Wapiti abounded in the country where he wintered. The Wapiti has always been the "Stag" in Canada as well as the "Stag of Canada." So this we believe to be the first record of the Wapiti being seen by white men.

In 1605, according to Rosier, Capt. George Waymouth, in his "Voyage to Virginia," found "Deere red and fallow, Beares, etc. . . . some like our other beasts the Savages signe unto us with horns and broad eares, which we take to be Olkes or Loshes." (Purchas, vol. iv, p. 1667.)

This is probably the earliest printed use of the word "Olkes" or Elk with reference to America. It appears in the latter form in 1650, when Virginia is credited not only with abundance of Deer, but also with "Elkes bigger than oxen." (Force, Col. Hist. Trav., vol. iii, No. 11, p. 11.)

In 1653–4, Father Lemoine, voyaging up the St. Lawrence, found, a few leagues above Montreal, "immense bands" of Wapiti; and Champlain's map (1632) marks the region of Kingston, Ontario, as "lieu ou il y a force cerfs" and emphasizes with a stag portrait that is certainly not that of a Virginian Deer, a Moose or a Caribou.

After this the number of travellers increased in America, and their accounts frequently included descriptions of the "great stag that was the bigness of a horse," and whose numbers were so great, in the high country, that their trails through the woods were convenient ways of travel.

Mark Catesby in 1731 (–43) remarks on "the Stag of America. . . . They usually accompany the Buffaloes, with whom they range in droves in the upper and remote parts of Carolina, where, as well as in our other colonies, they are improperly called Elks. The French in America call this beast the *Canada Stag*. In New England it is known by the name of the Grey Moose, to distinguish it from the preceding beast, which they call the Black Moose" (p. xxviii).

In 1777 Erxleben recognized it as a new animal and gave it the distinctive proper name of *Canadensis*.

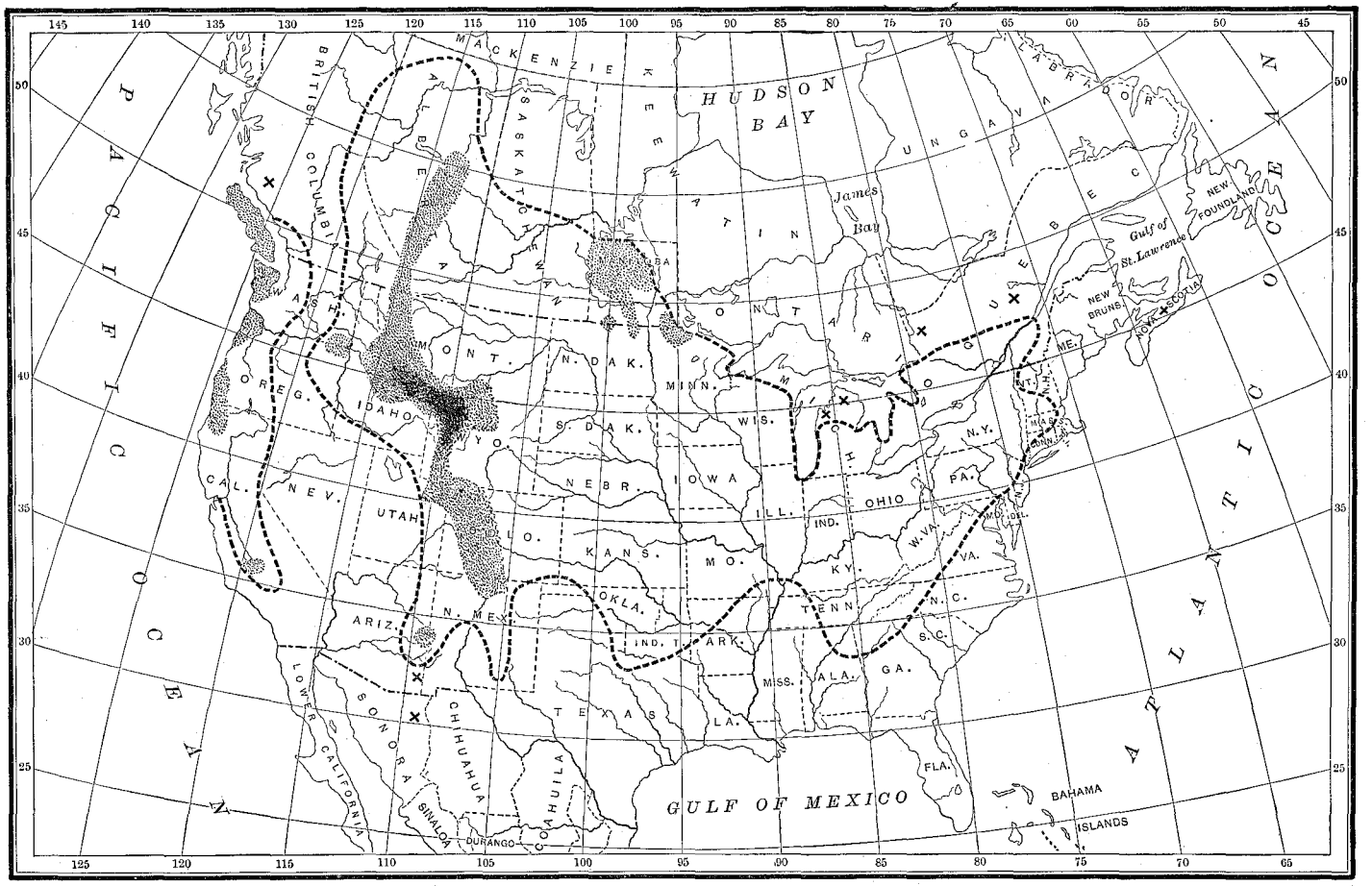
In March, 1806, Dr. B. S. Barton published an article in the Philadelphia *Medical and Physical Journal*, "An Account of the Cervus Wapiti or Southern Elk of North America" (art. vii, pp. 36–55). He remarks on page 37: "As the Elk has not to my knowledge been described by any systematic writer on zoology, I have assumed the liberty of giving it a specific name. I have called it *Wapiti*, which is the name by which it is known among the Shawnees or Shawnese Indians. . . . This animal is generally known in Pennsylvania and in other parts of the United States by the name of Elk."

This is the first use in print of the word Wapiti so far as known, and should settle several old disputes as to origin and application of the name.

The accounts of travel in Eastern America more and more abound with descriptions of the "great stagge" during the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

Among these early writers we find frequent use of such terms as "immense bands," "great numbers," "great store," "covered with Stags," etc., etc., in describing the abundance of the Wapiti. Dr. Barton, quoted above, says: "Within the memory of many persons now living the droves of

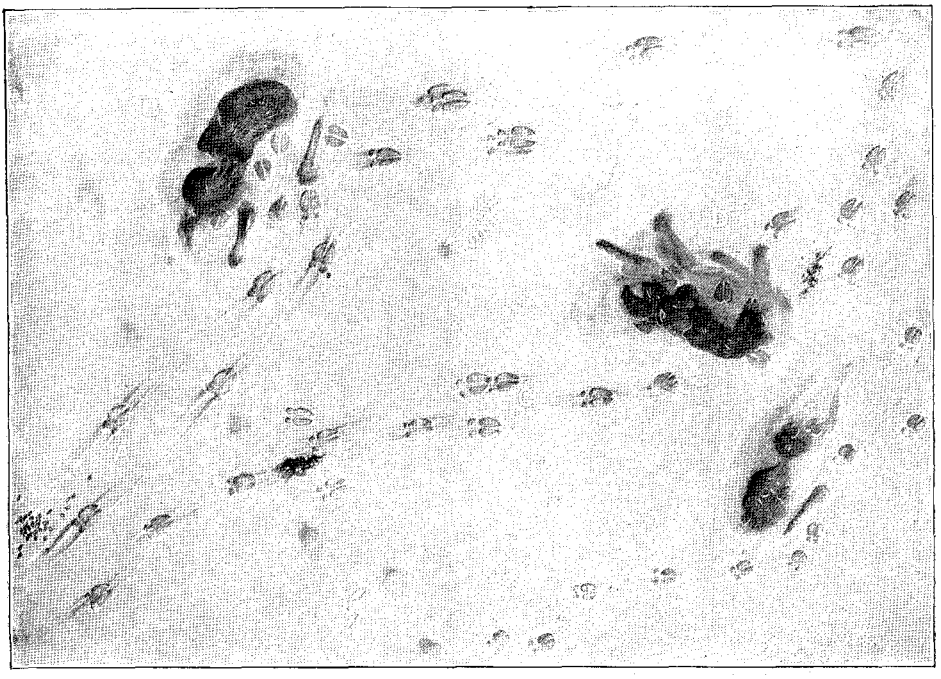
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Distribution of Wapiti or Elk in 1500 and in 1900. By Ernest Thompson Seton.

The Wapiti was originally found in suitable places throughout the two areas surrounded by a heavy broken line.
The dotted areas show in a broad sense where Wapiti were found in 1900. The dotting is very heavy where the species was numerous.
Some remarkable outlying records are marked with a cross.
No attempt is here made to demark the recognized forms: *Cervus canadensis* the Wapiti of the East, *C. occidentalis* the Black Wapiti of the Olympics, *C. merriami* the pale Wapiti of Arizona or *C. nanodes* the Dwarf Elk of California.
In compiling this map I have used the records of more than three hundred travelers and historians, including those of the Biological Survey, U. S. Department of Agriculture.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Tracks of bull, cow and calf Elk in snow.

Elks which used to frequent the salines west of the River Susquehanna in Pennsylvania were so great that for five or six miles leading to the "licks" the paths of these animals were as large as many of the great public roads of our country."

The beginning of the nineteenth century saw the Wapiti perfectly described, catalogued, and started on the road to extermination. Thenceforth the travellers in Eastern America were obliged to record only the reminiscences of old settlers or the discovery of horns and skulls in bogs. A glance at the map will show the original and the present range of the American Round-horned Elk.* A melancholy shrinkage is set forth; a shrinkage which went on with tremendous and increasing rapidity until about 1895, since which time a marked, wholesome change in public opinion has taken place.

The League of American Sportsmen and other societies of men who viewed with hate the approaching desolation of the wilds, have secured sound legislation for the protection of harmless wild animals. These laws, in passage and in enforcement, have proved an educational power—have set men thinking. The nation has realized that it cannot afford to send all these fine creatures the way of the Buffalo. The process of extermination was stopped, and the range of the Wapiti is probably a little larger to-day than it was in 1900. At any rate, I think there are more wild Wapiti in existence in America to-day than there were five or six years ago, and there are certainly many more in semi-confinement.

With a number of permanent safe havens, with proper limitation of the bag, an absolute prohibition of repeating rifles and of the sale of game, there is no reason why we should not keep these fine animals with us as long as we have wild land for them to range on—that is, *forever*.

Although so greatly reduced in range, the Wapiti is still to be found in numbers. It is considered plentiful in some parts of Manitoba; and in Wyoming. Around the Yellowstone Park, bands of 3,000 and 4,000 are yet to be seen when the first heavy snow sends them southward to seek their winter range along the Snake River.

This "great Stagge" is the largest of the true Deer, the largest of all Deer, omitting the Moose. Many books and many hunters

* For the material on which this map was compiled I am indebted to some 300 American travellers, and to the Biological Survey, Dept. Agr., Washington, D.C E.T.S.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

say that the Wapiti is the size of a horse, which recalls the old classic about the gem being as large as a piece of coal. But having in mind an ordinary horse of the kind used in the Wapiti country, standing about fourteen hands at the withers and weighing about one thousand pounds, it is safe to say that many bull Wapiti reach this size.

Two small bulls which I weighed in Wyoming in 1898 were respectively 550 and 531½ pounds each after bleeding. These were in their third year, and therefore not full grown. An adult cow weighed one month later was 490¾ pounds. Judge Caton thought 600 pounds would exceed the average live weight of a full-grown bull, but believed that they sometimes reached 1,000 pounds. Mr. Andrew Williamson, in "Encyclopedia of Sport," records a 1,200 pound bull Wapiti.

The bulls above named were 47¾ and 49 inches at the shoulders, the cow 56 inches. But Caton had a bull Wapiti over 16 hands (or 64 inches) at the withers, and Mr. Phillips Wolley records a Colorado bull Elk measured by Andrew Williamson at 17 hands or 5 feet 8 inches at the shoulder, 9 feet long, and 6 feet 8 inches around chest—that is two feet longer and twenty inches higher than the 550-pound specimen above mentioned.

We may safely believe, then, that an average bull Wapiti at full growth stands nearly five feet at the withers and weighs about 700 pounds.

During my hunting trip in the Shoshonees in October, 1898, I saw many Elk and got none at all. But I got what I went for—a lot of curious Elk signs, and made sketches and some notes, which I now reproduce.

Here (page 17) are the tracks of three Elk travelling in the general direction of down wind. Here, H. I. I., crossing from the middle below out at the top left corner is a stale track. Its size and general character, together with the place, show it to be that of a bull Elk. He was travelling toward I, because, in spite of its dimness, we can see a faint sharpness at one side of the track, and a suggestion of squareness at the other, showing the toe and heel marks respectively; and also because on the bank at the bottom, H, the tracks are shortened, showing that he was coming *up*. In case of doubt, one can sometimes determine the direction of a doubtful track by lightly brushing away the snow. The ground below may have a clearer impression or a ball of hard snow may remain to tell the tale. The track is stale, but how stale? Yesterday the wind came from the point he is headed for, and last night came the fresh snow; therefore he is twenty-four hours ahead, and, though unalarmed—witness his easy stride and trailing toes—it might take several hours to come up with him.

But the three we are following are quite fresh. A is the track of a big bull, because the hoof-mark is five inches long (four and a half inches would be fair sized). His hoofs might be overgrown, but the tracks are wide apart, showing the thick body; and he has fine antlers, because the cow went through a four-foot opening which he avoided for a wider door. Also the snow is knocked off the lower branches where he passed—a spike-horn rarely touches a branch with his antlers.

That he is not alarmed is shown by his short steps and the lazy dragging of his toes, as well as by other signs. The track is fresh, because it was made since last night's snow, but there are also indications that it is at least an hour old.

Here at B the bull "bedded." He was there for an hour at least because the snow under him is melted.

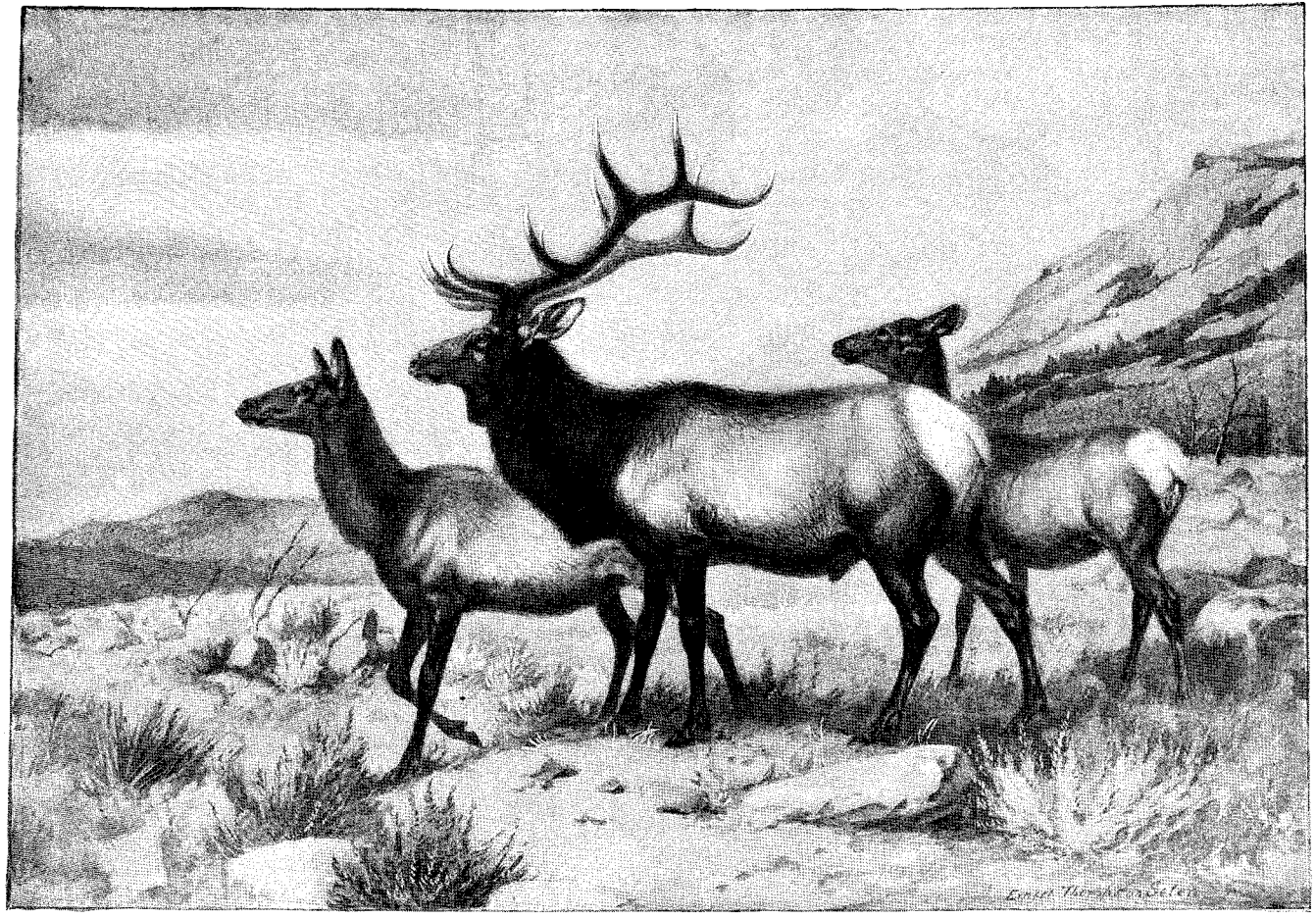
The trail C is that of a full-grown cow.

Her trail shows no sign of alarm. At D she lay down, but rose up after she had been long enough to melt the snow—perhaps an hour—looked about with the usual watchfulness of a cow, and lay down again in the same place for nearly as long, as shown by the second mark, not quite tallying with the first.

The trail E is that of a calf of the year, born late in May, and not yet (October) quite weaned. He lay down by his mother. But see, each bed is still wet with melted snow, and the tracks that were a couple of hours old are now quite fresh. *We have jumped the three Elk.*

They sprang up when they heard us coming through the woods. See the long strides of the bull as he trotted off, no longer trailing his toes. See how all three fell into line! But all the indications are that they were not greatly alarmed; and therefore we may yet see them, for the Elk will swing around, probably to the left, as that is up-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

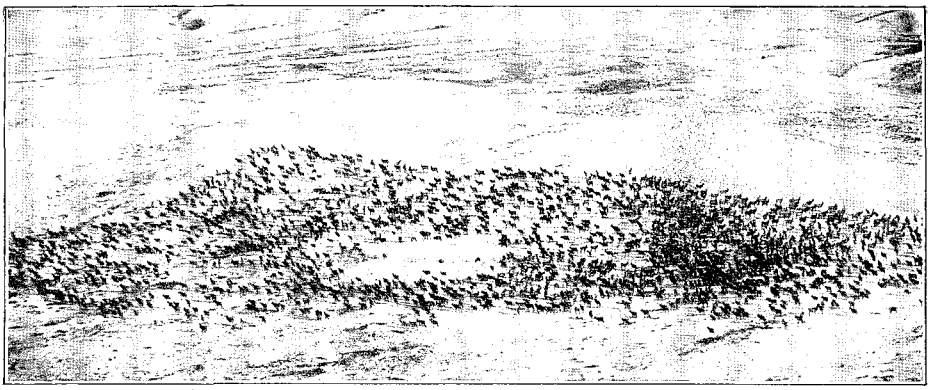


Drawn by Ernest Thompson Seton.

The big bull Wapiti at New York Zoological Park.

The horns are a very large pair, collected by Charles Payne, of Wichita, Kansas.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



From a photograph by S. N. Leek.

A band of several thousand Elk leaving the Yellowstone Park.

hill, till they either see us or get our wind. Quick now—a rapid advance, keeping a sharp lookout—here we are at the edge of an open glade, and there across it, gazing toward us, are the Elk. For a moment they stand, then up go their noses, and away they trot at speed, with the cow, as usual, in advance.

The great haven of the Rocky Mountain species is the Yellowstone Park. Thither as the snow melts the Elk bands wend their way from the lower winter range.

The cows remain in the rich, upper valleys, but the bulls go on and form another social circle higher up. But the cows have other business. Late in May, or early in June, the portlier ones wander severally from the herd into some quiet hollow, where are born to each one, or sometimes two, and rarely three, little spotted fawns or calves. For a few days (one or two, according to Caton) they are left concealed in the bushes after the manner of deer, though for a shorter time than with most kinds. The mother lurks in the neighborhood and comes to them to suckle them at times, no doubt as the pressure of milk gives notice, and this is likely adjusted to the needs of the young. None can see them now without marvelling at their stillness. They feign to be logs, lumps, dead things, but all their pretty and lawful deceit is belied by the bright, unblinking eyes that take in every movement of the finder. The photograph of the calf Elk dropped in New York Zoological Park is in pointed comment. The white spots, so far from making the croucher conspicuous under the leaves, look like the dappling of sun-spots through foliage on a log or ground below, and are, indeed, a valuable part of his protective coloration.

For some days the calf is thus hidden, and even after it is old enough to follow the mother, she will hide it on the appearance of danger. How it is made to understand the danger, whether on signal from the mother or by sighting the menace, I have not been able to determine. Late in June, in the Yellowstone, I saw the cow Elks in bands and the calves running with the mothers.

I once saw a fawn so late that on October 15th he was still in his full spots. In fact, he was not yet running with his mother, and was therefore less than a week old. I saw her come to feed him; after he had had as much as she thought proper he teased her so much that she ran away. He persisted in following, but she took refuge in a water-hole, standing where it was nearly three feet deep. He circled all around the edge, but did not dare to wet his feet.

In September the spots on most of the calves are much faded, and when their new coats come with October, the spots usually disappear. Now they are able to forage for themselves; the drain on the mother gradually ceases, the pastures are rich and abundant, so all are sleeker and fatter with every week of the late summer, and September finds them in perfect condition.

The surplus energy from this general well-being is sure to overflow in the form of some sportive game.

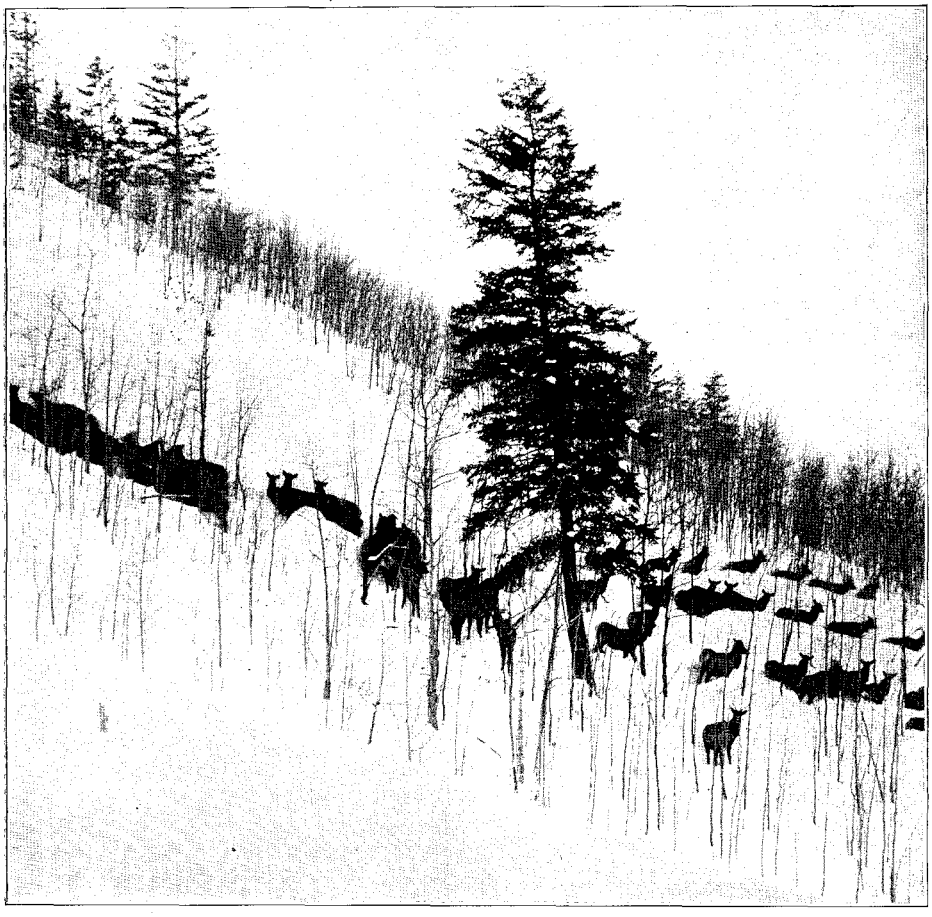
The evolution of amusement is a fascinating theme. It is a well-known idea today that those who seek in the clouds for the beginnings of what man has attained to,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are likely to fail in their quest. We must look very low, right into the ground, for the roots of the tree that bloomed into human achievement, and so in examining the growth of amusement we must begin far down among the animals. We may accept it as a rule that, other things equal, the animal is high in proportion as it devotes time and energy to amusement and games. Some of the highest animals have social amusements with set places, times, and prepared apparatus. Examples of this are the otter with his toboggan slide, the bower-bird with his bower and museum, the prairie chickens with their dance hill and sunrise assembly; also I have known two dogs daily use a certain stick for a game of catch, recognizing that particular stick as the signal and appliance of the game.

Though not animals of high intelligence, the Wapiti have several amusements. In many parts of Colorado and Wyoming during fall I have seen the earth wallows that they make. These are accredited to the bull. He is known to wallow in them like a hog, but I found the tracks of cows and calves as well as bulls about them in abundance.

I was witness of a more interesting social performance among the Elk on the 8th of September, 1898. I was at a small upland lake in Jackson's Hole, when, about 4 P.M. a band of Elk came trotting from the woods, nine in all, led by a cow, but with a bull bringing up the rear. They plunged into the water, and for some time played there, rolling, wallowing, splashing, and chasing each other till their game was ended by the discovery of my presence. The scene was somewhat like a social bathing at a fashionable watering-place.



From a photograph, copyright 1903, by S. N. Leek.

A band of Elk wintering in Jackson's Hole.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But the grand curious amusement of the Elk, one which many hunters have witnessed, may be called their circle dance. Mr. H. W. Skinner, of Chicago, sends me his observations on this performance:

"About four o'clock one afternoon late in August, 1890, I was riding north-east up a small stream flowing into one of the tributaries of the Green River, near its source in north-western Wyoming. The intense heat was only relieved by an occasional faint breath of breeze from the north. My attention was attracted by a column of fine, dark-brown dust, rising ahead of me and on the opposite side of the creek (I was on the south side). The column of dust looked almost as if caused by a whirlwind. On reaching a point as close to it as I could get without crossing the creek, I was perhaps one hundred yards from it, and found that it was caused by a band of Elk, numbering from twelve to twenty, who seemed to be trotting quite rapidly with occasional awkward galloping plunges in a circle perhaps thirty feet in diameter. They were going in the same direction as the hands of a watch, in the edge of a little belt of second-growth timber, mainly, I think, quaking asp. They were moving, not with heads up, but with noses only a foot or two from the ground. My impression is that they were all bulls. Owing to the dense clouds of dust which occasional light puffs of wind blew almost toward me, I could not see very clearly. It seemed to me that they were running about as "milling" cattle do, except that I never knew of cattle to "mill" in such a small bunch. I have related this incident several times to hunters and trappers, who could offer no explanation of it. There were large numbers of Elk in that country at the time, in bands of various sizes."

This remarkable exercise differs from the preceding in that it has no obvious relation to the sexual instinct or to hygiene, and marks several important steps in the evolution of amusement.

If to it we could add a little music we should have the essentials of social dancing.

The natural history of monogamy is a cognate subject that is receiving some attention. In a recent number of the *Contemporary Review*, Dr. Woods Hutchinson claims that in the long run a monogamous race will triumph over a polygamous one. He might have gone further and pointed out the facts that the pigeons as a family among birds and the *Canidæ* among quadrupeds are considered among the most successful races—that is, races which are spreading, and which can hold their own among other species, including man; and these two are not only monogamous, but form their unions for life. Theoretically, polygamy should be better for the race, since only the very finest males leave progeny. Judge Caton has recorded a curious case that sheds light on this. Referring to Sultan, the great bull Wapiti that for a longer time than any other was the monarch of the herd in his park, he says:

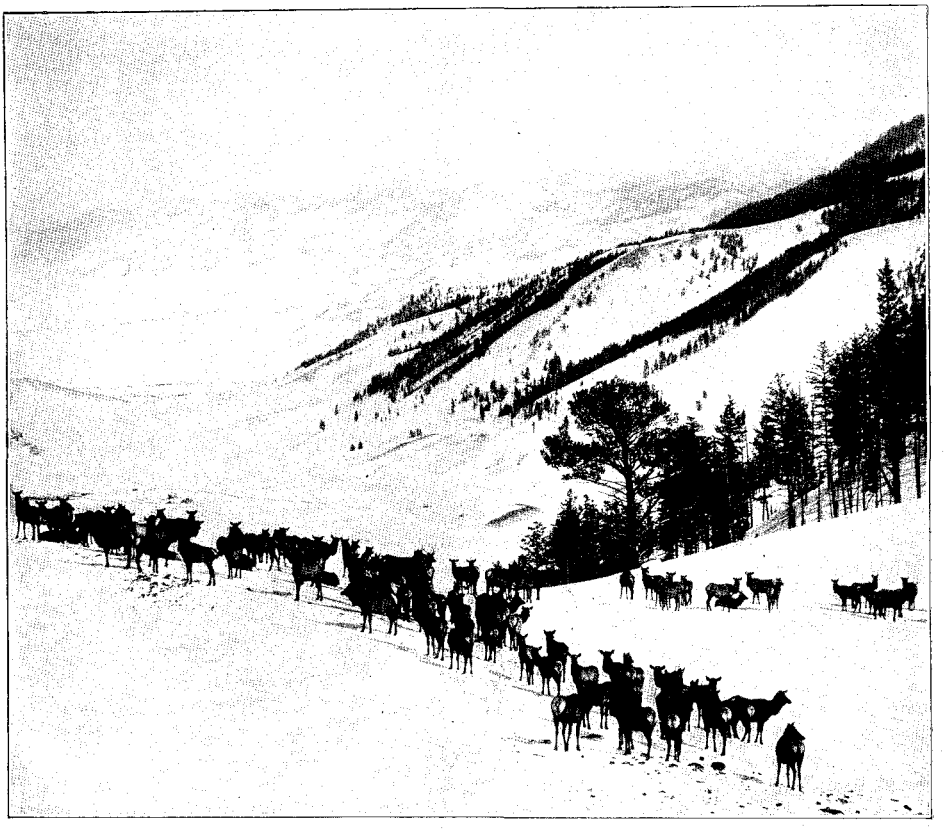
"At first his progeny were reasonably numerous, but during the last few years of his life they gradually diminished from a dozen to a single fawn in 1875, with about twenty-five females, more than half of which had previously produced fawns." He was removed, though yet able to hold the harem by force, and replaced by a younger buck; "the result was that I had twelve fawns the next season, including one pair of twins."

As the Elk is the most polygamous of the deer in America, probably in the world, it is interesting to note that it is first of the family to disappear before civilization. This may be due chiefly to its size, but it is remarkable that the most successful of all our deer—that is, the common white-tail—is the least polygamous. I have seen one Mule-deer buck with several does, but never more than two with a male White-tail.

In this connection we may consider the question of leadership, that is the rudiments of government. There is a widespread idea that the big bull is the leader of the Wapiti herd. This is not the case. It is well to remember how the animals get their leader. They certainly do not have any formal election with its attendant sharp practices. They have rather a sort of natural selection or elimination. This is the process:—The individual in that band who can impress on the others, that he is *the wise one*, the safe one to follow, eventually becomes the leader; and if there are any there who do not wish to follow, they have an easy remedy—go the other way. Thus the herd is unanimous.

Numberless observations show that this

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



From a photograph, copyright 1903, by S. N. Leek.

Yellowstone Park Elk on their Winter grounds.

wise one is never the big bull, but almost invariably *an elderly female*. The big bull might drive them, but not lead them. She is the one that has impressed the others with the idea that she is safe. She will lead into no fooltraps. She knows the best pastures and the best ways to them. She has learned the salt licks and the watering places that are safe and open all around. Her eyes and ears are keen. She will take good care of herself and incidentally of the band. This female leadership is common to most if not all of the Horned Ruminants.

It is accidentally and admirably illustrated in several of the photographs.

The crowning glory of the stag is his antlers, and this, the finest stag in the world, has antlers befitting his size and dignity.

While the cows among the mountain valleys devoted all summer to the calves, the bulls or stags at a much higher elevation, above the torment of heat and flies, have conserved their entire energies for the growing of new antlers. If it were not like arguing in an egg-and-chicken circle, we might claim that the production of these antlers was the whole end and aim of the Wapiti's existence. Their growth is one of the miracles of nature, that we never cease to consider a miracle. About the end of winter—that is, in mid-March—the antlers of the year before break off flush with their base an inch or more above the skull; usually they are found close together, showing that they fell nearly at the same time.

At first the place of each antler is a broad raw spot. In a few days it shows a thick, rounded pad of blood-gorged skin. This swells rapidly, and in a fortnight the great bulbous fuzzy horn beginning has shot up to a height of several inches. At exactly the right time, place, and in just the right direction a bump comes forth to be the foundation of the brow tine. In a few more days the bez tine is projected by the invisible archi-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tect. In a month the structure is nearly a foot high and all enveloped in a turgid mass of feverish, throbbing blood-vessels—the scaffolding and workmen of this surprising structure. Night and day the work is pushed with astounding speed, and in four months this skyscraper is finished—a wonderful structure, indeed, for a score of nature's forces have toiled, a myriad of invisible workmen have done their part, and an edifice that according to ordinary rules should have taken a lifetime, is here rushed through in a summer, and all in absolute silence.

August sees the building done, but it is still cluttered with scaffolding. The supplies of blood at the base are reduced, and finally discontinued. The antler is no longer in vital touch with the animal; it begins to die. The sensitiveness leaves each part, the velvet covering soon dries, cracks, and peels, and the stag assists the process of clearing off the skin by scraping his horns on the brushwood. ' September sees him fully armed in his spears of dead bone, strong in body, glorying in his weapons and his strength, and ready to battle with all comers.

Photograph by E. T. Seton

He stalked up to me, squealing, gritting his teeth and twisting his nose.—Page 29.

Those who have studied the Washington column will remember the dark weather-mark which came when the Civil War stopped the growth of the structure for a time. They will recognize the signs of slow growth at the massive base, the stones contributed by the various States when their reverent patriotism was roused, and the less eventful ending as the point was reached. In the same way the stag's antlers are a record of the life that produced them, brought forth in fever heat, produced with a rush at enormous cost, draining all the bodily resources for a time, the faintest slacking of the supplies, an excess of antler material in the food, the slightest weakening of the heart that is backing the enterprise, an injury elsewhere, or any violence to the growing antler, a cold, an attack of indigestion, is reflected at once in the structure that is a-building. The most vigorous constitution produces the finest antlers. A stag too young or too old must fall below standard, and each and all are a reflex of the owner's vicissitudes while he was growing them. What wonder, then, that no two antlers are alike. The thousand different haps have produced a thousand different types. Most of these must go on record as strange instances unexplained—"freak horns," the hunters call them. They are beyond our present comprehension. All we can do is to believe that there is an important law underlying their growth, and to learn that law we must record the facts as discovered.

Some of the very curious freak antlers are shown in the plates. One of the most remarkable cases, is the finding of three antlers on one head. Occasionally does, or cows, as they are called, are found with rudimentary antlers. In the Jardin des Plantes is a doe that grows two antlers each year on one side of her head (page 28). Stags of the European Red-deer are sometimes found permanently hornless. I do not know of such among the Wapiti, but expect that they will be discovered.

Through the courtesy of His Grace the Duke of Bedford, I am enabled to show here the successive antlers of a Wapiti dur-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drawn by Ernest Thompson Seton.

Sketch for Bugling Elk.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Photograph by Jay Haines.

Deep snow in the Geyser Basin which forces the Elk to leave the Yellowstone Park in Winter.

ing his ten years of life, the meridian was apparently reached in his seventh pair,—that is his eighth year. After that deterioration set in.

The typical form of the highly developed perfect antler is shown on page 19. Keeping this general symmetry, additional points are scored for additional size, aggregate length of beams and tines, number of points, weight, beading, and color.

The antlers are second class if they weigh less than thirty pounds and are under fifty-five inches in length of main beam, following the curves.

The largest Rocky Mountain head of which I can find record is in the possession of Mr. Aug. Gottschalk of the Montana Armory (page 30). The beams are said to be sixty-six and a half and sixty-four and a quarter inches long respectively, and the spread fifty-two inches. This I have not seen.

The longest antlers that I have seen are in the possession of Schoverling, Daly & Gales of New York, the right beam being sixty-four inches long, the left sixty and a quarter (page 31). The sixty-one inch pair shot in Wyoming by Louis M. Thompson, Esq. (page 30), is near the first place in size as well as in symmetry.

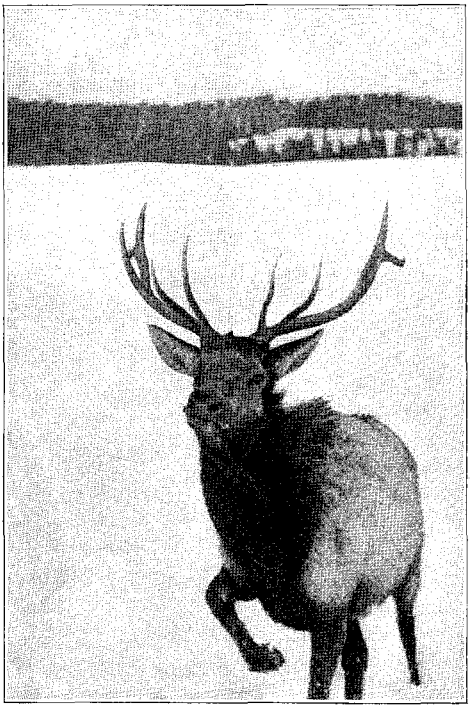
A fine eighteen-point head is shown on page 31. I saw it in the possession of Mr. S. N. Leek, of Jackson's Hole, in 1898. It was killed in 1896. But most judges give the palm in beauty to a head shown by A. L. Tullock, Esq., at the American Trophy Exhibition at London, 1898 (page 31). It is a superb twenty-point head. "Its size and points have been exceeded, but its massive beams, perfect symmetry, and wonderful pearling are so far unrivalled." It is from Montana, and was killed in 1883.*

What becomes of these wonderful growths? Why is not the forest littered with them if they are dropped and renewed each year? First, the forest *is* littered with them to some extent in countries where the Elk abound. In several parts of the West I have seen small garden fences made of the

*Mr. Wm. J. Baillie-Grohman, in "Sport and Life in British Columbia," gives good reasons for removing from the record list, the heads known as Crossman's and the Kaisers.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cast-off antlers, and in California I am told that it was common to see a rotted survey stake replaced by a pile of Elk horns, which were the handiest and most abundant substitute. But still their numbers are nothing compared with what we should expect. If they were as durable as stones they would be as plentiful as stones in an ordinary Montana valley. The answer is that they are so easily destroyed by the elements and they are so habitually preyed on by mice and other gnawers. The skull of the Elk may resist the weather for twenty-five years, the horns may crumble in half that time; for, as Caton long ago showed, while bone is one-third animal matter or gelatine, the antler substance is "about thirty-nine parts animal matter and sixty-one parts earthy matter of the same kind and proportion as is found in common bone," besides which the inner structure of the antler is exceedingly porous or cellular. "Soon ripe, soon rotten" is a north of England proverb that has a bearing in this case.



Photograph by John Fossom.

The charging Elk.

In all the thousands of shed Elk horns that I have picked up or seen in the West, I do not think I ever saw one that was not more or less gnawed by mice, rats, gophers or porcupines.

Among Red-deer, as Mr. J. E. Harting has pointed out, "the deer themselves help to get rid of a good many horns by chewing and eating them, . . . liking, apparently, the saline flavor of the cast horn. . . . Hinds have been observed chewing the horn of a stag while [he was] lying down."

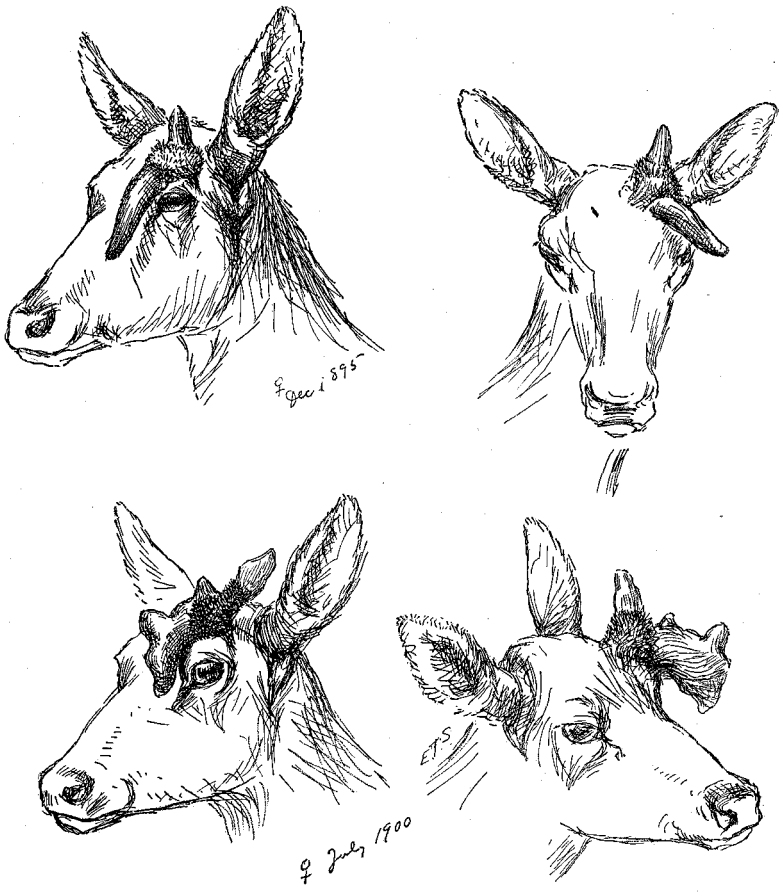
If the antler is the life aim of the bull Wapiti, and the sole end of the antler is the battle, then is the autumn in his year of perfect prime the crowning epoch of the great stag's life. Then from the mountain whither he retired last spring, he descends to the level of the cows. Fat and well-favored now is he. The new dark coat has replaced the rusty brown one, his beard is not so long as in winter, but it is dark and trim, his neck is swollen, his muscles are tense, he is tingling with life and vigor, and, above all, his antlers are perfect, new grown, clean and sharp, heavier now than they will be later. A new feeling comes over both sexes, first in the bull with overwhelming power, next in the cow with lesser force.

Filled with courage and desire, proud of his horns and conscious of his strength, this greatest bull of the valley gets up on some commanding ridge, fills his lungs, and raising his muzzle, he pours forth a tremendous guttural roaring that rises in pitch to trumpet tones and higher till it breaks into a shrill, screaming whistle, then fades and drops again to the guttural, followed and ended by a few savage grunts. This is the world-famed bugling of the Elk. I have heard it likened to the braying of a jackass, but among those who know it in its native mountains there is only one opinion—that it is the most inspiring music in nature.

Because of what it means. Here is this magnificent creature, nearly half a ton in weight, strong as a bull, fierce as a lion, in all the glory of his new horns, proud of them, surrounded already by a band of his cows. He is challenging all the world to a fight; he is prepared to stake his all on the issue.

"I am out to fight," he roars in tones that tell of his huge, round chest. "My horns

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Cow Elk with horns, in Jardin des Plantes.

are clean and sharp, I am big and strong, I fear no living thing. On this fight I will stake my range, my family, my social position, my limbs and life," and the martial bugling borne over hill and valley can scarcely fail to reach others of the same kind and in the same mood. Soon the distant woods give forth reply, the bugled answer of some other knight, maybe one like himself with many possessions in the form of wives, to stake, maybe a youngster just coming into his strength, with nothing to risk but life and limb, with all his fortunes yet to make and glad to get this chance.

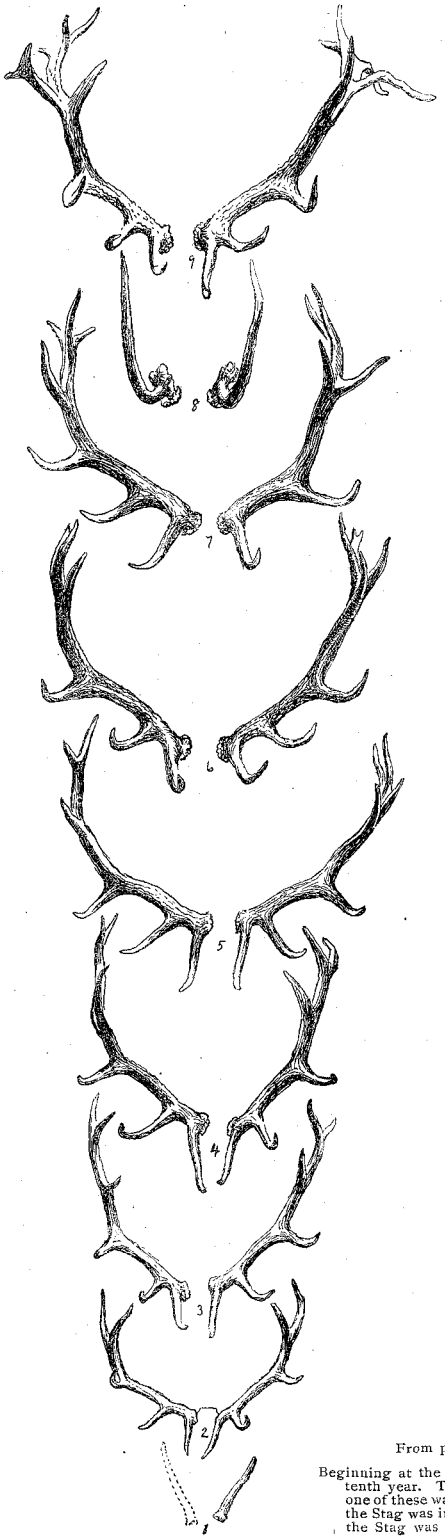
But the deep bugle notes are characteristic of the prime bull. Younger bulls are often called "squealers," and being more numerous, they are responsible for the bugling being called "whistling."

Mr. J. A. Ricker, of Denver, related to me an incident that he was witness of on two different occasions: "One day, November 1, 1899, while hunting in Routt County, I heard a bull Elk *whistle*. I got off my horse and, sneaking over a ridge, I saw him in a hollow with three cows. Suddenly a reply to his challenge came from a distant bull that had a splendid bugle note, winding up with three separate toots. The bull near me no sooner heard this than he dashed at the nearest cow, prodding her severely with his horns, then at the others, driving all as fast as he could away from the direction of the other bull. Evidently he was afraid to risk a fight with the *owner of that voice*."

Some years ago in a Western park I heard a bull Elk bugle. I extemporized a trumpet and answered him according to his mood. He inquired in a very large voice, "Does anyone want to fight?" and I replied in his own language, "Yes, I do; come on."

He lost no time in coming. At about

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The antlers of one Wapiti.

From photograph supplied by His Grace the Duke of Bedford.

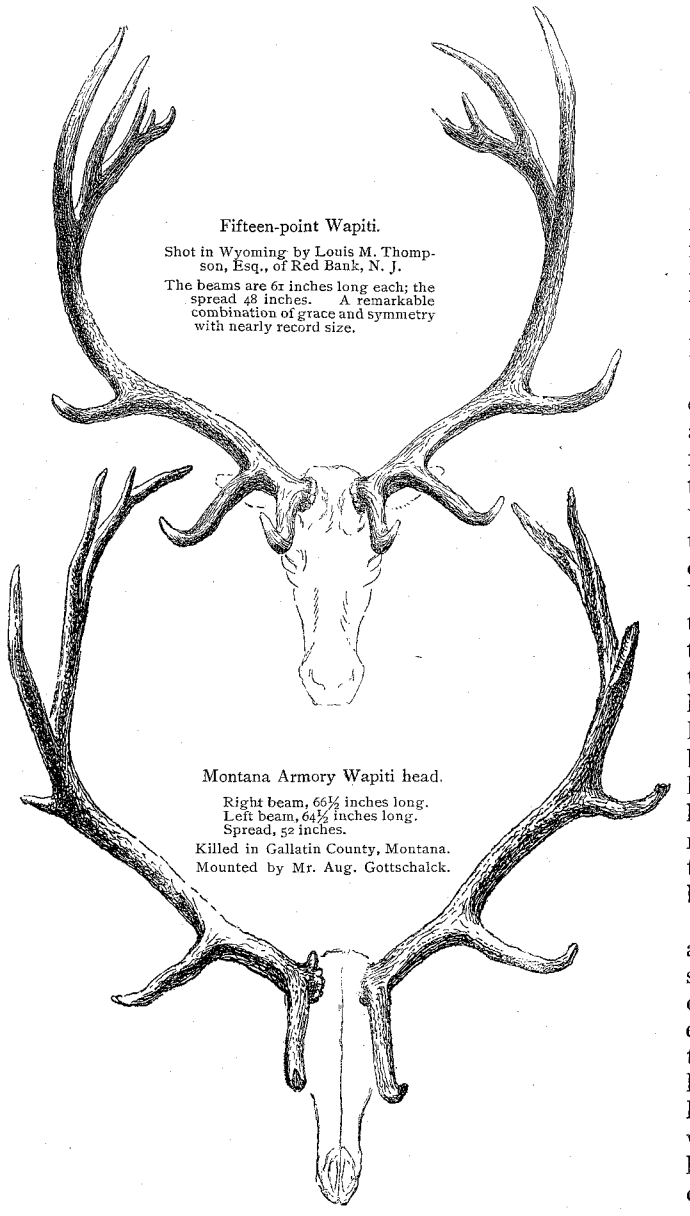
Beginning at the bottom this shows the successive sets of one Wapiti Stag up to his tenth year. The first pair, the dags or spikes, are grown in his second year—only one of these was found. The antlers increased up to the sixth or seventh pair(when the Stag was in his seventh or eighth year). After that they began to go back, and the Stag was killed. This individual was kept in the park at Woburn Abbey.

forty yards he appeared and stalked up to me in characteristic fashion, squealing, gritting his teeth, twisting his nose at me, showing his rudimentary tusks in a rudimentary snarl. His eye had an unpleasant green glare, and his ears were laid back. His whole appearance was that of a fierce animal in a very bad temper. As he stalked toward me, boiling over thus with scorn, I used the camera, getting the accompanying photograph. A moment later his nose swung down to the ground and he came at me with a crash. Of course I was in a high, safe place and nothing happened.

It is rare to find a wild Elk that will attack a man. But it has happened more than once. Mr. Charles H. Stonebridge, of New York, vouches for the following curious case:

"About two years ago Mr. McLaughlin, one of the ranchers on the Valley of the Stinking River, Wyoming, had been up in the mountains hunting and was returning with his trophies on a pack-horse. The trail from the Continental Divide runs along the bank of the river and is very dangerous in a great many places. After coming down about forty miles Mr. McLaughlin came to a particularly bad part of the trail—in fact, it was nothing more than a shelf about two feet wide on the side of a cliff and extended in that manner for about three hundred feet. On one side it was a sheer wall of rock straight up in the air, and on the other side a straight wall down to the canyon below, and a single misstep meant instant death. McLaughlin had been over this trail many times with the horses he was then using, and, without any hesitation, started driving his pack-horse before him. When about half-way across he was suddenly confronted by a large bull Elk, who was coming from the other direction, and he seemed to consider that he had a prior right to that part of the country, as without a particle of hesitation he lowered his head, dashed at the pack-horse, and butted him over the cliff into the canyon below, where he was killed instantly. The Elk, having gotten rid of the pack-horse, was about to make a dash at McLaughlin, who was in a very dangerous

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Fifteen-point Wapiti.

Shot in Wyoming by Louis M. Thompson, Esq., of Red Bank, N. J.

The beams are 61 inches long each; the spread 48 inches. A remarkable combination of grace and symmetry with nearly record size.

Montana Armory Wapiti head.

Right beam, 66½ inches long.
Left beam, 64½ inches long.
Spread, 52 inches.

Killed in Gallatin County, Montana.

Mounted by Mr. Aug. Gottschalck.

position, as it was impossible for him to get off his horse on either side or to turn around, and the least misstep of his horse would have thrown both over the cliff. The horse, however, remained perfectly quiet, and McLaughlin, drawing his revolver, killed the Elk with one shot just as he charged, and he immediately rolled off the trail into the canyon, landing almost on top of the horse. McLaughlin crossed to the other side, worked his way down the mountain, and so reached the bottom of the canyon, where he found his pack-horse smashed almost to a jelly. He secured his blankets and whatever other part of the outfit that was not smashed, and loading them on his saddle-horse, made the rest of his trip to his ranch on foot."

In the early winter Mr. John Fossom, of Gardner, Mont., went out on a camera hunt after big game. He followed a bull Elk through the snow, but when he tried to come up close the Elk turned on him and charged. With marvellous nerve the artist stood quietly till the bull was within ten feet, then snapped his camera, and ran for his life, with the Elk behind him. It would have been a short race had not Mr. Fossom reached a snow-drift that would carry him, but not the Elk.

The outraged monarch squealed and snorted round the kodak fiend for a time, endeavoring to enforce the extreme penalty of lèse-majesté; but at length gave it up and went off, shaking his horns. Mr. Fossom came back for his camera, and what he got on that plate is shown on page 27.

The twisting of his nose is still to be seen, the glare of his eye is there, the rate at which he is coming is written in the stamping foot and the sweep of the wind in his beard. The artist was in peril of his life and knew it, but the sharpness of the landscape tells of the steadiness of the hand that held the camera, and not the least wonderful part of the picture is the fact that it is actually over-exposed.

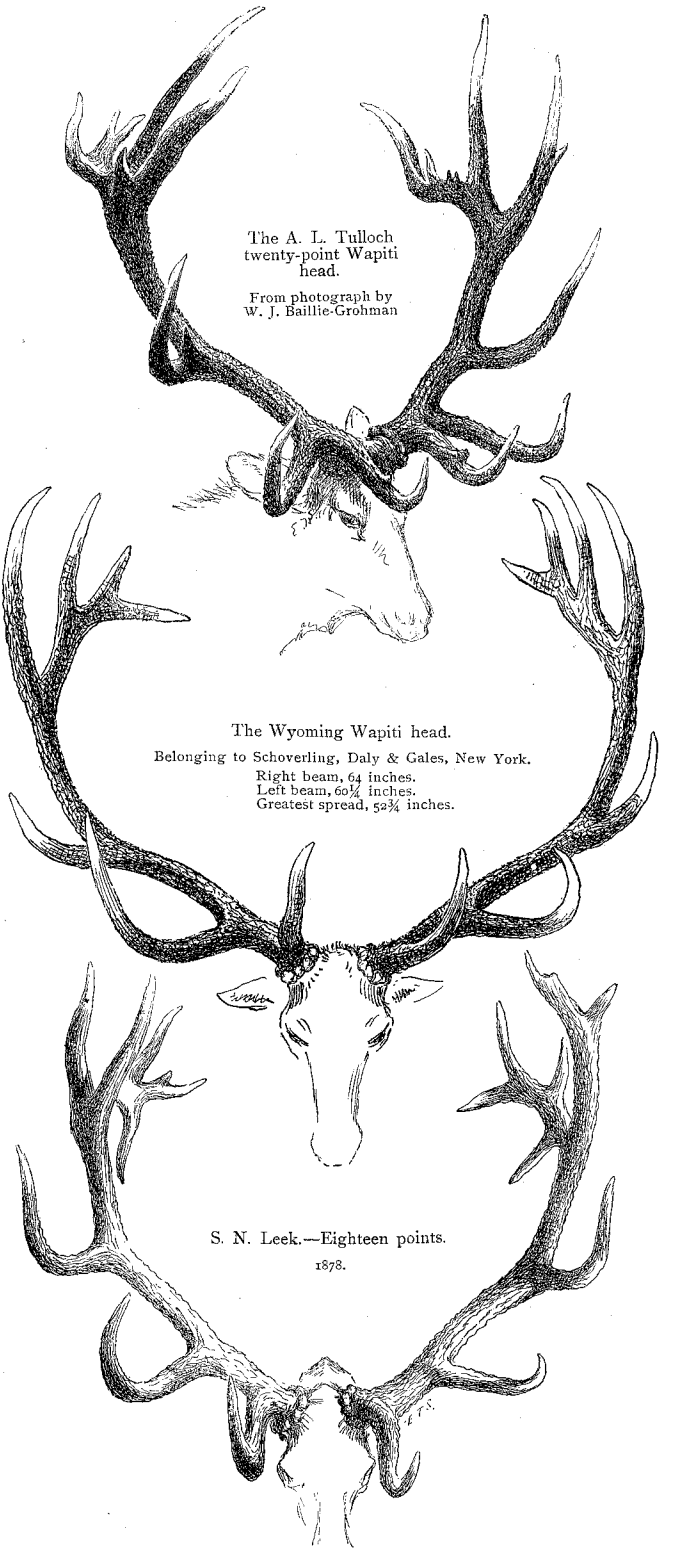
We all love to see a fight, when not personally in danger. I have tried many times

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to see a real Wapiti duel. I have heard them in the woods more than once, but never actually saw one.

I once was witness of a curious incident in a trifling Wapiti skirmish near Richmond, Va., in the October of 1900. A fine big bull Elk was bugling in the woods of the deer park, and a smaller bull, a four-pointer, replied with a whistle, then came on in slow and stately march. They locked horns rather deliberately, but the second bull was too light. Again and again he was forced backward and broke away to save himself. After resting each time some fifty yards off, he would shake his head, squeal, and try again, with no better success. At length the big bull put a little more life into his attack and drove the young one afar. As he returned a cow Elk came out of the woods, and at the same time from under a few sprigs of brush on the much-trampled battle-ground there rose a spotted fawn. He had been crouching there during the lively fight which was all around him. Whether the bulls were careful not to crush him or whether he escaped injury by accident, I do not know; I suspect the latter.

Mr. Baillie-Grohman, the well-known sportsman, has given us a description of a fight that is well worth reproducing. The



The A. L. Tulloch twenty-point Wapiti head.

From photograph by W. J. Baillie-Grohman

The Wyoming Wapiti head.

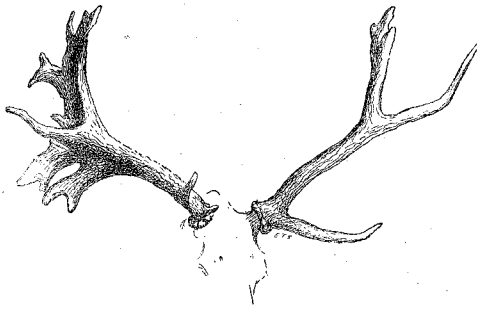
Belonging to Schoverling, Daly & Gales, New York.

Right beam, 64 inches.
Left beam, 60¼ inches.
Greatest spread, 52¾ inches.

S. N. Leek.—Eighteen points.

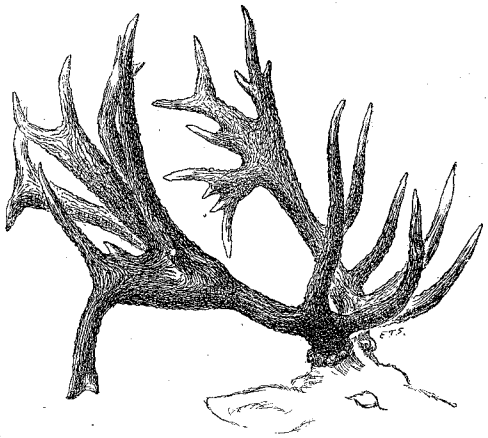
1878.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

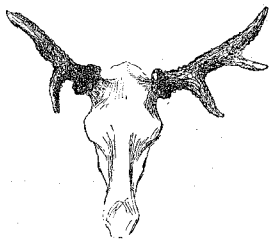


Carter Collection, Colorado.
Egeria Park, 1877.

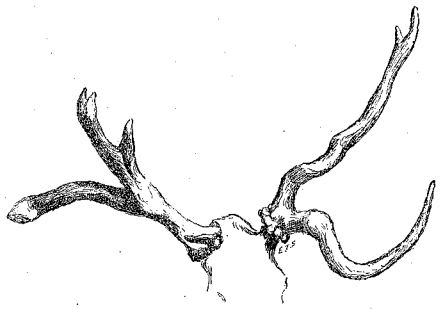
George A. Clark, Colorado.
1895.



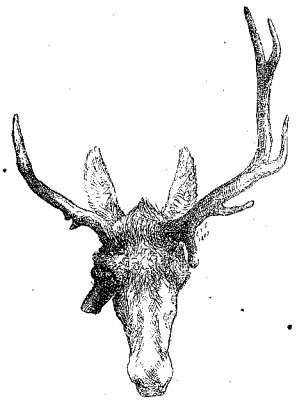
The W. W. Hart twenty-eight-point head.
The record Elk for points.



Colorado, 1900. W. McFadden.



Carter Collection, Colorado.
1894.—Egeria Park.



Three-horned Manitoba head.
F. W. Stobart. January, 1887.

author was camped in the mountains of western Wyoming, and one moonlight night in "bugling time" went forth afoot, when the woods were astir with Wapiti. After seeing a large bull scatter a band of small ones, he saw a second prime fellow come bugling into the lists, and once they had clashed together Mr. Baillie-Grohman came up within thirty yards, knowing from former experience that "probably I might have walked close up to the stags without interrupting the tussle; but I was afraid that one or the other, or both, might turn against me, as I knew our European Red-deer do during the rutting season, and an Express is but a poor weapon at night time. So I kept at a respectful distance, some twenty or thirty yards from

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cover, and from there I watched the fight for quite half an hour. For several minutes at a time the antlers appeared inextricably locked together, and as one of the stags seemed the stronger, though not the more agile of the two, superior weight would in those moments enable the heavier animal to fling his adversary from side to side, without, however, being able to free his own horns wherewith to do grievous injury to his foe. Before long one was on his knees, pressed down apparently by main force; then the other, staggering back, would for a brief moment halt before rushing with deadly intent at his adversary; but by the time he had regained his breath and was ready for the onslaught the foe was on his legs again, and antler crashed against antler with a force that seemed irresistible. The heavier of the two stags appeared to be well aware of the one advantage his superiority in weight gave him, for the tactics just described were repeatedly tried by him, only to be foiled by his agile adversary, who invariably managed to regain his feet and receive the charge with lowered head and antlers *en garde*. The combatants had moved about the meadow, much as expert boxers would, though after a quarter of an hour's fighting weight had told its tale, and the smaller stag had to retreat more frequently than ever, and the adversaries were fast approaching the edge of the forest at the latter's back. Here a last stand was made by the defeated one, and a ten minutes' tussle ended by bringing both on to their knees; and here, too, the repulsed one received his death wound, though I failed to see exactly how it was inflicted, the movements being so rapid and the light too indistinct. It appeared to me, however, that the weaker stag, on regaining his feet first, made a dash at his foe, but from some cause or other his lunge missed its aim, and, while the impetus carried him past his still kneeling adversary, his whole flank was exposed to the latter's horns. The next second he was down too, but this time with a heavy thud stretched out at full length, just out of reach of the kneeling victor, who, too exhausted to rise, kept butting at the body which he could not reach. A minute later they were both up again, but the battle was decided, and the wounded hart fled into the forest, where I found him next morning dead, with a ghastly slash two feet in length that had ripped open his side and penetrated his vitals."

There is another finish to that combat; a finish that is even more final. The knights have clashed together, the strong antlers have yielded a little under shock of onset, but sprung together locked, have locked so firmly that there is no fencing, nothing but pushing and wrestling. It is as if each held the sword wrist of his foe in a rivetted clutch and when at length one of the wrestlers would spring back for defence or for a better thrust, he finds himself absolutely bound to his foe with antlers intertwined. Try as he may, he cannot wrench them free. Stronger or weaker, he is face to face with slowest death. Many a time have the two carcasses been seen thus antler bound. Several times have White-tail Deer been found where one was still alive, the other dead a day or two, the stronger able to drag his fallen foe enough so he could gather a little food, that could but prolong his misery. More than once the first to die has been partly eaten by wolves which the other feebly struggled to avoid. A score of times I have seen the remains of this among the smaller deer, but only once have I found it among the Wapiti.

It is years ago now, away upon the head waters of the Greybull, where choicest Elk-lands sloped to buffalo plains, in a little valley where it all befell I saw the records and the proofs. Here was the harrowed earth where the fight took place, and here on the battle-ground the lankened forms of the knights, big and of even might. The wolves had picked their frames, but the peeling skulls were there with the two great pairs of branching gear inextricably locked and gripped and interlocked. In fancy's eye I saw the tragic end, and in the living eye I saw not far away a skurrying herd of hinds with the lesser bull that inherited what his betters had battled for in vain.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE DAWN OF A TO-MORROW

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN

PART II

THEY drew near and sat upon the substitutes for seats in a circle—and the fire threw up flame and made a glow in the fog hanging in the black hole of a room.

It was Glad who set the battered kettle on and when it boiled made tea. The other two watched her, being under her spell. She handed out slices of bread and sausage and pudding on bits of paper. Polly fed with tremulous haste; Glad herself with rejoicing and exulting in flavors. Antony Dart ate bread and meat as he had eaten the bread and dripping at the stall—accepting his normal hunger as part of the dream.

Suddenly Glad paused in the midst of a huge bite.

"Mister," she said, "p'raps that cove's waitin' for you. Let's 'ave 'im in. I'll go and fetch 'im."

She was getting up, but Dart was on his feet first.

"I must go," he said. "He is expecting me and——"

"Aw," said Glad, "lemme go along o' yer, mister—jest to show there's no ill feelin'."

"Very well," he answered.

It was she who led, and he who followed. At the door she stopped and looked round with a grin.

"Keep up the fire, Polly," she threw back. "Ain't it warm and cheerful? It'll do the cove good to see it."

She led the way down the black, unsafe stairway. She always led.

Outside the fog had thickened again, but she went through it as if she could see her way.

At the entrance to the court the thief was standing, leaning against the wall with fevered, unhopeful waiting in his eyes. He moved miserably when he saw the girl, and she called out to reassure him.

"I ain't up to no 'arm," she said; "I on'y come with the gent."

Antony Dart spoke to him.

"Did you get food?"

The man shook his head.

"I turned faint after you left me, and when I came to I was afraid I might miss you," he answered. "I daren't lose my chance. I bought some bread and stuffed it in my pocket. I've been eating it while I've stood here."

"Come back with us," said Dart. "We are in a place where we have some food."

He spoke mechanically, and was aware that he did so. He was a pawn pushed about upon the board of this day's life.

"Come on," said the girl. "Yer can get enough to last for three days."

She guided them back through the fog until they entered the murky doorway again. Then she almost ran up the staircase to the room they had left.

When the door opened the thief fell back a pace as before an unexpected thing. It was the flare of firelight which struck upon his eyes. He passed his hand over them.

"A fire!" he said. "I haven't seen one for a week. Coming out of the blackness it gives a man a start."

Improvident joy gleamed in Glad's eyes.

"We'll be warm onct," she chuckled, "if we ain't never warm again."

She drew her circle about the hearth again. The thief took the place next to her and she handed out food to him—a big slice of meat, bread, a thick slice of pudding.

"Fill yerself up," she said. "Then ye'll feel like yer can talk."

The man tried to eat his food with decorum, some recollection of the habits of better days restraining him, but starved nature was too much for him. His hands shook, his eyes filled, his teeth tore. The rest of the circle tried not to look at him. Glad and Polly occupied themselves with their own food.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Antony Dart gazed at the fire. Here he sat warming himself in a loft with a beggar, a thief, and a helpless thing of the street. He had come out to buy a pistol—its weight still hung in his overcoat pocket—and he had reached this place of whose existence he had an hour ago not dreamed. Each step which had led him had seemed a simple, inevitable thing, for which he had apparently been responsible, but which he knew—yes, somehow he *knew*—he had of his own volition neither planned nor meant. Yet here he sat—a part of the lives of the beggar, the thief, and the poor thing of the street. What did it mean?

"Tell me," he said to the thief, "how you came here."

By this time the young fellow had fed himself and looked less like a wolf. It was to be seen now that he had blue-gray eyes which were dreamy and young.

"I have always been inventing things," he said a little huskily. "I did it when I was a child. I always seemed to see there might be a way of doing a thing better—getting more power. When other boys were playing games I was sitting in corners trying to build models out of wire and string, and old boxes and tin cans. I often thought I saw the way to things, but I was always too poor to get what was needed to work them out. Twice I heard of men making great names and fortunes because they had been able to finish what I could have finished if I had had a few pounds. It used to drive me mad and break my heart." His hands clenched themselves and his huskiness grew thicker. "There was a man," catching his breath, "who leaped to the top of the ladder and set the whole world talking and writing—and I had done the thing *first*—I swear I had! It was all clear in my brain, and I was half mad with joy over it, but I could not afford to work it out. He could, so to the end of time it will be *his*." He struck his fist upon his knee.

"Aw!" The deep little drawl was a groan from Glad.

"I got a place in an office at last. I worked hard, and they began to trust me. I—had a new idea. It was a big one. I needed money to work it out. I—I remembered what had happened before. I felt like a poor fellow running a race for his life. I *knew* I could pay back ten times—a hundred times—what I took."

"You took money?" said Dart.

The thief's head dropped.

"No. I was caught when I was taking it. I wasn't sharp enough. Someone came in and saw me, and there was a crazy row. I was sent to prison. There was no more trying after that. It's nearly two years since, and I've been hanging about the streets and falling lower and lower. I've run miles panting after cabs with luggage in them and not had strength to carry in the boxes when they stopped. I've starved and slept out of doors. But the thing I wanted to work out is in my mind all the time—like some machine tearing round. It wants to be finished. It never will be. That's all."

Glad was leaning forward staring at him, her roughened hands with the smeared cracks on them clasped round her knees.

"Things *'as* to be finished," she said. "They finish theirselves."

"How do you know?" Dart turned on her.

"Dunno *'ow* I know—but I do. When things begin they finish. It's like a wheel rollin' down an 'ill." Her sharp eyes fixed themselves on Dart's. "All of us'll finish somethin'—'cos we've begun. You will—Polly will—'e will—I will." She stopped with a sudden sheepish chuckle and dropped her forehead on her knees, giggling. "Dunno wot I'm talking about," she said, "but it's true."

Dart began to undertsand that it was. And he also saw that this ragged thing who knew nothing whatever, looked out on the world with the eyes of a seer, though she was ignorant of the meaning of her own knowledge. It was a weird thing. He turned to the girl Polly.

"Tell me how you came here," he said.

He spoke in a low voice and gently. He did not want to frighten her, but he wanted to know how *she* had begun. When she lifted her childish eyes to his, her chin began to shake. For some reason she did not question his right to ask what he would. She answered him meekly, as her fingers fumbled with the stuff of her dress.

"I lived in the country with my mother," she said. "We was very happy together. In the spring there was primroses and—and lambs. I—can't abide to look at the sheep in the park these days. They remind me so. There was a girl in the village got a place in town and came back

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and told us all about it. It made me silly. I wanted to come here, too. I—I came——" She put her arm over her face and began to sob.

"She can't tell you," said Glad. "There was a swell in the 'ouse made love to her. She used to carry up coals to 'is parlor an 'e talked to 'er. 'E 'ad a wye with 'im——"

Polly broke into a smothered wail.

"Oh, I did love him so—I did!" she cried. "I'd have let him walk over me. I'd have let him kill me."

"'E nearly did it," said Glad. "'E went away sudden an' she's never 'eard word of 'im since."

From under Polly's face-hiding arm came broken words.

"I couldn't tell my mother, I did not know how. I was too frightened and ashamed. Now it's too late. I shall never see my mother again, and it seems as if all the lambs and primroses in the world was dead. Oh, they're dead—they're dead—and I wish I was, too!"

Glad's eyes winked rapidly and she gave a hoarse little cough to clear her throat. Her arms still clasping her knees, she hitched herself closer to the girl and gave her a nudge with her elbow.

"Buck up, Polly," she said, "we ain't none of us finished yet. Look at us now—sittin' by our own fire with bread and puddin' inside us—an' think wot we was this mornin'. Who knows wot we'll 'ave this time to-morrer."

Then she stopped and looked with a wide grin at Anthony Dart.

"'Ow did I come 'ere?" she said.

"Yes," he answered, "how did you come here?"

"I dunno," she said; "I was 'ere first thing I remember. I lived with an old woman in another 'ouse in the court. One mornin' when I woke up she was dead. Sometimes I've begged an' sold matches. Sometimes I've took care of women's children or 'elped 'em when they 'ad to lie up. I've seen a lot—but I like to see a lot. 'Ope I'll see a lot more afore I'm done. I'm used to bein' 'ungry an' cold, an' all that, but—but I allers like to see what's comin' to-morrer. There's allers somethin' else to-morrer. That's all about *me*," and she chuckled again.

Dart picked up some fresh sticks and threw them on the fire. There was some fine crackling and a new flame leaped up.

"If you could do what you liked," he said, "what would you like to do?"

Her chuckle became an outright laugh.

"If I 'ad ten pounds?" she asked, evidently prepared to adjust herself in imagination to any form of unlooked-for good luck.

"If you had more?"

His tone made the thief lift his head to look at him.

"If I 'ad a wand like the one Jem told me was in the pantermine?"

"Yes," he answered.

She sat and stared at the fire a few moments, and then began to speak in a low-luxuriating voice.

"I'd get a better room," she said, revelling. "There's one in the next 'ouse. I'd 'ave a few sticks o' furnisher in it—a bed an' a chair or two. I'd get some warm petticuts an' a shawl, an' a 'at—with a ostrich feather in it. Polly an' me'd live together. We'd 'ave fire an' grub every day. I'd get drunken Bet's biby put in an 'ome. I'd 'elp the women when they 'ad to lie up. I'd—I'd 'elp *'im* a bit," with a jerk of her elbow toward the thief. "If 'e was kept fed p'r'aps 'e could work out that thing in 'is 'ead. I'd go round the court an' 'elp them with 'usbands that knocks 'em about. I'd—I'd put a stop to the knockin' about," a queer fixed look showing itself in her eyes. "If I 'ad money I could do it. 'Ow much," with sudden prudence, "could a body 'ave—with one o' them wands?"

"More than enough to do all you have spoken of," answered Dart.

"It's a shime a body couldn't 'ave it. Apple Blossom Court 'd be a different thing. It'd be the sime as Miss Montaubyn says it's goin' to be." She laughed again, this time as if remembering something fantastic, but not despicable.

"Who is Miss Montaubyn?"

"She's a' old woman as lives next floor below. When she was young she was pretty an' used to dance in the 'alls. Drunken Bet says she was one o' the wust. When she got old it made 'er mad an' she got wusser. She was ready to tear gals eyes out, an' when she'd get took for makin' a row she'd fight like a tiger cat. About a year ago she tumbled downstairs when she'd 'ad too much an' she broke both 'er legs. You remember, Polly?"

Polly hid her face in her hands.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"I'm alive! I'm alive!" she cried out.—Page 39.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"She is not afraid. To her simpleness the awful Unknown is the Known—and *with* her."—Page 46.

"Oh, when they took her away to the hospital!" she shuddered. "Oh, when they lifted her up to carry her!"

"I thought Polly'd 'ave a fit when she 'eard 'er screamin' an' swearin'. My! it was langwich! But it was the 'orspitle did it."

"Did what?"

"Dunno," with an uncertain, even slightly awed laugh. "Dunno wot it did—neither does nobody else, but somethin' 'appened. It was along of a lidy as come in one day an' talked to 'er when she was lyin' there. My eye," chuckling, "it was queer talk! But I liked it. P'raps it was lies, but it was cheerfle lies that 'elps yer. What I ses is—if *things* ain't cheerfle, *people's* got to be—to fight it out. The women in the 'ouse larft fit to kill theirselves when she fust come 'ome limpin' an' talked to 'em about what the lidy told 'er. But arter a bit they liked to 'ear 'er—just along o' the cheerfleness. Said it was like a pantermine. Drunken Bet says if she could get 'old 'f it an' believe it sime as Jinny Montaubyn does it'd be as cheerin' as drink an' last longer."

"Is it a kind of religion?" Dart asked, having a vague memory of rumors of fantastic new theories and half-born beliefs which had seemed to him weird visions floating through fagged brains wearied by old doubts and arguments and failures. The world was tired—the whole earth was sad—centuries had wrought only to the end of this twentieth century's despair. Was the struggle waking even here—in this back water of the huge city's human tide? he wondered with dull interest.

"Is it a kind of religion?" he said.

"It's cheerfler." Glad thrust out her sharp chin uncertainly again. "There's no 'ell fire in it. An' there ain't no blime laid on Godamighty." (The word as she uttered it seemed to have no connection whatever with her usual colloquial invocation of the Deity.) "When a dray run over little Billy an' crushed 'im inter a rag,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

an' 'is mother was screamin' an' draggin' 'er 'air down, the curick 'e ses, 'It's Gawd's will, 'e ses'—an' 'e ain't no bad sort neither, an' 'is fice was white an' wet with sweat—'Gawd done it,' 'e ses. An' me, I'd nursed the child an' I clawed me 'air same as if I was 'is mother an' I screamed out, 'Then damn 'im!' An' the curick 'e dropped sittin' down on the curbstone an' 'id 'is fice in 'is 'ands."

Dart hid his own face after the manner of the wretched curate.

"No wonder," he groaned. His blood turned cold.

"But," said Glad, "Miss Montaubyn's lidy she says Godamighty never done it nor never intended it, an' if we kep' sayin' an' believin' 'e's close to us an' not millyuns o' miles away, we'd be took care of whilst we was alive an' not 'ave to wait till we was dead."

She got up on her feet and threw up her arms with a sudden jerk and involuntary gesture.

"I'm alive! I'm alive!" she cried out, "I've got ter be took care of *now!* That's why I like wot she tells about it. So does the women. We ain't no more reason ter be sure of wot the curick says than ter be sure o' this. Dunno as I've got ter choose either way, but if I 'ad, I'd choose the cheerflest."

Dart had sat staring at her—so had Polly—so had the thief. Dart rubbed his forehead.

"I do not understand," he said.

"'Tain't understanding! It's believin'. Bless yer, *she* doesn't understand. I say, let's go an' talk to 'er a bit. She don't mind nothin', an' she'll let us in. We can leave Polly an' 'im 'ere. They can make some more tea an' drink it."

It ended in their going out of the room together again and stumbling once more down the stairway's crookedness. At the bottom of the first short flight they stopped in the darkness and Glad knocked at a door with a summons manifestly expectant of cheerful welcome. She used the formula she had used before.

"'S on'y me, Miss Montaubyn," she cried out. "'S on'y Glad."

The door opened in wide welcome, and confronting them as she held its handle stood a small old woman with an astonishing face. It was astonishing because while it was withered and wrinkled with marks of past years which had once stamped their reckless unsavoriness upon its every line, some strange redeeming thing had happened to it and its expression was that of a creature to whom the opening of a door could only mean the entrance—the tumbling in as it were—of hopes realized. Its surface was swept clean of even the vaguest anticipation of anything not to be desired. Smiling as it did through the black doorway into the unrelieved shadow of the passage, it struck Antony Dart at

"Speak, Lord, thy servant 'eareth."—Page 48.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

once that it actually implied this—and that in this place—and indeed in any place—nothing could have been more astonishing. What could, indeed?

seemed actually to anticipate the evolving of some wonderful and desirable thing from himself. As if even his gloom carried with it treasure as yet undisplayed.

"Jinny Montaubyn!" someone whispered.—Page 48.

"Well, well," she said, "come in, Glad, bless yer."

"I've brought a gent to 'ear yer talk a bit," Glad explained informally.

The small old woman raised her twinkling old face to look at him.

"Ah!" she said, as if summing up what was before her. "'*E* thinks it's worse than it is, doesn't 'e, now? Come in, sir, do."

This time it struck Dart that her look

As she knew nothing of the ten sovereigns, he wondered what, in God's name, she saw.

The poverty of the little square room had an odd cheer in it. Much scrubbing had removed from it the objections manifest in Glad's room above. There was a small red fire in the grate, a strip of old, but gay carpet before it, two chairs and a table were covered with a harlequin patchwork made of bright odds and ends of all sizes

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"*There—is—no—death.*"—Page 48.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and shapes. The fog in all its murky volume could not quite obscure the brightness of the often rubbed window and its harlequin curtain drawn across upon a string.

"Bless yer," said Miss Montaubyn, "sit down."

Dart sat and thanked her. Glad dropped upon the floor and girdled her knees comfortably while Miss Montaubyn took the second chair, which was close to the table, and snuffed the candle which stood near a basket of colored scraps such as, without doubt, had made the harlequin curtain.

"Yer won't mind me goin' on with me bit o' work?" she chirped.

"Tell 'im wot it is," Glad suggested.

"They come from a dressmaker as is in a small way," designating the scraps by a gesture. "I clean up for 'er an' she lets me 'ave 'em. I make 'em up into anythink I can—pin-cushions an' bags an' curtings an' balls. Nobody'd think wot they run to sometimes. Now an' then I sell some of 'em. Wot I can't sell I give away."

"Drunken Bet's biby plays with 'er ball all day," said Glad.

"Ah," said Miss Montaubyn, drawing out a long needleful of thread, "Bet, *she* thinks it worse than it is."

"Could it be worse?" asked Dart. "Could anything be worse than everything is?"

"Lots," suggested Glad; "might 'ave broke your back, might 'ave a fever, might be in jail for knifin' someone. 'E wants to

This man had faced some tragedy, he could see.—Page 50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the room they mounted to Glad was trying to feed the child with bread softened in tea.—Page 50.

'ear you talk, Miss Montaubyn; tell 'im all about yerself."

"Me!" her expectant eyes on him. "'E wouldn't want to 'ear it. I shouldn't want to 'ear it myself. Bein' on the 'alls when yer a pretty girl ain't a helpful life; an' bein' took up an' dropped down till yer dropped in the gutter an' don't know 'ow to get out—it's wot yer mustn't let yer mind go back to."

"That's wot the lidy said," called out Glad. "Tell 'im about the lidy. She doesn't even know who she was." The remark was tossed to Dart.

"Never even 'eard 'er name," with unabated cheer said Miss Montaubyn. "She came an' she went an' me too low to do anything but lie an' look at 'er and listen. An' 'Which of us two is mad?' I ses to myself. But I lay thinkin' and thinkin'—an' it was so cheerfle I couldn't get it out of me 'ead—nor never 'ave since."

"What did she say?"

"I couldn't remember the words—it was the way they took away things a body's afraid of. It was about things never 'avin' really been like wot we thought they was. Godamighty now, there ain't a bit of 'arm in 'im."

"What?" he said with a start.

"'E never done the accidents and the trouble. It was us as went out of the light into the dark. If we'd kep' in the light all the time, an' thought about it, an' talked about it, we'd never 'ad nothin' else. T'ain't punishment neither. 'Tain't nothin' but the dark—an' the dark ain't nothin' but the light bein' away. 'Keep in the light,' she ses, 'never think of nothin' else, an' then you'll begin an' see things. Everybody's been afraid. There ain't no need. You believe *that*.'"

"Believe?" said Dart heavily.

She nodded.

"'Yes,' ses I to 'er, 'that's where the trouble comes in—believin'.' And she answers as cool as could be: 'Yes, it is,' she ses, 'we've all been thinkin' we've been believin', an' none of us 'as. If we 'ad what'd there be to be afraid of? If we believed a king was givin' us our livin' an' takin' care of us who'd be afraid of not 'avin' enough to eat?'"

"Who?" groaned Dart. He sat hanging his head and staring at the floor. This was another phase of the dream.

"'Where is 'E?' I ses. 'Im as breaks old women's legs an' crushes babies under wheels—so as they'll be resigned?' An' all of a sudden she calls out quite loud: 'Nowhere,' she ses. 'An' never was. But 'Im as stretched forth the 'eavens an' laid the foundations of the earth, 'Im as is the Life an' Love of the world, 'E's 'ere! Stretch out

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"And a few hours ago you were on the point of——"—Page 52.

yer 'and,' she ses, 'an' call out, "Speak, Lord, thy servant 'eareth," an' ye'll 'ear an' *see*. An' never you stop sayin' it—let yer 'eart beat it an' yer breath breathe it—an' yer'll find yer goin' about laughin' soft to yerself an' lovin' everythin' as if it was yer own child at breast. An' *no* 'arm can come to yer. Try it when yer go 'ome.'"

"Did you?" asked Dart.

Glad answered for her with a tremulous—yes it was a *tremulous*—giggle, a weirdly moved little sound.

"When she wakes in the mornin' she ses to 'erself, 'Good things is goin' to come to-day—cheerfle things.' When there's a knock at the door she ses, 'Somethin' friendly's comin' in.' An' when Drunken Bet's makin' a row an' ragin' an' tearin' an threatenin' to 'ave 'er eyes out of 'er fice,' she ses, 'Lor, Bet, yer don't mean a word of it—yer a friend to every woman in the 'ouse.' When she don't know which way to turn, she stands still an' ses, 'Speak, Lord, thy servant 'eareth,' an' then she does wotever next comes into 'er mind—an' she says it's allus the right answer. Sometimes," sheepishly, "I've tried it myself—p'raps it's true. I did it this mornin' when

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I sat down an' pulled me sack over me 'ead on the bridge. Polly'd been cryin' so loud all night I'd got a bit low in me stummick an'——" She stopped suddenly and turned on Dart as if light had flashed across her mind. "Dunno nothin' about it," she stammered, "but I *said* it—just like she does—an' *you* come!"

Plainly she had uttered whatever words she had used in the form of a sort of incantation, and here was the result in the living body of this man sitting before her. She stared hard at him, repeating her words: "*You* come. Yes, you did."

"It was the answer," said Miss Montaubyn, with entire simplicity as she bit off her thread, "that's wot it was."

Antony Dart lifted his heavy head.

"You believe it," he said.

"I'm livin' on believin' it," she said confidingly. "I ain't got nothin' else. An' answers keeps comin' and comin'."

"What answers?"

"Bits o' work—an' things as 'elps. Glad there, she's one."

"Aw," said Glad, "I ain't nothin'. I likes to 'ear yer tell about it. She ses," to Dart again, a little slowly, as she watched his face with curiously questioning eyes—"she ses *'E's* in the room—same as 'E's everywhere—in this 'ere room. Sometimes she talks out loud to 'Im."

"What!" cried Dart, startled again.

The strange Majestic Awful Idea—the Deity of the Ages—to be spoken of as a mere unfeared Reality! And even as the vaguely formed thought sprang in his brain he started once more, suddenly confronted by the meaning his sense of shock implied. What had all the sermons of all the centuries been preaching but that it was Reality? What had all the infidels of every age contended but that it was Unreal, and the folly of a dream? He had never thought of himself as an infidel; perhaps it would have shocked him to be called one, though he was not quite sure. But that a little superannuated dancer at music-halls, battered and worn by an unlawful life, should sit and smile in absolute faith at such a—a superstition as this, stirred something like awe in him.

For she was smiling in entire acquiescence.

"It's what the curick ses," she enlarged radiantly. "Though 'e don't believe it, pore young man; 'e on'y thinks 'e does. 'It's for 'igh an' low,' 'e ses, 'for you an' me as well as for them as is royal fambleys. The Almighty 'E's *everywhere!*' 'Yes,' ses I, 'I've felt 'Im 'ere—as near as y'are yerself, sir, I 'ave—an' I've spoke to 'Im.'"

"What did the curate say?" Dart asked, amazed.

"Seemed like it frightened 'im a bit. 'We mustn't be too bold, Miss Montaubyn, my dear,' 'e ses, for 'e's a kind young man as ever lived, an' often ses 'my dear' to them 'e's comfortin'. But yer see the lidy 'ad gave me a Bible o' me own an' I'd set 'ere an' read it—an' read it an' learned verses to say to meself when I was in bed—an' I'd got ter feel like it was someone talkin' to me an' makin' me understand. So I ses, ''Tain't boldness we're warned against; it's not lovin' an' trustin' enough, an' not askin' an' believin' *true*. Don't yer remember wot it ses: "I, even I, am 'e that comforteth yer. Who art thou that thou art afraid of man that shall die an' the son of man that shall be made as grass, an' forgetteth Jehovah thy Creator, that stretched forth the 'eavens an' laid the foundations of the earth?" an' "I've covered thee with the shadder of me 'and," it ses; an', "I will go before thee an' make the rough places smooth;" an' "'Itherto ye 'ave asked nothin' in my name; ask therefore that ye may receive, an' yer joy may be made full."' An' 'e looked down on the floor as if 'e was doin' some 'ard thinkin', pore young man, an' 'e ses, quite sudden an' shaky, 'Lord, I believe, 'elp thou my unbelief,' an' 'e ses it as if 'e was in trouble an' didn't know 'e'd spoke out loud."

"Where—how did you come upon your verses?" said Dart. "How did you find them?"

"Ah," triumphantly, "they was all answers—they was the first answers I ever 'ad. When I first come 'ome an' it seemed as if I was goin' to be swep' away in the dirt o' the street—one day when I was near drove wild with cold an' 'unger, I set down on the floor an' I dragged the Bible to me an' I ses: 'There ain't nothin' on earth or in 'ell as'll 'elp me. I'm goin' to do wot the lidy said—mad or not.' An' I 'eld the book—an' I 'eld my breath, too, 'cos it was like waitin' for the end o' the world—an' after a bit I 'ears myself call out in a 'oller whisper, 'Speak, Lord, thy servant 'eareth. Show

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

me a 'ope.' An' I was tremblin' all over when I opened the book. An' there it was! 'I will go before thee an' make the rough places smooth, I will break in pieces the doors of brass and will cut in sunder the bars of iron.' An' I knowed it was a answer."

"You—knew—it—was an answer?"

"Wot else was it?" with a shining face. "I'd arst for it, an' there it was. An' in about a hour Glad come runnin' up 'ere, an' she'd 'ad a bit o' luck——"

"'Twasn't nothin' much," Glad broke in deprecatingly, "on'y I'd got somethin' to eat an' a bit o' fire."

"An' she made me go an' 'ave a 'earty meal, an' set an' warm meself. An' she was that cheerfle an' full o' pluck, she 'elped me to forget about the things that was makin' me into a madwoman. *She* was the answer—same as the book 'ad promised. They comes in different wyes the answers does. Bless yer, they don't come in claps of thunder an' streaks o' lightenin'—they just comes easy an' natural—so's sometimes yer don't think for a minit or two that they're answers at all. But it comes to yer in a bit an' yer 'eart stands still for joy. An' ever since then I just go to me book an' arst. P'raps," her smile an illuminating thing, "me bein' the low an' pore in spirit at the beginnin', an' settin' 'ere all alone by meself day in an' day out, just thinkin' it all over—an' arstin'—an' waitin'—p'raps light was gave me 'cos I was in such a little place an' in the dark. But I ain't pore in spirit now. Lor', no, yer can't be when yer've on'y got to believe. 'An' 'itherto ye 'ave arst nothin' in my name; arst therefore that ye may receive an' yer joy be made full.' "

"Am I sitting here listening to an old female reprobate's disquisition on religion?" passed through Antony Dart's mind. "Why am I listening? I am doing it because here is a creature who *believes*—knowing no doctrine, knowing no church. She *believes*—she thinks she *knows* her Deity is by her side. She is not afraid. To her simpleness the awful Unknown is the Known—and *with* her."

"Suppose it were true," he uttered aloud, in response to a sense of inward tremor, "suppose—it—were—*true?*" And he was not speaking either to the woman or the girl, and his forehead was damp.

"Gawd!" said Glad, her chin almost on her knees, her eyes staring fearsomely. "S'pose it was—an' us sittin' 'ere an' not knowin' it—an' no one knowin' it—nor gettin' the good of it. Sime as if—" pondering hard in search of simile, "sime as if no one 'ad never knowed about 'lectricity, an' there wasn't no 'lectric lights nor no 'lectric nothin'. Onct nobody knowed, an' all the sime it was there—jest waitin'.

Her fantastic laugh ended for her with a little choking, vaguely hysteric sound.

"Blim me," she said. "Ain't it queer, us not knowin'—*if it's true.*"

Antony Dart bent forward in his chair. He looked far into the eyes of the ex-dancer as if some unseen thing within them might answer him. Miss Montaubyn herself for the moment he did not see.

"What," he stammered hoarsely, his voice broken with awe, "what of the hideous wrongs—the woes and horrors—and hideous wrongs?"

"There wouldn't be none if *we* was right—if we never thought nothin' but 'Good's comin'—good's 'ere.' If we everyone of us thought it—every minit of every day."

She did not know she was speaking of a millennium—the end of the world. She sat by her one candle, threading her needle and believing she was speaking of To-day.

He laughed a hollow laugh.

"If *we* were right!" he said. "It would take long—long—long—to make us all so."

"It would be slow p'raps. Well, so it would—but good comes quick for them as begins callin' it. It's been quick for *me*," drawing her thread through her needle's eye triumphantly. "Lor', yes, me legs is better—me luck's better—people's better. Bless yer, yes!"

"It's true," said Glad; "she gets on somehow. Things comes. She never wants no drink. Me now," she applied to Miss Montaubyn, "if I took it up same as you—wot 'd come to a gal like me?"

"Wot ud yer want ter come?" Dart saw that in her mind was an absolute lack of any premonition of obstacle. "Wot'd yer arst fer in yer own mind?"

Glad reflected profoundly.

"Polly," she said, "she wants to go 'ome to 'er mother an' to the country. I ain't got no mother an' wot I 'ear of the country seems like I'd get tired of it. Nothin' but quiet an' lambs an' birds an' things growin'. Me, I likes things goin' on. I likes people an' 'and organs an' buses. I'd stay 'ere—

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

same as I told *you*," with a jerk of her hand toward Dart. "An' do things in the court—if I 'ad a bit o' money. I don't want to live no gay life when I'm a woman. It's too 'ard. Us pore uns ends too bad. Wisht I knowed I could get on some'ow."

"Good'll come," said Miss Montaubyn. "Just you say the same as me every mornin'—'Good's fillin' the world, an' some of it's comin' to me. It's bein' sent—an' I'm goin' to meet it. It's comin'—it's comin.'" She bent forward and touched the girl's shoulder with her astonishing eyes alight. "Bless yer, wot's in my room's in yours; Lor', yes."

Glad's eyes stared into hers, they became mysteriously, almost awesomely, astonishing also.

"Is it?" she breathed in a hushed voice.

"Yes, Lor', yes! When yer get up in the mornin' you just stand still an' *arst* it. 'Speak, Lord,' ses you; 'speak, Lord——'"

"Thy servant 'eareth," ended Glad's hushed speech. "Blimme, but I'm goin' to try it!"

Perhaps the brain of her saw it still as an incantation, perhaps the soul of her, called up strangely out of the dark and still newborn and blind and vague, saw it vaguely and half blindly as something else.

Dart was wondering which of these things were true.

"We've never been expectin' nothin' that's good," said Miss Montaubyn. "We're allus expectin' the other. Who isn't? I was allus expectin' rheumatiz an' 'unger an' cold an' starvin' old age. Wot was you lookin' for?" to Dart.

He looked down on the floor and answered heavily.

"Failing brain—failing life—despair—death!"

"None of 'em's comin'—if yer don't call 'em. Stand still an' listen for the other. It's the other that's *true*."

She was without doubt amazing. She chirped like a bird singing on a bough, rejoicing in token of the shining of the sun.

"It's wot yer can work on—this," said Glad. "The curick—'e's a good sort an' no 'arm in 'im—'e ses: 'Trouble an' 'unger is ter teach yer ter submit. Accidents an' coughs as tears yer lungs is sent you to prepare yer for 'eaven. If yer loves 'Im as sends 'em, yer'll go there.' 'Ave yer ever bin?' ses I. 'Ave yer ever saw anyone that's bin? 'Ave yer ever saw anyone that's saw anyone that's bin?' 'No,' 'e ses. 'Don't, me girl, don't!' 'Garn,' I ses; 'tell me somethin' as'll do me some good afore I'm dead! 'Eaven's too far off.'"

"The kingdom of 'eaven is at 'and," said Miss Montaubyn. "Bless yer, yes, just 'ere."

Antony Dart glanced round the room. It was a strange place. But something was here. Magic, was it? Frenzy—dreams—what?

He heard from below a sudden murmur and crying out in the street. Miss Montaubyn heard it and stopped in her sewing, holding her needle and thread extended.

Glad heard it and sprang to her feet.

"Somethin's 'appened," she cried out. "Someone's 'urt."

She was out of the room in a breath's space. She stood outside listening a few seconds and darted back to the open door, speaking through it. They could hear below commotion, exclamations, the wail of a child.

"Somethin's 'appened to Bet!" she cried out again. "I can 'ear the child."

She was gone and flying down the staircase; Antony Dart and Miss Montaubyn rose together. The tumult was increasing; people were running about in the court, and it was plain a crowd was forming by the magic which calls up crowds as from nowhere about the door. The child's screams rose shrill above the noise. It was no small thing which had occurred.

"I must go," said Miss Montaubyn, limping away from her table. "P'raps I can 'elp. P'raps you can 'elp, too," as he followed her.

They were met by Glad at the threshold. She had shot back to them, panting.

"She was blind drunk," she said, "an' she went out to get more. She tried to cross the street an' fell under a cart. She'll be dead in five minits. I'm goin' for the biby."

Dart saw Miss Montaubyn step back into her room. He turned involuntarily to look at her.

She stood still a second—so still that it seemed as if she was not drawing mortal breath. Her astonishing expectant eyes closed themselves, and yet in closing spoke expectancy still.

"Speak, Lord," she said softly, but as if she spoke to Something whose nearness to her

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was such that her hand might have touched it. "Speak, Lord, thy servant 'eareth."

Antony Dart almost felt his hair rise. He quaked as she came near, her poor clothes brushing against him. He drew back to let her pass first, and followed her leading.

The court was filled with men, women, and children, who surged about the doorway, talking, crying, and protesting against each other's crowding. Dart caught a glimpse of a policeman fighting his way through with a doctor. A dishevelled woman with a child at her dirty bare breast had got in and was talking loudly.

"Just outside the court it was," she proclaimed, "an' I saw it. If she'd bin 'erself it couldn't 'ave 'appened. 'No time for 'osspitles,' ses I. She's not twenty breaths to dror; let 'er die in 'er own bed, pore thing!" And both she and her baby breaking into wails at one and the same time, other women, some hysteric, some maudlin with gin, joined them in a terrified outburst.

"Get out, you women," commanded the doctor, who had forced his way across the threshold. "Send them away, officer," to the policeman.

There were others to turn out of the room itself, which was crowded with morbid or terrified creatures, all making for confusion. Glad had seized the child and was forcing her way out into such air as there was outside.

The bed—a strange and loathly thing—stood by the empty rusty fireplace. Drunken Bet lay on it, a bundle of clothing over which the doctor bent for but a few minutes before he turned away.

Antony Dart, standing near the door, heard Miss Montaubyn speak to him in a whisper.

"May I go to 'er?" and the doctor nodded.

She limped lightly forward and her small face was white, but expectant still. What could she expect now—O Lord, what?

An extraordinary thing happened. An abnormal silence fell. The owners of such faces as on stretched necks caught sight of her seemed in a flash to communicate with others in the crowd.

"Jinny Montaubyn!" someone whispered. And "Jinny Montaubyn" was passed along, leaving an awed stirring in its wake. Those whom the pressure outside had crushed against the wall near the window in a passionate hurry breathed on and rubbed the panes that they might lay their faces to them. One tore out the rags stuffed in a broken place and listened breathlessly.

Jinny Montaubyn was kneeling down and laying her small old hand on the muddied forehead. She held it there a second or so and spoke in a voice whose low clearness brought back at once to Dart the voice in which she had spoken to the Something upstairs.

"Bet," she said, "Bet." And then more soft still and yet more clear, "Bet, my dear."

It seemed incredible, but it was a fact. Slowly the lids of the woman's eyes lifted and the pupils fixed themselves on Jinny Montaubyn, who leaned still closer and spoke again.

"'Tain't true," she said. "Not this. 'Tain't *true*. There *is no death*," slow and soft, but passionately distinct. "*There—is—no—death.*"

The muscles of the woman's face twisted it into a rueful smile. The three words she dragged out were so faint that perhaps none but Dart's strained ears heard them.

"Wot—price—*me?*"

The soul of her was loosening fast and straining away, but Jinny Montaubyn followed it.

"*There—is—no—death*," and her low voice had the tone of a slender silver trumpet. "In a minit yer'll know—in a minit. Lord," lifting her expectant face, "show her the wye."

Mysteriously the clouds were clearing from the sodden face—mysteriously. Miss Montaubyn watched them as they were swept away! A minute—two minutes—and they were gone. Then she rose noiselessly and stood looking down, speaking quite simply as if to herself.

"Ah," she breathed, "she *does* know now—fer sure an' certain."

Then Antony Dart, turning slightly, realized that a man who had entered the house and been standing near him, breathing with light quickness, since the moment Miss Montaubyn had knelt, was plainly the person Glad had called the "curick," and that he had bowed his head and covered his eyes with a hand which trembled.

He was a young man with an eager soul, and his work in Apple Blossom Court and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

places like it had torn him many ways. Religious conventions established through centuries of custom had not prepared him for life among the submerged. He had struggled and been appalled, he had wrestled in prayer and felt himself unanswered, and in repentance of the feeling had scourged himself with thorns. Miss Montaubyn, returning from the hospital, had filled him at first with horror and protest.

"But who knows—who knows?" he said to Dart, as they stood and talked together afterward, 'Faith as a little child.' That is literally hers. And I was shocked by it—and tried to distrust it, until I suddenly saw what I was doing. I was—in my cloddish egotism—trying to show her that she was irreverent *because* she could believe what in my soul I do not, though I dare not admit so much even to myself. She took from some strange passing visitor to her tortured bedside what was to her a revelation. She heard it first as a child hears a story of magic. When she came out of the hospital, she told it as if it was one. I—I—" he bit his lips and moistened them, "argued with her and reproached her. Christ the Merciful, forgive me! She sat in her squalid little room with her magic—sometimes in the dark—sometimes without fire, and she clung to it, and loved it and asked it to help her, as a child asks its father for bread. When she was answered—and God forgive me again for doubting that the simple good that came to her *was* an answer—when any small help came to her, she was a radiant thing, and without a shadow of doubt in her eyes told me of it as proof—proof that she had been heard. When things went wrong for a day and the fire was out again and the room dark, she said, 'I 'aven't kept near enough—I 'aven't trusted *true*. It will be gave me soon,' and when once at such a time I said to her, 'We must learn to say, Thy will be done,' she smiled up at me like a happy baby and answered: 'Thy will be done on earth *as it is in 'eaven*. Lor', there's no cold there, nor no 'unger nor no cryin' nor pain. That's the way the will is done in 'eaven. That's wot I arst for all day long—for it to be done on earth as it is in 'eaven.' What could I say? Could I tell her that the will of the Deity on the earth he created was only the will to do evil—to give pain—to crush the creature made in His own image. What else do we mean when we say under all horror and agony that befalls, 'It is God's will—God's will be done.' Base unbeliever though I am, I could not speak the words. Oh, she has something we have not. Her poor, little misspent life has changed itself into a shining thing, though it shines and glows only in this hideous place. She herself does not know of its shining. But Drunken Bet would stagger up to her room and ask to be told what she called her 'pantermine' stories. I have seen her there sitting listening—listening with strange quiet on her and dull yearning in her sodden eyes. So would other and worse women go to her, and I, who had struggled with them, could see that she had reached some remote longing in their beings which I had never touched. In time the seed would have stirred to life—it is beginning to stir even now. During the months since she came back to the court—though they have laughed at her—both men and women have begun to see her as a creature weirdly set apart. Most of them feel something like awe of her; they half believe her prayers to be bewitchments, but they want them on their side. They have never wanted mine. That I have known—*known*. She believes that her Deity is in Apple Blossom Court—in the dire holes its people live in, on the broken stairway, in every nook and awful cranny of it—a great glory we will not see—only waiting to be called and to answer. Do *I* believe it—do you—do any of those anointed of us who preach each day so glibly 'God is *everywhere*'? Who is the one who believes? If there were such a man he would go about as Moses did when 'He wist not that his face shone.'"

They had gone out together and were standing in the fog in the court. The curate removed his hat and passed his handkerchief over his damp forehead, his breath coming and going almost sobbingly, his eyes staring straight before him into the yellowness of the haze.

"Who," he said after a moment of singular silence, "who are you?"

Antony Dart hesitated a few seconds, and at the end of his pause he put his hand into his overcoat pocket.

"If you will come upstairs with me to the room where the girl Glad lives, I will tell you," he said, "but before we go I want to hand something over to you."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The curate turned an amazed gaze upon him.

"What is it?" he asked.

Dart withdrew his hand from his pocket, and the pistol was in it.

"I came out this morning to buy this," he said. "I intended—never mind what I intended. A wrong turn taken in the fog brought me here. Take this thing from me and keep it."

The curate took the pistol and put it into his own pocket without comment. In the course of his labors he had seen desperate men and desperate things many times. He had even been—at moments—a desperate man thinking desperate things himself, though no human being had ever suspected the fact. This man had faced some tragedy, he could see. Had he been on the verge of a crime—had he looked murder in the eyes? What had made him pause? Was it possible that the dream of Jinny Montaubyn being in the air had reached his brain—his being?

He looked almost appealingly at him, but he only said aloud:

"Let us go upstairs, then."

So they went.

As they passed the door of the room where the dead women lay Dart went in and spoke to Miss Montaubyn, who was still there.

"If there are things wanted here," he said, "this will buy them." And he put some money into her hand.

She did not seem surprised at the incongruity of his shabbiness producing money.

"Well, now," she said, "I *was* wonderin' an' askin'. I'd like 'er clean an' nice, an' there's milk wanted bad for the biby."

In the room they mounted to Glad was trying to feed the child with bread softened in tea. Polly sat near her looking on with restless, eager eyes. She had never seen anything of her own baby but its limp newborn and dead body being carried away out of sight. She had not even dared to ask what was done with such poor little carrion. The tyranny of the law of life made her want to paw and touch this lately born thing, as her agony had given her no fruit of her own body to touch and paw and muzzle and caress as mother creatures will whether they be women or tigresses or doves or female cats.

"Let me hold her, Glad," she half whimpered. "When she's fed let me get her to sleep."

"All right," Glad answered; "we could look after 'er between us well enough."

The thief was still sitting on the hearth, but being full fed and comfortable for the first time in many a day, he had rested his head against the wall and fallen into profound sleep.

"Wot's up?" said Glad when the two men came in. "Is anythin' 'appenin'?"

"I have come up here to tell you something," Dart answered. "Let us sit down again round the fire. It will take a little time."

Glad with eager eyes on him handed the child to Polly and sat down without a moment's hesitance, avid of what was to come. She nudged the thief with friendly elbow and he started up awake.

"'E's got somethin' to tell us," she explained. "The curick's come up to 'ear it, too. Sit 'ere, Polly," with elbow jerk toward the bundle of sacks. "It's got it's stummick full an' it'll go to sleep fast enough."

So they sat again in the weird circle. Neither the strangeness of the group nor the squalor of the hearth were of a nature to be new things to the curate. His eyes fixed themselves on Dart's face, as did the eyes of the thief, the beggar, and the young thing of the street. No one glanced away from him.

His telling of his story was almost monotonous in its semi-reflective quietness of tone. The strangeness to himself—though it was a strangeness he accepted absolutely without protest—lay in his telling it at all, and in a sense of his knowledge that each of these creatures would understand and mysteriously know what depths he had touched this day.

"Just before I left my lodgings this morning," he said, "I found myself standing in the middle of my room and speaking to Something aloud. I did not know I was going to speak. I did not know what I was speaking to. I heard my own voice cry out in agony, 'Lord, Lord, what shall I do to be saved?'"

The curate made a sudden movement in his place and his sallow young face flushed. But he said nothing.

Glad's small and sharp countenance became curious. "'Speak, Lord, thy servant 'eareth,'" she quoted tentatively.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"No," answered Dart; "it was not like that. I had never thought of such things. I believed nothing. I was going out to buy a pistol and when I returned intended to blow my brains out."

"Why?" asked Glad, with passionately intent eyes; "why?"

"Because I was worn out and done for, and all the world seemed worn out and done for. And among other things I believed I was beginning slowly to go mad."

From the thief there burst forth a low groan and he turned his face to the wall.

"I've been there," he said; "I'm near there now."

Dart took up speech again.

"There was no answer—none. As I stood waiting—God knows for what—the dead stillness of the room was like the dead stillness of the grave. And I went out saying to my soul, 'This is what happens to the fool who cries aloud in his pain.'"

"I've cried aloud," said the thief, "and sometimes it seemed as if an answer was coming—but I always knew it never would!" in a tortured voice.

"'Tain't fair to arst that wye," Glad put in with shrewd logic. "Miss Montaubyn she allers knows it *will* come—an' it does."

"Something—not myself—turned my feet toward this place," said Dart. "I was thrust from one thing to another. I was forced to see and hear things close at hand. It has been as if I was under a spell. The woman in the room below—the woman lying dead!" He stopped a second, and then went on: "There is too much that is crying out aloud. A man such as I am—it has *forced* itself upon me—cannot leave such things and give himself to the dust. I cannot explain clearly because I am not thinking as I am accustomed to think. A change has come upon me. I shall not use the pistol—as I meant to use it."

Glad made a friendly clutch at the sleeve of his shabby coat.

"Right O!" she cried. "That's it! You buck up sime as I told yer. Y'ain't stony broke an' there's allers to-morrer."

Antony Dart's expression was weirdly retrospective.

"I did not think so this morning," he answered.

"But there is," said the girl. "Ain't there now, curick? There's a lot o' work in yer yet; yer could do all sorts o' things if y' ain't too proud. I'll 'elp yer. So'll the curick. Y' ain't found out yet what a little folks can live on till luck turns. Me, I'm goin' to try Miss Montaubyn's wye. Le's both try. Le's believe things is comin'. Le's get 'er to talk to us some more."

The curate was thinking the thing over deeply.

"Yer see," Glad enlarged cheerfully, "yer look almost like a gentleman. P'raps yer can write a good 'an dan' spell all right. Can yer?"

"Yes."

"I think, perhaps," the curate began reflectively, "particularly if you can write well, I might be able to get you some work."

"I do not want work," Dart answered slowly. "At least I do not want the kind you would be likely to offer me."

The curate felt a shock, as if cold water had been dashed over him. Somehow it had not once occurred to him that the man could be one of the educated degenerate vicious for whom no power to help lay in any hands—yet he was not the common vagrant—and he was plainly on the point of producing an excuse for refusing work.

The other man, seeing his start and his amazed, troubled flush, put out a hand and touched his arm apologetically.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "One of the things I was going to tell you—I had not finished—was that I *am* what is called a gentleman. I am also what the world knows as a rich man. I am Sir Oliver Holt."

Each member of the party gazed at him aghast. It was an enormous name to claim. Even the two female creatures knew what it stood for. It was the name which represented the greatest wealth and power in the world of finance and schemes of business. It stood for financial influence which could change the face of national fortunes and bring about crises. It was known throughout the world. Yesterday the newspaper rumor that its owner had mysteriously left England had caused men on 'change to discuss possibilities together with lowered voices.

Glad stared at the curate. For the first time she looked disturbed and alarmed.

"Blimme," she ejaculated, "'e's gone off 'is nut, pore chap!—'e's gone off it!"

"No," the man answered, "you shall come to me"—he hesitated a second while a shade passed over his eyes—"*to-morrow*. And you shall see."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He rose quietly to his feet and the curate rose also. Abnormal as the climax was, it was to be seen that there was no mistake about the revelation. The man was a creature of authority and used to carrying conviction by his unsupported word. That made itself, by some clear, unspoken method, plain.

"You are Sir Oliver Holt! And a few hours ago you were on the point of——"

"Ending it all—in an obscure lodging. Afterward the earth would have been shovelled on to a workhouse coffin. It was an awful thing." He shook off a passionate shudder. "There was no wealth on earth that could give me a moment's ease—sleep—hope—life. The whole world was full of things I loathed the sight and thought of. The doctors said my condition was physical. Perhaps it was—perhaps to-day has strangely given a healthful jolt to my nerves—perhaps I have been dragged away from the agony of morbidity and plunged into new intense emotions which have saved me from the last thing and the worst—*saved* me!"

He stopped suddenly and his face flushed, and then quite slowly turned pale.

"*Saved me*!" he repeated the words as the curate saw the awed blood creepingly recede. "Who knows, who knows! How many explanations one is ready to give before one thinks of what we say we believe. Perhaps it was—the Answer!"

The curate bowed his head reverently.

"Perhaps it was."

The girl Glad sat clinging to her knees, her eyes wide and awed and with a sudden gush of hysteric tears rushing down her cheeks.

"That's the wye! That's the wye!" she gulped out. "No one won't never believe—they won't, *never*. That's what she sees, Miss Montaubyn. You don't, 'e don't," with a jerk toward the curate. "I ain't nothin' but *me*, but blimme if I don't—blimme!"

Sir Oliver Holt grew paler still. He felt as he had done when Jinny Montaubyn's poor dress swept against him. His voice shook when he spoke.

"So do I," he said with a sudden deep catch of the breath; "it was the Answer."

In a few moments more he went to the girl Polly and laid a hand on her shoulder.

"I shall take you home to your mother," he said. "I shall take you myself and care for you both. She shall know nothing you are afraid of her hearing. I shall ask her to bring up the child. You will help her."

Then he touched the thief, who got up white and shaking and with eyes moist with excitement.

"You shall never see another man claim your thought because you have not time or money to work it out. You will go with me. There are to-morrows enough for you!"

Glad still sat clinging to her knees and with tears running, but the ugliness of her sharp, small face was a thing an angel might have paused to see.

"You don't want to go away from here," Sir Oliver said to her, and she shook her head.

"No, not me. I told yer wot I wanted. Lemme do it."

"You shall," he answered, "and I will help you."

The things which developed in Apple Blossom Court later, the things which came to each of those who had sat in the weird circle round the fire, the revelations of new existence which came to herself, aroused no amazement in Jinny Montaubyn's mind. She had asked and believed all things—and all this was but another of the Answers.

THE END.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS AND DIARIES OF GEORGE BANCROFT

EDITED BY M. A. DeWOLFE HOWE

IV

MINISTER TO GERMANY

WHATEVER else Andrew Johnson may have done while President, he did well when in 1867 he appointed George Bancroft to represent the United States at Berlin. Continued in office by President Grant, Bancroft held his important post until the summer of 1874. To the student of history, made and in the making, these seven years stand forth as perhaps the most significant in the history of modern Germany. In the year of Bancroft's arrival the North German Confederation had taken the place of the old Germanic Confederation. Three years later the Franco-Prussian War was fought and won. In 1871 the constitution of the present German Empire came into effect. In the three remaining years of Bancroft's ministry the new order was finding and justifying itself.

All this would have interested any observer of political affairs. It may fairly be questioned whether any American could have brought to the observation and to the direction of our international relations with Germany a truer sympathy and understanding than Bancroft. Not only did his early training at Göttingen and Berlin equip him for his task; there was, besides, in his very nature a peculiar sympathy with German habits of thought and life. The resulting attitude toward the German spirit assured him a cordial acceptance at Berlin. He was at once received into the inner circles of scholarly, social, and political life—circles which happily overlapped and intersected each other. He remained long enough to take a definite place in the society of Berlin and to leave a definite and widely deplored gap upon his departure.

Bancroft's diplomatic work at Berlin may be touched upon only in the letter quoted at the close of this paper. For his travels—to Madrid and Paris on his way from America, to Vienna and Buda-Pesth, to Turkey, Egypt, Athens, and Rome, and later to Paris and London on his way back to New York—allusion must suffice. The progress of his historical writing may also be passed over. For the present purpose it has seemed best to unfold the voluminous correspondence of the period merely for light upon the momentous events and illustrious persons of the time and place. Little comment upon the letters to be quoted is required. With all their interruptions and omissions they will speak for themselves.

To William H. Seward,

BERLIN, August 29, 1867.

SIR:—

Yesterday a little before two o'clock in the afternoon, Count Bismarck called for me, and took me to the king's country residence at Babelsberg, this side of Potsdam, where I was to be received in a private audience. As soon as we entered the palace, the count presented me to the king, to whom I delivered my letter of credentials from the President in the simplest manner, and without any speech. The king at once opened a conversation and remained conversing with me, expressing of himself his satisfaction at the perfectly friendly relations which had ever existed between the two countries, and making inquiries respecting the President. Afterwards he spoke of several of my predecessors asking about them or their families even as far back as the time of Mr. Wheaton* and Mr. Donelson.† Dinner was soon served, and the place assigned me at table was next to the king. The party was of twelve: the conversation was certainly marked by respect for the sovereign, but was wholly free from stiffness and formality, and conversation

*Henry Wheaton, United States minister at Berlin, 1835–1846.

†Andrew Jackson Donelson, United States minister at Berlin, 1846–1849.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was as easy and unrestrained as at the house of a country gentleman. After dinner the king again came to me and his words and his manner expressed everything that could be wished, alike in the way of regard for my country and of courtesy to me as its representative.

On returning to the railroad station, it appeared that the king was also on his way to Berlin. He beckoned to me to enter his private car and to take the seat nearest him; and conversed all the way to the city so that during the day I was in his company for about three hours. This reception while it was very agreeable to me personally, pleased me more as an evidence of the ever increasing consideration for the Government of the United States. . . .

To William H. Seward,

AMERICAN LEGATION,
BERLIN, Sept. 10, 1867.

SIR:—

This day has been one of the greatest interest in the history of Germany, being marked by the organization of the first Imperial diet assembled under the new constitution of North Germany. The protestant members of the parliament met in advance for religious service in the king's chapel. The king, the crown prince and princess and other members of the royal family, the chiefs of the diplomatic corps and the great officers of the state and of the army were present, and were all seated on the floor of the chapel. The glitter of official uniforms was as great as I ever saw, there being but one person in plain clothes among all those who were invited to attend. The services were appropriate and implied the assurance that the movement toward union as yet incomplete has proceded thus far with the favor of providence.

The catholic members of the diet held their service apart.

After these exercises were over the diet repaired to the White Hall, remaining standing. The king as he entered and took his seat was heartily cheered. The proceedings were in conformity to the usage of constitutional governments. The president minister put into the king's hands the speech which he was to read when the king rising from the throne, put on his helmet and read the speech in a clear and simple manner without emphasis or display, or any attempt at theatrical effect. At the close of the speech and as the king withdrew he was again warmly cheered.

I enclose an official copy of the speech.

The points in it to which I would especially direct your attention are the second paragraph which implies that there is a German nation including the South German provinces as well as the North; that the measures thus far taken for the commercial union with the German states is but "a step" though an "important" one; and that "the German feeling" has been an instrument of happy political activity. It also merits remark that the constitution is described as a work of peace, of which the advantages are to be enjoyed in peace.

To Mrs. J. C. B. D.

BERLIN 13 Dec. 1867.

DEAR F—:—

At the house of the Ambassadors of France and England and the ministers of Turkey and Belgium, there are soirées, once a week at each house. My letter was well on the way towards Bremen when I went to the Turk's. He is a Greek Christian and his wife a Prussian of Prussians, sensible, well bred and amiable. I have forgotten who were there, except only that the most beautiful was the Countess Wimpfen, wife of the Austrian minister. She is of the Milo Venus style, tall, a neck like a swan's and *Βαθύκολπος*, which John must translate, if you have forgotten your Greek.

Saturday at ¼ before four I had my Antritts Audienz, official audience of the Queen. We both stood, and were in tête-à-tête, for her women stopped at the open door. If ever in the world a man was fed upon honey, my time for it was now come. Oil did not flow more bountifully down Aaron's beard. Glad I was come to Berlin; known in every land; the king had written her of his pleasure at receiving me, that I was member of the Academy and all the members had joined in giving me a welcome; that I was known to her as an author and she was told the two last volumes were the most interesting, these she should read and in spite of my crying out, pray don't, insisted that she would. She spoke (always in the most excellent English, which she preferred to use, though she was aware I knew German) in the warmest admiration of my country; and with sympathy for the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sorrows of our terrible war; of Americans in Berlin; of their having been no doubt attracted by me; of Weimar; of her brother's care to improve his little principality and make it the best that its moderate resources would permit. I am old enough, I said, to have seen Goethe. "And I too" she said "am old enough to have seen Goethe" and she confessed her age naturally and simply. I said Goethe had spoken to me of Berlin in proud terms as the König's-stadt; were he alive now he might say Kaiser-stadt. She answered with the greatest moderation; that peace was to be desired above all and maintained; that nothing must be hurried; and repeated again and again her love of peace. The present state of Germany must not be changed suddenly. I told her, the present state of Prussia was the result of the action of causes that had been at work continuously for more than three hundred years. Now I have narrated what happened; and of course you know that I know that the sugared words were what the Queen said as queen on a first reception, when she always studies to show that she is not ignorant of the claims the person presented may have to her esteem, and is amiable enough to create them if they do not exist, and to see them through a rose colored magnifying glass if they do.

Sunday I attended service as usual at our American chapel, where we have very good preaching, for nearly a half dozen American clergymen are passing the winter in Berlin, and they take turns. Of Americans there are near three hundred here, for Germany proves attractive to them. In the evening it grew cold; the mercury between sunset and nine ran down to 8½ degrees of cold, Réaumur. Now brush up your learning; for don't imagine I intend to turn 8½ minus of Réaumur into 13 of Fahrenheit above zero.

Monday, why that is a long time ago, what did I do on Monday? Bismarck spoke in the chamber of Deputies, and S—— was wise enough to be there; I missed the occasion. At dinner Lepsius* came and invited me to an anniversary meeting of the Winckelmann Association of Artists, celebrating W's birthday. The hall of meeting was at Arnim's Hotel; the members present about fifty, besides guests. Essays were read and spoken, by one whose name I have lost, by Lepsius on Egyptian statues and busts; especially the development of Egyptian art as shown in the delineation of features; by Waagen* on the new acquisitions of the British Museum. After the feast of reason we had a good supper according to Berlin usage, where evening entertainments more prevail, the company seating themselves at more tables than one, and it may be in more rooms than one.

Tuesday I was at the Foreign office. Director von Philipsborn† described to me Bismarck's mode of working. He gives out work to able men; and then reviews what is done. He hates to converse with a foreign minister on a topic of which he is not thoroughly master, and postpones his interview, till he is himself ready. He attends to great measures, neglects small things, takes no heed of them, and, by the way, for this he is not greater but less. Frederic the Great, Washington, Wellington neglected no detail; the greatest men are great in their attention to the minutest things not less than to general considerations. Bismarck reads through a paper at a glance; sees instantly the central idea on which the decision is to turn; discerns a flaw in an argument intuitively; dashes down a short incisive note alongside a paper, and his note is terse and full of meaning. He is by nature vehement; and can be irritable and impatient. In the evening I went to the French Ambassador's and, by the way, the whole diplomatic corps have received me very cordially.

Bunsen, one of the sons of my old friend chevalier Bunsen, occupies the étage above us. He came in on Wednesday while we were at breakfast to tell me Bismarck would certainly, must certainly, speak on that day as his policy, that is one small act of it, was to be impugned. The Prince of Waldeck, ruler over 40 to 50 thousand inhabitants, has sold out his jurisdiction to the king of Prussia; question: shall the land henceforward, be administered as a separate principality, or be incorporated body and soul into the Prussian Monarchy? Bismarck for the first, the liberals for the absorption. Bismarck took his seat at the table of the ministers of state; heard the argument

*Karl Richard Lepsius, 1810–1884, Egyptologist and philologist.

*Gustav Friedrich Waagen, 1794–1868, writer on art.

†In a letter of the next month, "Mr. von Philipsborn" is described as "one of the Assistant Secretaries of State, director he is called."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

against him by the chairman of the committee with seeming unconcern, and rose to reply. He is nothing of an orator. He spoke not without hesitation; moving his body backwards and forwards, holding a lead pencil in his hand and moving it about in both hands but making his statement clearly and concisely, viz: Waldeck was a constituent principality in the North German union and could not without breach of faith to the union be absorbed, though its jurisdiction might be devolved on another, and in perpetuity. Twesten,* a famous liberal, very able and perhaps the best speaker in the house replied. Then Bismarck grew warm. The words hurried out of his mouth very fast, and seemingly still faster out of his mind; and to carry the day he touched the chord of German nationality, and sat down in the midst of a whirlwind of bravos. But he had no rhetoric and no manner. His force was simply that of a vehement statement. He carried the day after some more sparring.

Among the hearers seated next to me were Ernest Bunsen and his English wife, a Gurney, and their lovely daughters, and Mrs. Bunsen, wife of my *neighbor* or rather *superior*. All agreed I had seen and heard Bismarck to advantage; and his manner was just what it is in private—only that he spoke standing instead of sitting. In the evening I went to the opera. It was the Lucca's last night, before her departure for Petersburg, whither the king had good-naturedly consented she should go; she having received large offers from the emperor. The singers and actors here are official people; appointed for life; and pensioned when they grow old. Every seat was taken, every place to stand was filled. Yet though bouquets were thrown, the audience, from which I had expected wild enthusiasm, was calmer than usual, encoring her songs; but not able to get the better of the feeling of regret that she was to leave, so here was a new form of homage, sorrow at departure quelling the overflow of joy at the delight of the moment.

Meantime wonderful to tell—the great event—the occasion for which the best Paris gown, the loveliest head-dress, and most careful preparation were duly made. The queen sent word, she would see Mrs. Bancroft. So my wife punctually at the moment, 7 in the evening, was ushered into her presence and for the first time saw Prussian female royalty, face to face; and I as I returned, had an account of the interview. All I can speak for, is, that Mrs. B. was perfectly well dressed, she and the queen sat together on a sofa. Thursday we went to dine at the French Ambassador's. Here was Madame Aristarchi, the Turk's wife, and now Doyenne of the Diplomatic corps. She introduced another lady the same evening, in which my wife was presented. She reported to me, that the Queen made very pleasant remarks about Mrs. B. as I do not doubt she did.

At the dinner 36 were seated; not quite half the guests were ladies: and I as the *youngest* member of the corps went to dinner alone. The ladies were splendidly attired. My beautiful countess Wimpfen sat just near enough to me to make me wish to talk with her and hold it a possibility; and just so far that it would have been a venturesome experiment. . . . After dinner we went to Baron Nothomb's* the Belgian and the cleverest man in the corps. Mrs. B. was soon tired; and we went home early and to bed.

*Karl Twesten, 1830-1870.

To George Ripley

BERLIN, 17 Jan. 1868.

DEAR RIPLEY:—

I had hardly finished my letter to you of the third, when Mrs. Bancroft came in from her visit of introduction to the Crown Princess. She brought back sundry kind messages for me; as how glad they all had been on hearing that I was coming to this court; for as Pamela learned to play the part of a fine lady, the Queen and all kindly sisters and daughters make it a duty to be skilled in the art of enacting the princess royal, or royal highness or queen.

Presently Herman Grimm came in; the author of the Life of Michael Angelo, and of the Unüberwindliche Mächte. Of course most welcome for father's sake, and uncle's and his own, and his wife's who is the foster daughter of Bettina. Of Emerson he is an idolater: reads everything of his; learned English through him and for him; has translated two of his hero chapters. He explained to me the immense influence of Jews on German literature and politics.

*Jean Baptiste, Baron von Nothomb, 1805-1881, Belgian Minister at Berlin, 1845-1881.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Stahl whose books you will find in their place on the shelves of the philosophers,* he says ruled the upper house of Prussia for a period of years. The members of the aristocracy all took their note from him. Of Kuno Fischer he spoke lightly; but I found he had read only the little trifles which Fischer has written; and knew nothing of what he had said of Spinoza and Leibnitz.

On Saturday the fourth, I was immersed among the Archives at the King's Schloss. Ranke† was there on the same errand. He is puzzled about the Fenians—full of curiosity on the subject: but did not seem to comprehend that Fenianism is only a symptom of a chronic ailment, which neither he nor I will live to see relieved.

In the afternoon von Holtzendorff‡ came to see me; a young man he is called here and of great promise, being not much more than forty, and so coming in for the praise which Daniel Webster awarded Hillard: on Sunday the famous Virchow, the greatest man of the age in pathology with a passion for politics, and a radical as a true man of science naturally would be. He is a miracle of industry; is professor, member of the Prussian House of Commons, member of the North German parliament, an able, ready and a very frequent speaker. I was delighted to see him and count on cultivating his acquaintance. I dined at a great dinner of twenty or thirty and went afterwards to a friend's to meet the minister of Finance, Baron von der Heydt.§ In the beginning of 1866, he said, on being asked about the finances, the credit of the government is low, if you submit to such a peace as was then offered; as much money as you can want if you decide on war. And the last proved true. Prussia came out of the struggle, enriched not impoverished.

Monday, in walked a man high in office in Westphalia, and soberly and earnestly asked leave to ship to America all the stray vagabonds that were taken up in Westphalia. After receiving a pretty decided veto, he made off under a cloud of civil speeches.

In the evening we went to Grimm's, whose friends celebrated his birthday. They had written a little play, with prologue and all; and it was given exceedingly well. Grimm smiled; his wife, (Bettina's daughter) overflowed with spirit and all went merry as a marriage bell.

I am a member of a Wednesday evening society composed of sixteen regular members to whom I am annexed as a seventeenth. I dined with Professor Magnus,* great in chemistry and opulent. I rather think he is a descendant of Father Abraham but a most agreeable, gentlemanly man with the ways of society and the world and the most devoted love of science. His wife, in middle age, a descendant of the exiled Huguenots, is one of the finest women I ever saw, with eyes as bright as those of your wife. Of the guests was Baron von Magnus, lately Prussian minister in Mexico, which he had left hardly three weeks ago. Of course I had a good time. Among the topics we spoke of the new history of Napoleon I. by Lanfrey, which, if you have not seen, I advise you to get and read. It is very well written, and contains a careful analysis of the man; the history of his boyhood and youth and his career to the rupture of the peace of Amiens. After this dinner I went to my society which met this evening at Duncker's† whose book you will find on a shelf just to the left of the door into the closet for washing. A learned discourse on law prepared the venerable company, Trendelenburg,‡ Dove§ &c. for a supper.

Thursday evening I went to Lepsius's who is himself learned and a man of the world, with a charming wife and daughters. His house was full of the best German society, among others Hofmann‖ the chemist and his charming young wife. Of the diplomats I was alone, and while I see all the society of Berlin, my colleagues stick to their own circle. I wound up the evening at Baron Nothomb's, the Belgian's, who is one of the ablest of them all.

Friday night the 10th we had a gathering of the Americans domiciled for the winter in Berlin. We have here more American students at the University than from Italy, Switzerland, Sweden, Denmark, France, Great Britain and Ireland, Spain and Por-

* George Ripley was at this time occupying Bancroft's house in New York.

† Leopold von Ranke, 1795–1886.

‡ Franz von Holtzendorff, 1829–1889, jurist and writer, especially on penal justice.

§ Baron August von der Heydt, 1801-1874, from 1866 to 1869, Minister of Finance

* Heinrich Gustav Magnus, 1802-1870, from 1835 to 1869 Professor of "Physics and Technology" at Berlin.

† Maximilian Wolfgang Duncker, 1811-1886, historian, was at this time director of the Prussian State Archives

‡ Freidrich Adolf Trendelenburg, 1802–1872, philosopher.

§ Heinrich Wilhelm Dove, 1829–1879, physicist.

‖ August Wilhelm von Hofmann, 1818–1892, from 1865 until his death Professor of Chemistry at Berlin.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tugal put together, which of course places Americans in high esteem among the professors. We count about fifty students this winter. You must help me bring the number up to two hundred. We have, here, not the young only, but professors from Ann Arbor and elsewhere, "ministers of the gospel," full grown.

Saturday evening Mrs. B. and I were at a reception at the house of the Librarian Dr. Pertz.* His wife is the sister of Sir Charles Lyell: and he and I date our friendship from the days† when we made the journey on foot from Rome to Tusculum and Monte Albano. At those places you are pretty sure to meet Trendelenburg. Dr. Pertz speaks well of King Theodore; and indeed the Germans do not view with favor the attempt to crush out the only African Christian kingdom, and to hand Abyssinia over to Moslem ambition.

Sunday the twelfth I resolved I would see Bekker,‡ the Editor of Plato and Aristotle. He, now 83 years old, was out on a walk; but I had not talked long with his wife before he returned. He and his Sophia were *Sonntag's kinder*, both born on Sunday. I rather think she did the courting for Bekker before, who then and now was and is gifted with the gift of silence. Of the Grimms he said, Joseph the elder spoke to his brother William one day of their fast growing old, and that one of them should marry. Well who should it be? Joseph said, you for you are the youngest; Ah! said the brother complainingly, you always put the hard work off on me. Nevertheless he married; and our Herman Grimm is the consequence. And Bekker and his wife talked on about Schleiermacher, no I am wrong, the wife talked and he listened.

Monday I went alone to the opera to hear Margaret, or, as we call it, Faust. It was well given, but not the best way, for Lucca is in Petersburg. And speaking of Petersburg reminds me that the Imperial Academy lately made me one of its members.

Tuesday evening Mrs. B. and I were both at Trendelenburg's. He lives in the simplest manner, but his hospitality has dignity, as well as the charms of receiving the most cultivated men. His style of receiving is such as is in vogue in Berlin. Between 8 and 9 tea is served; conversation is kept up in the moving circle till ten; then *all*, even if so many as sixty, sit down to supper where they are served by only one or two waiters, and of those all but one females. The supper is always moderate but very good and how two or three contrive to serve so many and quietly without confusion and effectively too is a wonder to American housekeepers. Trendelenburg adheres stoutly to Kant; and indeed all agree wonderfully well and are becoming very intimate. At their suppers, there are the young and gay as well as the grave, and tongues run as briskly as I ever knew. The company sits in groups at different tables, and each party seems to dispute the palm of content and gaiety.

Wednesday I dined at a diplomatic dinner; Tenorio, the Spanish minister was the Amphitryon, and the British Ambassador and the Prussian Minister of Finance with twenty or thirty more were the guests. Everything was splendid and profuse, wines and viands, but not so much of society as in one of the German parties.

Then last night I took tea and supped at the Ober-Consistorialrath Twesten's. The rooms were full with the ablest professors, the most celebrated politicians of the liberal school, and young men and handsome women. Everything sparkled with cheerfulness and intelligence; the party did not break up till midnight. It was a wonder to me how naturally and without fuss about seventy people found their places at several supper tables, spread in two large rooms and were served with excellent dishes by few servants, thoroughly well and without parade. The custom is to have on the light claret and light Rhenish. Two dishes one of fish, one of roast are carried round: and after this preserves and cake, or very exceptionally ice cream. During the evening, I became posted up in German politics and dipped a little into Austrian. . . .

To Mrs. J. C. B. D.

Jan. 1868.

. . . At dinner on the 27th. the minister of finance, Baron von der Heydt, had about fifty guests. The hall in which they sat at table was very large, and at least five and twenty feet high, a magnificent banquetting room. Up to this time I had never

* Georg Heinrich Pertz, 1795-1876, historian and head of the Royal Library at Berlin.

† During Bancroft's first visit to Europe, 1818–1822.

‡ Aug. Immanuel Bekker, 1785–1871, philologist

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

seen Moltke; and seized the opportunity of speaking with him. He said the third of July* was to have been a day of rest to the troops, they were so worn with fatigue; but in the night they were summoned to battle, went into it without breakfast, fought nineteen hours, part of the time against a greatly superior force, continuously without food, refreshment or rest. He is a very quiet, unassuming man, to be sure much older than Grant, with less fire, and if possible more unassuming silence. And as modest in his demeanor as if he were an unknown man. There were at the banquet the two ambassadors nearly all the ministers plenipo. and the high officers of state but not the ministers. We were seated so that a Prussian was wedged in between every two diplomats.

In the evening there was a great ball at the British Ambassador's;† king and queen were present and crown prince and prince Karl and prince Albert and princess Friedrich Karl who has more beauty, grace and intelligence than any of them; and others, and all their Hof-Marshalls and ladies. The king spoke a good deal with me; and as Mrs. Bliss was on my arm there was a good chance for her to speak with the Majesty of Prussia. Princess Friedrich Karl made a few words of apology to me for having postponed as long as she did my audience; and had taken to heart the advice I had given her to read Lanfrey's History of Napoleon I. She had ordered a copy of it. I had wished to be the first person presented at court as accredited to the Nord-Deutsche Bund. I complained to the King and to Count Bismarck that the Italian and Austrian ministers were before me. You remember in the words of Wallenstein, said Bismarck, the long journey excuses your tardiness. . . . Bismarck spoke seriously of Napoleon III. as one of a hundred, nay as one of two or three, who best understood things in France. And it was quite plain, he was just now in a state of contentment about the emperor's present policy—which I had all along said was a policy of peace towards Prussia. Bismarck said that Napoleon III. had a very hard task upon his hands and when I quoted a remark that Gallatin had made that the French are a very easy people to govern, he demurred. I reminded him how little I had taken up of his official hours "Come as often as you will," said he, "my time is always at your disposition." And then he asked me how I was getting on with my treaty,* saying again that he had got the king's assent to it; but that now it was sent to the two departments of War and of the Interior so that it lingers long. . . .

Monday was the day for opening the fair which is held here for the relief of East Prussia now suffering from famine. I sent my wife who made large purchases. Tuesday I went. The best people for character and rank were standing at the stalls as saleswomen. One table the Queen had herself taken part in fitting up; and graced it with vases which she painted, as the story went, with her own hands. The day was rather a plebeian one; the King and Queen came in, and a crowd of staring men and grinning women was whirling round them wherever they moved; the King very good-natured and affable; the Queen abounding in words and smiles. For know, dear F——, that the business, profession, or post of a princess or a queen is one to be filled according to the highest pattern of excellence and with the skill that suits the position. The Prussian Queen is a model queen; she goes to church on Sunday; after church she patronizes charity concerts for the benefit of sufferers. She visits hospitals; she assists Magdalen asylums; she walks daily, not apart like the queen of England, but in the muddy sidewalks of the muddy street right under my windows in a place as thronged as the upper part of Fifth Avenue on the way to the park.

Jan. 31. Yesterday the 30th as I came home from my morning walk at half past three whom should I meet on the narrow trottoir but the Queen, trudging along through the dirty slush, as though royalty had no better road to a good appetite than the rest of us mortals can have. I hurried through my early dinner and at five was at the Academy of Sciences to attend its anniversary celebration. Who should come in but the Queen attended by the King? Bois Raymond delivered the address, his subject partly a eulogy of Frederick the Great partly and more especially the char-

* July 3, 1866, the date of the Prussian victory over the Austrian army at Sadowa.

† Lord Augustus Loftus, subsequently Ambassador to Russia and Governor of New South Wales

* The important naturalization treaty between the United States and the North German Confederation, negotiated by Bancroft, was signed February 22, 1868.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

acter of Voltaire as a natural philosopher. The discourse was well written and well delivered, the speaker sitting and reading. After the orator ceased, Hofmann the great chemist lectured for an hour on the topic just now most interesting the men of his department. Of old, men thought different composite bodies owed their differences to being constituted of different ingredients; now it is found that bodies of exactly the same ingredients differ as widely as possible by means of a different collocation of the component parts. And he illustrated his theme by the clearest statements, by visible representations of different clustering of the elements, and by perfectly successful experiments. The Queen listened like one entranced; and when after two hours the sitting closed, she had a word and a smile for the orator and for Hofmann and for the philosophers who were nearest her; and the King said pleasant things to every one whom he could approach. Now mark, I met the Queen in the mud of Thiergarten Strasse at $3\frac{1}{2}$; at the academy from 5 till 7 and after; at 9 there was a ball in the palace; and the royalties first came into the diplomatic hall; and the Queen as if she had a more than Webster's dictionary in her head went round the room and without weariness or rest, spoke at large with everyone, mixing up gestures with words and smiles, and after finishing in this way in one room, went to the next, and the next, and on to the ballroom and was ceaseless in her care for her guests till $1\frac{3}{4}$ this morning. . . . Could you do all that? The ball I must say was very pleasant; the rooms are well arranged for the free circulation of the guests; some good pictures, above all two master works of Auerbach adorned one apartment; the Queen's boudoir was open; there were not only courtiers among the invited but Ranke, Dove, Lepsius, Hofmann, Beseler* and the rector of the University; Waagen the historian of paintings; and one or two more men of letters. The ladies were beautifully dressed and many of them were themselves beautiful. In the course of the evening I found three or four men like myself in plain black; but in the beginning I stood like a raven among men so gorgeously clad, that, as Shakespeare has it, every one of them was a mine of gold. Do not think I wasted my evening; I pushed my treaty forward a good bit, and ventured even to speak about it to the King. Carl Schurz has been here. Instead of teasing him, Bismarck received his call, and invited him to dine. "At dinner," so he related to me what happened, "an old conservative stiff in his notions asked me who that red whiskered man was, and on purpose to plague him a little, I answered that it was the man who about ten years ago got Kinkel out of prison and fled from the country. The conservative looked aghast and I enjoyed his surprise." So far he spoke jestingly. And then taking a graver tone he said, "I chose to know him only as one on whom the American government had conferred an important office, and as a private gentleman." . . .

* Presumably Georg Beseler, 1809-1888, jurist.

To Mrs. J. C. B. D.

BERLIN, September 8, 1868.

DEAR F——:—

You have been constantly in my mind; but in the latter part of winter I had so much to write, that I waited for leisure, which never came; and this summer while almost every day was filled with interest, I had no rest to keep a record of my pleasant experiences. I mean some day to draw for you a sketch of Bismarck; but I will wait a little longer to study his character more closely; and then confide to you my inmost thoughts about him.

I fear his health is shaken beyond the hope of a complete restoration. He has long been a sufferer from neuralgia in one of his lower limbs; an ignorant physician at St. Petersburg put a plaster on the inner side of his leg under the knee. (This he told me himself.) After it had been endured for two hours the pain became intolerable and waking from a sort of doze, he hastily tore the application from the flesh, into which it had eaten so deeply that even a vein was ruptured and destroyed. The blood which ought to have found a passage in its natural channel, had now to seek a new course and an incurable weakness was the consequence. Bismarck is a man of robust frame, made for hardy health; there is nothing weak about him, in his natural organization; and his normal state is that of energy in mind and body; and here is this little injury clinging to him for the rest of his life-time, and disturbing him so much, that he suffers pain whenever he tasks him-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From a painting by Bülow, 1874.

William I, Emperor of Germany and King of Prussia.

Presented to Mr. Bancroft by the Emperor on the occasion of his leaving Berlin, and now in the Art Museum of Worcester, Massachusetts.

self too much; and pain brings on sleeplessness and agitation of nerves, and the three together unfit him for the daily warfare of public life, make him irritable and inapt to sustain contradiction.

Last Spring he was on horseback at a review here in Berlin, the fatigue was just too much for him, as the day was warm and dusty. The President of the Imperial Diet went up to him, (I had this from the President himself, whom I got to repeat it that I might not err) and asked after his health. "Wretched" says Bismarck. "Why, what's the matter?" said Simson. Bismarck answered, and there were two dozen persons around him, who might have heard, "I cannot sleep, I cannot eat, I cannot drink; I cannot laugh, I cannot smoke, I cannot work." Simson advised him to use the vapor bath. "The cold I suffer from," said Bismarck, "does not come from a cause that baths could remove." "What is the cause?" said Simson. "Ah," said Bismarck, "Ich habe Nerven Bankerot" which in English is, "my disease is Bankruptcy of the nerves." From the review he

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

went to council, sat in a draft to escape the heat, went home and was seized with a pleuritic attack, which menaced his life. As soon as he was well enough, about three months ago, he went to his estate in Pomerania. But though he improved in health he still could not sleep as you and I can. To make things worse, his horse, as he rode with friends in the forest, stepped his forefoot into a mud hole, stumbled forward, threw Bismarck and keeled over upon him. By miracle Bismarck was not crushed to death, had not a limb broken; but he was thoroughly bruised and by the account I received last week his right arm is black with extravasated blood, and his fingers so numb that he can not even write his name. . . .

The Crown Prince of Germany, afterwards Emperor Frederick.

To C. E. Detmold

BERLIN
29 December, 1868.

MY DEAR MR. DETMOLD:—

I have just come in from my ride; the sun bright, the earth free from frost, the temperature at 45 or more of Fahrenheit, and so it has been for the last fortnight. This too in the latitude of the Southern part of Labrador, with the night 16h. 25′ long and the sun during the short day stealing along the southern edge of the horizon. My companion is often General Moltke, who is very nearly the same age as myself.* Three weeks ago I was riding with him, we passed a Count who looked older than either of us. "He looks," said Moltke, "much older than he is; he has used his body more than his mind." We fell upon the question whether men as they come near their end would like to begin the battle of life anew. "Who," said the General, "would live his life over again? I would not mine. The old story of the Hindoo philosopher is true, when he said this life is a punishment for transgressions committed under an earlier form of being." All this he spoke deliberately and emphatically, and this man is one of the two most honored men in Germany. As we passed along, every one took off his hat and bowed to him; as we passed a restaurant a crowd filled the window to greet him as he rode by. It seemed as if every eye that saw him gave him a blessing, and every voice was raised to bear witness to him; and yet life had for him no attractions; and the thought of renewing it on earth was one from which he shrunk with horror. . . .

To Mrs. J. C. B. D.

. . . Today [Jan. 2, 1869] in my ride I came in sight of General Moltke with whom I have formed habits of friendship. The day before Christmas his wife "after twenty-seven years of happiest married life," as he himself said, died after a short and terribly painful illness. To have forced myself on him might have been an intrusion, to turn away from him my heart forbade. So I rode up to him, turned my horse and accompanied. He is called the silent; with me he talks much and with openness. A moment or two we walked our horses in silence: I only have expressed my grief in the fewest but very sincere words. Presently he observed: "The attack was severe; the best physicians, the most careful treatment were of no avail; it was not possible to save her life." We went on and again he spoke: "I have taken her to Creisau (his place in Silesia) and have placed her in the church (which was on his estate) buried under the palms and wreaths of flowers that were heaped upon her. I have selected a spot on high ground, commanding a beautiful view; and then in the spring I shall build a vault to receive her" (and the thought not uttered was, to receive himself too when he should come to die); "she was so much younger than I," said he, "she should have outlived me; but when that was spoken of, she used to say, that she had no desire to survive me long." I said repeating his

* Moltke and Bancroft both were born in 1800 and died in 1891

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

words: "Twenty-seven years of happiest married life are a great blessing." "Thank God for all that," he answered and then spoke of her illness. She had charged him if danger of life came, he should tell her of it, that they might once more partake of the *Abendmahl* (the Lord's supper) together. "After all," said he, "perhaps she died opportunely to escape terrible trials. Happy in the moment of her death, in so far as she left her country in repose and happiness. Who knows what disaster may arise? Who knows what mad scheme Beust may conjure up? Thank God you Americans at least are truly our friends." Moltke holds the post, which throws upon him all the anxiety and responsibility of keeping the Prussian Army ready to take the field at an instant, if Napoleon should suddenly engage in carrying out his ambitious plans of aggrandizement for France.

Moltke held out his hand, and pressed mine cordially, as he left the park for home. I prolonged my ride and presently Count Bismarck trotted past me; just as he had gone by me he recognized me and turned to speak with me. He was looking for his daughter and presently she came in sight, well mounted attended by another young lady and by her brother and a large group of gay companions. We turned to go home, as it was now late; just then the King in a light open carriage, drove past, and as he greeted us most smilingly, looked amazed to see a crowd of riders together. Bismarck began and talked on the branches of the great German family, and proved us all to be Saxons. Then he explained to us the new horse path and new carriage way, that are to be made for the accommodation of the greatly increasing population of Berlin &c. &c. . . .

Count Bismarck.

General Moltke.

To Mrs. J. C. B. D.

31 January, 1870, BERLIN.

. . . Last evening was von Keudell's* *Polter Abend.* What is that? and who is Keudell? Keudell is in Bismarck's office, his most confidential friend; no longer young; will not in time to come be forty again. He is engaged to Fraulein von Patow, only daughter and child of their Excellencies von Patow; the father† having been in time past a member of the King's Ministry. The lady, twenty-four or so old, possesses in her own right 3 or 400,000 thalers: the largest heiress in her own right just now in Berlin, and very well educated and all that. The night before a wedding friends throng to the house of the bride and make merry. The friends of Keudell and Patow were last night on hand, prepared for the entertainment uninvited by the bride or the bride's parents. First a Minne-

* Robert von Keudell, 1824, German Minister at Rome, 1876–1887.

† Baron Erasmus Robert von Patow, 1804–1890.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

singer recited to music a programme in verse. Then the first tableau; an excellent old nobleman of the ancient time, with his daughter, and unseen musician sing how a maiden can capture a husband; that for the bride. Next came the bridegroom's turn; he is wonderfully skilled as a player on the piano and as a composer of music; and he holds a high place in Bismarck's office and heart. So his emblems are politics and music. Bismarck's daughter tall and stately, with a harp in the hand personated music; the young Countess Else Arnim, of one of the most distinguished families, young and superb, stood for politics in the tableau; and the poem which was sung commemorated these two great traits. "The world, action, belongs to politics; heaven and the soul to music. The two are not strangers; true statesmanship is itself a divine music; and in the harmonies of the life of the people plays the melodies of the world's history," and so on. Then came a picture "tableau" of which the object was to commemorate Keudell's presence in the battle of Sadowa. Then a corresponding tribute to the bride, every one with song. Then a sight of Mount Rigi where the courtship began; then Nordeney, where it grew warmer; then a crowd of water nymphs, 8 or 9, on the shore of the Rhine, singing sweetly, and producing an enormous muscle shell; which is opened a little and then more, and then out springs the child countess von Ariolla, draped as Cupid, of seven or eight years, and she sings and acts her song, written for the occasion, inimitably well, aiming with her bow and arrow at von Keudell's heart, then piercing that of Miss von Patow, and then a stanza of delightful promises to both. On which one of Keudell's best friends, one of the best singers in Berlin society, appears suddenly in front of the pair, and sings the last stanza of Goethe's wedding song ending:

Unzählige, selige Leute
So ging es und geht es noch Heute.

A world of talent was displayed in all this; the company was the best: Bismarck and his wife of course—ministers, belles, beaux; of *not* German diplomatic ministers, I was the only one.

After the songs, recitations, and tableaux I left; but there was a modest supper and then the young people were to dance till after midnight. Such is a German Polter Abend. Today the pair are to be married.

Prince Karl.

To Mrs J. C. B. D.

BERLIN,
4, September, 1870.

What a month have we lived, dear F——. The old contest between evil and good; and the victory as at Marathon, and on the plains of Abraham on the side of civilization and freedom. A people in arms crushes the degenerate hosts of despotism; and this restless spirit of mischief that had its abode in the Tuileries is at last to be exorcised. It could be done only by these signal victories. On the second of August Napoleon ordered the attack on Saarbrücken, and on the second of September he is a prisoner at the mercy of the man whom he had sent his ambassador to browbeat and insult. Yet the idea that France had a right to be the first power in central Europe was so fixed in the mind of every Frenchman, that you nowhere in France find a hearty condemnation of the war, but only of the inopportune moment at which war was begun. The apology of every one who had a part in bringing on the conflict is, that he was sure France would have been victorious. At Ems a brother minister of our corps diplomatique tried to reason with Benedetti*; he cut all short by refusing to listen to the counsels of moderation which were plainly the only wise ones, and said: *il va de ma tête*, that is the imperial party was so passionately bent on war, that they would have crushed any one who should have opposed them. There was

* Count Vincent Benedetti, French Minister at Berlin, 1864–1870.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Princess Friedrich Karl.

The Crown Princess.

The Empress Augusta.

nothing sincere in the pretended dread of a Hohenzollern on the Spanish throne; the house Sigmaringen-Hohenzollern are Catholic, and on the best terms with Napoleon. The last night before Napoleon's famous mad attempt at entering France at Strassburg, he passed in the house of H. Sigmaringen, the father of Leopold; and the old prince assured the Spaniards — Prince's agents — there would be no trouble from Napoleon; he (the prince) would take care of that; Napoleon owed him requital for former benefits; there could be no difficulty from that quarter.

Gramont* owned as much. Being asked why he began the war, he gave as his excuse, that he put the question to Leboeuf, minister of war, "Sommes nous prêts?" and Leboeuf answered, "Archi -prêts." "But for that," said Gramont, "I would not have brought on the war; I had twenty ways of settling the Spanish question without a war."

If you read Thiers' speeches in the Chamber you find him speaking of the war as declared inopportunely, but never as declared unjustly. Here I have in my hand a letter from Laboulaye, hardly seven days old; he writes "nous accuser d'avoir provoqué la guerre est un enfantillage. La guerre a été sottement declaré par un gouvernement incapable; nous avons été surpris; mais la guerre était fatale depuis Sadowa."

King William went into the war most reluctantly; so after the terribly bloody but successful battles which drove Bazaine and his army back to Metz, he could say that he felt no pride in the victories which had been gained with the loss of so many of his people; but he consoled himself saying that at least "he had a good conscience; he had done nothing to bring on the war."

Moltke whom I see very often called on me one day after the declaration of war by the French had been received, and while he was sending troops to the frontier: his busiest days. I said to him, he must dine every day: "come dine with me tomorrow, [my wife was away] dinner shall be ready at the minute." He readily agreed. I asked Friesen* the Principal minister of Saxony, and

* Duc de Gramont, French Minister of Foreign Affairs in 1870

* Baron Richard von Friesen, 1808-1884.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

my friend Watzdorf*, sole minister of Weimar. Friesen brought with him the Saxon Envoy at this court, so we were just five at table. Moltke was at his ease; for he knew himself to be among friends. He spoke always with calm and composure; but when he expressed his indignation at being forced into the war, his manner was that of sorrow, the deepest, keenest sorrow mixed with anger. There was not a word of boasting; but his manner of speaking implied perfect confidence in the result of the war; but then he deplored the immense sacrifice of life which he foresaw as inevitable. He explained to us in a few words the former condition of the French army before Niel† became Minister: gave great praise to Niel, and to the improvements which Niel had introduced, and the better condition and greater efficiency of the French army through Niel's administration. But it was plain, from his composure, that he knew perfectly the defects existing in the French army at the moment of the declaration of war; and that he could continue composedly to send forward the German troops without fear of any precipitate invasion of the enemy. Indeed I drew from his words his intention of conducting the campaign on the soil of France, and his consciousness of being *able to do so*. Of England he complained: a word from her of firmness, spoken at the proper time, would have prevented the war; and the failure to speak that word was what would be remembered if England should be threatened with an invasion. The conversation was kept up for nearly three hours. I gave Moltke an account of a courtship on the part of one of his officers and the daughter of an American millionaire, on which I had been consulted by the friends of the father; and he gave me a full account of the extraordinary merits of the officer, not disguising a restlessness of nature that might make of him an uncomfortable husband. Friesen told a story of an American lady at Dresden that gave a crowded ball. Some one said to her, "you have a very large acquaintance." She answered in French, "Oh! very large; cannot receive at once all the world; tonight je n'ai que le *demi*-monde." At last Moltke looked at his watch and was surprised to see how long we had been together. I have not seen him since.

The King of Saxony.

But a story is told of him in the papers and I have heard it also from one who had read it in private letters. The battle of the 18th* was terrible; whole Prussian regiments mowed down; on one side at Gravelotte at about 7 in the evening, French masses of troops pressed upon the German right, whose decimated and wearied Prussian infantry began to waver. Night was coming in, and Moltke waited with painful impatience to make the victory complete on every side. He looked to the South-east for the Pomeranians to come up; at last, marching in quickest time, but not a minute too soon, they came in sight. As soon as they recognized his well known features, his name ran from rank to rank. He drew his sword, spoke a few words, turned his horse toward the heights that were to be carried and rode in advance, leading the attack. Hurrahs rose from thousands of voices; the officers cried, "the chief of the general staff is in the close fight;" on which the Pomeranians stormed the heights with burning emulation and inconceivable swiftness, and carried one after the other. Moltke rode slowly to the king and said, "The day is ours: the enemy retreats." . . .

To Mrs. J. C. B. D.

October 3, 1870. BERLIN.

DEAR F——:—

On the ninth of September, fifty years ago, in 1820, I took a degree as Doctor of

* Bernhard von Watzdorf, 1804-1870

† Marshal Niel had died the year before, in 1869

* The battles of Gravelotte and Rezonville were fought August 18, 1870

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Philosophy, in the University of Georgia Augusta at Göttingen. It is the German fashion to renew that degree for any one that survives fifty years; and so it fell to my lot this year to celebrate my jubilæum. I was very modest and quiet about it; but the record at Göttingen told the tale, and brought me all the honors that old age can in its own right gather in. Personal friends began to call, almost before I had taken my breakfast, and you know my hours are early. A little before eleven a circle of my more immediate Berlin friends gathered about me, and Curtius* as their representative read me a poem, full of affection and good will. While this was going on, the deputy from the philosophical faculty of Göttingen, Waitz,† a first-rate man, came in, attended by Prof. Zachariae,‡ and after making me a most beautiful address, presented me a new diploma. I answered him in German, giving an account of Göttingen in my day. The University of Berlin followed; and their Rector, accompanied by many of the most distinguished Professors, in quite a long address congratulated me on the day. This gave me an opportunity of reviving my recollections of the great men of Berlin a half century ago, for I knew Schleiermacher, and W. von Humboldt, and Hegel, and Wolf and many more. A deputation from the Berlin Academy of which I am a member came next, and read a written word to me, exquisitely expressed, and conceived in the spirit of friendship. A delegation from the law faculty of the University then came forward and said that by a unanimous vote I had been declared a Doctor of Laws *honoris causa;* but that, as I had already had the same degree from Bonn, it was contrary to the statutes to confer the degree for the second time. Beside these formal acts, personal friends came in. My wife being absent, two charming American women kept me in countenance by their gentleness, and made my guests happy by serving them the best of old wines. By and bye good old Ranke came in; and after cordial greetings added: "but I must after the true German manner kiss you"; and he put his arms around my neck and gave me a hearty kiss. So it went on all day long. Such of my diplomatic colleagues as knew of the fête called to congratulate me.

Ernst Curtius.

Rudolf Virchow.

And now this 3rd of October I am three score years and ten. I have invited a large party of my Berlin friends to sup with me, and I hope with plenty of good talk on their part and the best Havana cigars to keep my guests well employed till after midnight. Among them all there will not be one as old as I; and this distinction which they cannot dispute, no one of them will envy.

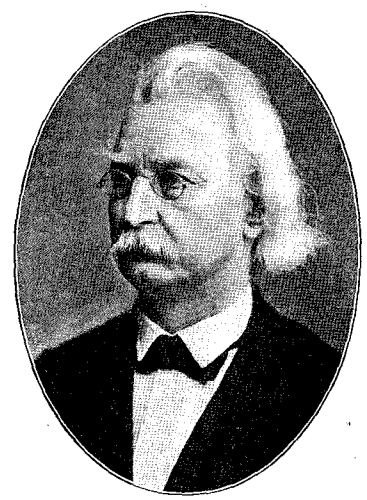
* Ernst Curtius, 1814–1896, archæologist and historian, professor in University of Berlin.

† Georg Waitz, 1813–1886, historian and professor at Göttingen.

‡ Heinrich Albert Zachariae, 1806–1875, jurist and professor at Göttingen.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In America you are getting further with French republicanism than Europe is as yet ready to go. Twenty years' despotism does not shape a country for popular self-government. Quite the reverse. There is the republican wine, but where are the bottles to hold it? Rochefort,* I am assured, is in the pay of the Orleanists. Trochu† inclines to them; Jules Favre‡ is an excellent orator at the bar; but not an administrative statesman.



Karl Richard Lepsius.

Herman Grimm.

Empress Eugénie was of all the foremost for war. When she heard that Leopold had ceased to be a candidate for the Spanish throne, she burst into tears, for fear it would not come to war. Now she is said suddenly to have lost her good appearance, to have become haggard and old. . . .

Do you wish to have some more guessing about the war? Paris it is supposed must surrender in a week or fortnight; as no army comes to its relief, its holding out is an absurdity. About the 10th the Germans will be ready to begin the siege in earnest. Metz has more provisions than was supposed. But that they are straitened appears from their sending out men to capture forty bullocks at a great loss of life. The meat used in the city is now chiefly horse-flesh. The city was not well provisioned as a garrison town; but by accident it had great stores. It was the point from which the army was provisioned; and the stores were not transferred to Verdun as much as has been supposed. So a month must be allowed yet before the garrison and city can suffer severely from hunger, or, think of capitulating.

I cannot express to you how much I exult in the establishment of a republic in France. If it could be done successfully, Spain and I think all the so-called Romanic nations would follow. But I scarcely ever encountered a Frenchman who had the first idea necessary for the establishment of a republic; and if a republic should succeed, it will be as a compromise not as a first choice. Yet republican ideas are making immense progress in Europe, and reforming legislation. But in France the minority of the people can read and write; even among the officers taken prisoners are found those who can do neither. Education of the people, good morals, moderation, decentralization, individual liberty with deference to law—these are the conditions for organizing a republic.

To Mrs. J. C. B. D.

Oct. 13, '70.

DEAR F——:

Dr. Evans* of Paris has been here, dined with us, and told us the whole story of

* Henri Rochefort, in 1870 a member of the government of national defence.

† Gen. Louis Jules Trochu, president of the government of national defences, and commander of troops defending Paris, September, 1870.

‡ Jules Favre, Minister of Foreign Affairs in the government of national defence

* Dr. Thomas W. Evans, the well-known American dentist, long resident in Paris

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the escape of the empress. On the morning on which the Napoleon Dynasty was deposed [Sept. 4] and the mob of Paris proclaimed a set of ministers, the empress was at the Tuileries, dressed in black as one who mourned for the captivity of her husband, with a black hat on her head, just going to church. On the first news she stood her ground; but on learning that the Assembly had given way, she caught up a thin aquascute spenser and went down the stairs of the palace to escape. The ascending crowd compelled her to turn back: all her people, all her household, men and women deserted her except Madame Le Breton. With Mad. Le B. she turned and went through the whole length of the Louvre, and came out at a little door opposite the Church Auxerrois or some such name—you remember the place well. She walked bravely with Mad. L. through the crowd, and drove for the Avenue Hausmann. There she alighted and when the fiacre was out of sight, the two women drove in another fiacre to the house of Dr. Evans. There was not in all Paris a French house, to which the empress could confide herself. Evans at this time was at the Tuileries looking out for the empress to take care of her and aid her flight. On returning home he found the two ladies in his private office, smuggled them upstairs into his wife's bed-room, (his wife being at Deauville and his servants being hood-winked). There he gave them refreshment; went out upon the Boulevards to hear cries for the "*République*"; studied the avenue of escape from the city; returned to make beds for his illustrious guests (he would trust no servant) and his wife being a prudent woman who kept her wardrobe locked in her absence, could give them neither a change of linen nor a night-gown. The next morning Evans with a trusty American who was his assistant as dentist, and his two fugitives left Paris in his own carriage, and with his own horses and coachman. This carriage had on it the letter E. The empress said: "my carriage was always marked as mine; hitherto with the crown: now with my name, E for Eugénie." His horses being very good ones, he conducted the party without change sixty or seventy miles, as far as Lisieux. There with much diplomacy, he transferred the party to a hired carriage, and turning Lisieux, got into a village beyond it, where they halted for the night in a sorry public house, which at first could offer them but one room. Another was obtained at last; and the night went by. The next day the party reached Deauville; and Evans stopping at a distance from the hotel, took the empress on his arm, and without meeting a person, led her up stairs to his wife's apartments in the hotel. Mad. L. followed with his assistant and openly. Till then the Empress had no outside garment of her own, except the little waterproof, and kept herself comfortable by the coat of Evans. She had had no change of clothes, and but one pocket-handkerchief, which she herself washed in a glass of water thrice on her journey, laying it on her knees to dry. Brave as she showed herself tears came often, and by exposure to rain she caught cold. In the night at 12 the party stole over the sand to Sir John Burgoyne's yacht; and at five the next morning put to sea in a yacht of 30 tons burden. The wind changed: it blew a gale; the little boat tossed about like a cockle shell, but did not go down. So after 20 hours of terrible suffering she landed at Rye. Evans did not desert his party, till he established Eugénie in a hired country house, and started her in the ways of English life: her housekeeping being arranged on an intended expenditure of 100,000 francs, that is $20,000 per annum. This rough outline Evans adorned with many details; principally of the good spirits of the Empress, which by the way were in part hysterical; of her charming manner under circumstances of exposure, want of rest, want of fit food, &c. The most remarkable incident was, that of the imperialists not one single man stood by her, and only one woman.

If you write to my sister, bid her live on: I shall not live to a great old age: (unless you call seventy or so great.) . . .

To Mrs. Hamilton Fish.

BERLIN, 11 December, 1870.

DEAR MRS. FISH:—

When Thiers passed through Vienna on his way from Petersburg to Tours, he met Ranke, the historian, and demanded of him "Why is the war continued? We have discarded the emperor: with whom are you fighting now?" "With Louis Quatorze," answered Ranke, and there is a great deal of truth and significance in the words. Louis

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

XIV, for all his despotism, his inhuman bigotry, his passion for wars, has even till now remained in the eyes of the French as the great king: because he, more than any one else, used the concentred power which he held, to make conquests all along the eastern frontier. France reveres his memory, because his arms carried the French boundary to the Rhine. The hour has come for the monarchy of Louis XIV to expire: it dies hard, but die it must; and France can be regenerated only by renouncing every thought of territorial conquests. If the new state will but give up the passion for dominion, and acquire the grace of modesty, its passing misfortunes will be the clouds that usher in a better day of culture and freedom. The ignorance of its present statesmen is appalling: Bismarck, in one of his conversations with Thiers, complained of the employment of the Turcos in an army of a civilized nation. "It is but just reciprocity," replied Thiers; "you speak what is quite true; we do employ the Turcos, just as you do the Uhlans." So little did he know of the ethnology of his own continent; he thought that the German Lancers, who are picked from the best families in Prussia, were composed of men of some barbarous horde that had its ranges somewhere in the heart of Europe. And what Frenchman can be supposed to be better informed than Thiers?

You can hardly call the Germans a slow people. On our Thanksgiving day the diet of North Germany assembled to unite all Germany, and turn the union into an empire, the President into an Emperor. The work has been consummated in seventeen days. The assent of the Southern chambers of the several states will be obtained before New Year, and an era of glory and peace will dawn upon Germany with the first day of January. When King William succeeded his brother, he was already advanced in years, and wrote to the instructor of his son, that "he did but break the path" for him; and see the old king has greatly enlarged the dominions of Prussia, has united all Germany, has re-established the empire, and before this letter can reach you will be proclaimed emperor. So much for having a minister like Bismarck, and a warrior like Moltke; and being a man of energy and exemplary industry himself. Paris has not yet surrendered; Trochu and Ducrot* hoped to break thro' the German lines, and leave the surrender to others. But they must themselves taste the bitter cup. Meantime the fortifications of the great city are become all but impregnable; and on the other hand the German lines are impassable. They were strong enough before the last sallies; and since then they have been made much stronger; so that military science and the arms of a quarter of a million of men can achieve no more in the way of construction. The empress Eugénie speaks passionately of the falsehood of Trochu; he promised to defend the regency, to protect her with his life; and he was the first to raise the standard against her and drive her from the Tuileries. I see my old acquaintance Benedetti promises to publish all his dispatches: the object being to prove that he gave correct information, and never misled by wrong advice. So it may seem: but he was a willing tool of ignorant ministers. . . .

With these letters bearing upon the Franco-Prussian War the present selection must virtually close. In the whole period of Bancroft's ministry there was, of course, no other matter of such universal interest. Were there to be further extracts in this place from the correspondence, they would deal, in large measure, with diplomatic affairs and, more personally, with the journey to Turkey, Greece, and Egypt in the autumn of 1872, recorded with fulness in diaries and letters. But there must be an abrupt passage to the conclusion of the residence at Berlin. If proof were needed of the esteem and affection which had naturally grown from Mr. Bancroft's hearty reception in Berlin seven years before, it would be found in an account of the peculiarly German ceremonials of farewell and the personal expressions of sorrow at his departure. The diary for the very day of leaving Berlin, June 30, 1874, has this significant entry, "Richter and wife came to bid farewell. Dorner† almost wept." Following this is a list of those, beginning with Nothomb, the Belgian minister, who came to the cars for the last good-by. On the same day Mr. Bancroft received from Bülow,‡ Secretary of State of the Foreign Office, a letter an-

* Gen. Auguste Alexandre Ducrot, commander of the second army at Paris.

† Isaac August Dorner, 1809–1884, theologian.

‡ Bernhard Ernst von Bulow, 1815-1879

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nouncing "that his most gracious lord, the Emperor and King, has condescended to appoint the presentation of his imperial likeness to the honorable Ambassador on the occasion of the latter's leaving his present official position. His Majesty is convinced that the sympathetic understanding of the internal and external development of Germany which Mr. Bancroft has exhibited at a grave and critical time has been in a high degree favorable to the fostering of the friendship between Germany and America which is as important as it is welcome to his Majesty. His Imperial Highness wishes, therefore, to give by this token lasting expression to a commemoration not only of his esteem for the person of the honorable Ambassador, but also of his thanks and his recognition of the latter's long and successful efficiency in Prussia and Germany.

"The portrait is from the hand of the artist Bülow of this city, and is, nearly finished, in his studio in this palace, whence its shipment will follow to the place which the Ambassador will graciously please to indicate." (This portrait, now in the Art Museum of Worcester, Mass. is here reproduced.)

Another letter of the last day in Berlin brings the record to a fitting end, for it presents Mr. Bancroft's own brief list of his most important diplomatic achievements. It is addressed to the Hon. Hamilton Fish, Secretary of State.:

AMERICAN LEGATION, BERLIN,
30 June, 1874.

SIR:—

My last act of public duty before leaving Berlin shall be to ask you to express to the President my grateful sense of the honor which he has done me in the language which he used in granting me my discharge from the public service. I can receive it with a good conscience for I have never so far as I know missed an opportunity of carrying out the instructions of the department and promoting to the best of my ability the honor and the welfare of the country. You in Washington can hardly conceive the degree of comfort secured to our German fellow-citizens by the peaceful security which they obtain for their visits in Germany by the treaty of naturalization. From 10,000 to 15,000 of them come yearly from America to their mother country and now without suffering the least anxiety where before many of them in order to see their friends were obliged to remain on the other side of the frontier or come into Germany stealthily, running the risk of arrest every hour.

During the war between Germany and France great efforts were made to turn the current of opinion and the feeling of the German government against the United States on account of sales of arms to one of the belligerents. It was to me a very great source of satisfaction that complaints were happily prevented.

Our happy co-operation in the San Juan arbitration led to the most pleasing and satisfactory results. Take it for all in all my mission to Berlin has rounded off in the pleasantest manner the years of my life that have been devoted to the public service and I may say that my unsolicited appointment by Mr. Johnson and my new commission from Mr. Grant have made to me the years of my great old age the flower of my life.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CRIMSON RAMBLER

By Helen Haines

ILLUSTRATIONS BY SYDNEY ADAMSON

IT was in a frolicsome mood that Catharine Mittigan gave young Carthwaite the name, because he was red-headed and travelled for the Puddleston Iron Company.

When Billy Carthwaite graduated from the University of Marpen, valedictorian of his class and much in love with Catharine, his father sent him to Puddleston to learn the steel business from *a* to *izard*.

Catharine's only feeling in the matter was his not blossoming at Marpen, as her father was president of the great Marpen Works.

Old John Puddleston liked Carthwaite's red head, his keen blue eye, his frank open face.

The morning after their first interview, as the old man drove early to the works in his mud-splashed old buggy, he saw the superintendent of the blast-furnaces coming across the canal bridge and called to him to stop. Mr. Puddleston's shaggy old mare, accustomed to sidewalk conferences and deals on the curb, hung her limp head obedient to his admonishing "Whoa, there!"

The superintendent, with one weary foot resting upon the muddy hub, patiently awaited Mr. Puddleston's further speech.

"A young feller's come here," he said, removing his cigar from between his teeth and turning to squarely face the man he was addressing, "a young feller named Carthwaite; father's a frien' of mine, 'n' wants to learn the business."

"Taking up any specialty?"

"Naw. What he wants is to learn somethin' 'bout everythin', 'n' a good job, too. 'Bout five years from now he'll be worth somethin' to us."

"Any ability?"

"Well," said the old man doubtfully, "he seems less of a fool 'n' mos' of 'em just out of college. What we need is good all-aroun' men, sort of general practitioners, 'stead of any more specialists—can get a-plenty of these laboràtory fellows" (Mr. Puddleston's accent was on the third syllable). "Now you start him on the platform with you to-night, 'n' give him the meanes' jobs you've got, 'n' see if he's got stuff in him."

"All right, sir; I'll be glad to give him a start."

"Where you boun' for?"

"Home, and to bed. I'm so sleepy I can taste it."

"Well, 'morning, I mus' be gettin' down. Get ap!" and the old mare jogged on to the works.

With this introduction, Billy began his career and for four years labored early and late learning *a*, as he dismally wrote Catharine, feeling like a piece of driftwood as he was sent hither and yon from one department of the great works to another, his efforts at mastering the varied details apparently unnoted, unless he made mistakes, which were never overlooked. But John Puddleston, like the old general he was, though seemingly oblivious of Carthwaite's existence, and only giving him a careless nod when they met, was nevertheless watching the reports of his superintendents, and by means of a leading question, now and then, was incidentally watching Billy.

It was in the beginning of his fifth year at Puddleston that the old man suddenly began sending him on errands of varied degrees of trust and responsibility. Sometimes it was to Washington to nose out anything he could learn as to the coming awards on Government contracts; sometimes to meet deputations of notables doing the works, and to note what the notables noted. But Carthwaite's chief claim to the old man's respect was the really praiseworthy record he made in selling a lot of pig iron, too high in sulphur, which had been turned out on the advice of one of the "laboràtory fellows"—an expensive and wasteful experiment, involving the tying up of many thousands of dollars, and a constant reproach to Mr. Puddleston, as it lay neatly piled in the company's stock yard.

In the course of his rambles, Billy had

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He saw the superintendent of the blast-furnaces and called to him to stop.—Page 72.

reduced this pile to fifteen thousand tons, when his class reunion came at Marpen, and that event and Catharine Mittigan's return from a long trip abroad occurring simultaneously, determined him to get a week's leave to go to Marpen for the June festivities at the close of the university year.

A myriad lights twinkled within and without the Marpen University Gymnasium on College Hill. The big building, devoted to the production of brawn and muscle in the undergraduate, assumed this festive appearance only on the occasion of the annual reception given by the Juniors to the graduating class.

The stately staircase, the broad deep window-seats, the running-track and bowling-alleys, were, through the efficacy of certain potted palms and flowering shrubs, turned into bowers of beauty with seats in secluded nooks tempting the unwary.

Long after the music had begun and from the floor above had come the sound of feet deftly tripping to dainty measures, two young men sat below in the billiard-room, which had been turned into the men's dressing-room, smoking and exchanging their experiences.

They met now and then, these two old friends and roommates, as Geoffrey Lane had started in the chemical laboratory of the Marpen Works about the time that Carthwaite had been sent to Puddleston. But usually it was with harness on, and each jogged along his indicated road. Opportunities for kicking up of heels, tossing of manes or rolling on the grass of some neutral pasture-land came but infrequently. In their delight at this chance offered to their mental wantonness, they had lingered after the other men had joined the gay throng above, to discuss, in the newer light of their five years of worldly experience, all the old problems which had so torn their souls in college days. They had finally begun arguing the relative merits of the companies of which they were now integral parts.

"I fancy," said Carthwaite, blowing rings of smoke, "the advantage Puddleston has over Marpen is in organization. Marpen is a one-man plant, while with us the 'old man' knows the kind of man he wants for any kind of place (Lord knows there's enough to pick from!), and those of us who survive must be the fittest."

"Still," argued Geoffrey, with praiseworthy loyalty, "Mittigan hasn't a peer in the steel business. There's no detail he don't know personally, or at least has until this year when he's been gone so long."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Well, and how have things gone in his absence?"

"Not so well."

"What did I tell you?" said Billy triumphantly. "No one man can carry all those details and win out forever—it's impossible."

Geoffrey lowered his voice. "Queer doings lately, Billy. We're going to blow out our furnaces."

"Blow out—what the devil— Do you know the rail market is at its top notch?" asked Carthwaite excitedly.

"Do I? But then I'm not superintending Marpen—more's the pity."

"Never mind, old man, genius will be rewarded one of these days, and I'd rather have your specialized work than to be the Jack-all-around I am."

"Then it don't pay to be a Crimson Rambler?"

Billy laughed and, thinking of Catharine, colored slightly. "But tell me, Geoff, about the furnaces. That's a deuce of a note; what's it for?"

"Repairs," replied Lane laconically.

"Pity the superintendent didn't find out sooner they were needed! Geoffrey, are you sure you've got it straight?"

"Straight as a die, dear boy; unless we get pig somewhere, to tide us over, we're out of it for this season."

"Well, there's no denying Mittigan has built the finest steel plant in the country, but he certainly don't know men, and you've got the deuce of a superintendent, that's all I've got to say. Blowing out furnaces and no pig on hand. Lord, that's expensive business! How long do you think you can run?"

"Certainly not longer than a week, and then a big shut-down."

Carthwaite's answer to this statement was a low whistle, as he tossed away his unfinished cigar.

He clearly saw that Marpen needed Puddleston's tons of unsold pig. But to accomplish the sale meant his immediate return to harness and the sacrifice of his week with Catharine to which he had so long looked forward. It also meant to take advantage of Henry Mittigan's necessity by securing a top price for poor pig, for the sake of his own advancement at Puddleston.

"It wouldn't seem so bad if he wasn't her father," he thought.

But he must first see Catharine before making his decision, and leaving Geoffrey to finish his cigar alone, he thoughtfully sauntered up the staircase and entered the ball-room.

It took some moments to reach her where she was holding court in an interval between dances, for Carthwaite was obliged to stop and chat with this old friend or shake hands with another.

He felt like one walking in darkness toward a distant light who can only make slow progress because he has to feel his way by means of the familiar objects in his path.

"I believe this dance is mine," he said with a perfunctory proprietorship, drawing her arm within his as the orchestra began to play. The younger men about her fell back. Catharine did not speak until they were comfortably seated in the running gallery above, screened, and yet able to look down on the gay little scene.

For some seconds Carthwaite felt satisfied in the mere nearness of her presence. He found himself eying her critically in her fleecy white ball gown, as if he had expected to find on closer observation some flaw in the jewel which the middle distance had failed to reveal. He saw only that she had grown more womanly, more perfectly poised—more thoroughly American, he thought with a sudden patriotic flare.

"Marpen's most successful by-product," he said admiringly.

Catharine laughed. "Poor Paris gets no credit for the frock even!" And then she added more seriously: "Ah, Billy, if you only knew what it is to me to be home again! I could have cried for joy when our train pulled through the dust and smoke of the furnaces last night."

"And yet you kept writing me of perfect journeyings."

"Perhaps because I felt they were only journeyings, and father's enthusiasm over his purchases of jade carried us far off the beaten way."

"You met interesting people?"

"Oh, yes, and many curious ones, but, after all, it's our own particular environment that holds for us the power of permanent charm. Yes, home is best."

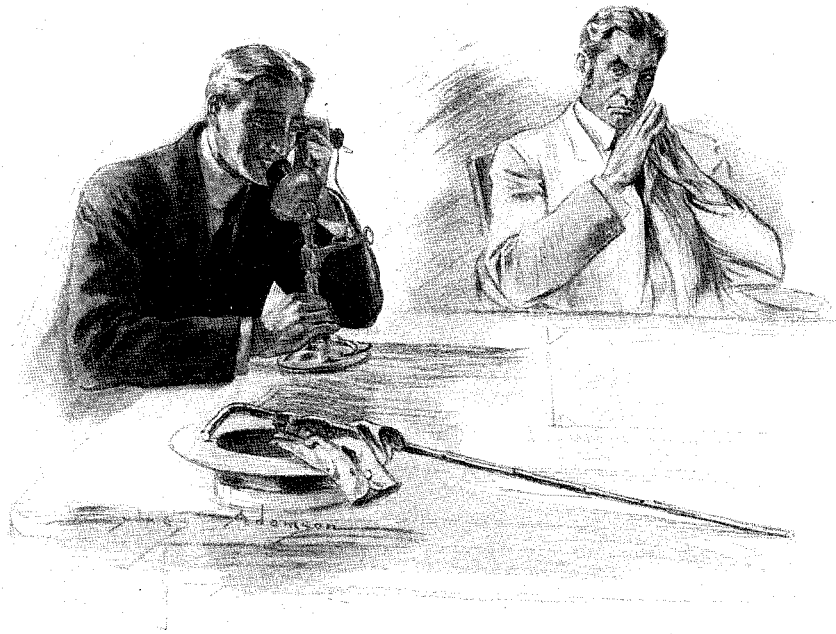
Carthwaite leaned slightly toward the railing to watch the dancers, and feeling the minutes slipping by, said, "After all, it's in scenes like this that life is most real"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drawn by Sydney Adamson.

"Marpen's most successful by-product," he said admiringly.—Page 74.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



What the old man said had made Billy laugh.—Page 80.

"How can you say that, Billy! Work is the only reality."

"I know that's the common delusion," he replied somewhat wearily, "but it's not true. Why do we do our little sordid day's work if not for golden moments of rest such as these? Who awards the only prizes in life worth while but our mothers and sisters, wives, daughters, and sweethearts? Ah, no, Catharine dear, our truest living is in our leisure, and it's then we need the loving sympathy we can only get from woman——"

"I know what you're going to ask. Don't do it," she interrupted. "I'm no more ready to tell you to-night than the day we parted at the steamer."

"Haven't you yet worked out your formula?"

"In a way, yes; you are one side of the equation, minus unknown business experience; father is on the other, plus all his."

"So it resolves itself into a question of changing the signs. Catharine, I didn't suspect such sordidness." He laughed lightly.

"Not exactly that—oh, you know well enough what I mean, Billy—how could I trust you if I thought father could get ahead of you, if it came to a business battle?" She asked this whimsically, her merry eyes on Carthwaite. "And," she added, "I know he would have to be assured of your ability before he would trust me with you,"

"Ah, yes," he replied, "that goes without saying, and I can hardly get a letter of recommendation from the 'old man' to show him. But you stipulate a strange qualification for a lover. Still, it's no worse than leaning over a precipice to pluck the flower just out of reach. That was once a popular test, and a shade more safe than yours. But," he added teasingly, for he had now made up his mind as to the course he should pursue, "when I succeed in doing your father, what then?"

"Come and tell me all about it, and together we'll go to him hand in hand—like Paul and Virginia," said Catharine, smiling brightly.

She glanced irrelevantly at her dance-card, feeling the pause of their year's separation. "Billy Carthwaite," she said with sudden severity, "these dances aren't yours at all; there's some mistake——"

"There certainly would have been if I hadn't taken them," said Carthwaite calmly brazen. "Come, Catharine, don't be disagreeable just because you feel so much at home, and I must go back to Puddleston to-night, too——"

"But I thought you were going to stay

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the week here?" she said, disappointment showing in her sweet voice.

"So did I, but a crimson rambler must ramble, I find, once he's begun."

"The name sticks, doesn't it?" laughed Catharine.

"Yes, throughout the State. Even the 'old man' chuckled when he heard of it—and who gave it," he added.

Catharine blushed, but made no reply, as a persistent claimant for the dance just beginning was seen toiling up the stairs; and Carthwaite, with a silent pressure of her hand, left to catch the midnight train back to Puddleston.

Properly considered as a useful agent in the life of the business man, the owl train should be the fruitful source of much wise reflection. Carthwaite being a quite normally healthy human animal, pillowed his head on his dress-suit case, and stretching his long legs out on the seat in front, which he had reversed, was soon asleep.

If John Puddleston felt any surprise at his sudden reappearance at the works at an extremely early hour the next morning, he did not show it. Billy himself was somewhat embarrassed, as only a few days before he had spent some time elaborately explaining to "the old man" that a week's presence in Marpen was an absolute necessity.

"Hello, Carthwaite," said Mr. Puddleston when he showed up in the "old man's" office, "I thought you were in Marpen for a week. D' ju get homesick?"

Billy laughed.

"Mr. Puddleston," he said, "I wish you would let me go to New York and see Mr. Mittigan personally; maybe I could get rid of the rest of that pig."

The old man gave him a withering look.

"You've met Henry Mittigan, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, sir, I know him well."

"Socially?"

"Yes, socially."

"Well, young man, Henry Mittigan at play and Henry Mittigan at work are two entirely different propositions. A month ago he got back from Europe, jade huntin', he tells me, though I can't see what the smartes' steel man in the country wants with the ugly stuff. In a few days he came up to pay his respec's to his greates' rival—so he called Puddleston—'n' what he saw

when he walked me 'roun' my own works would fill a lib'ary. That pig? He knows every stick of it, knows I'm not usin' it, 'n' I know he won't."

"Mr. Puddleston, I don't like to be too insistent, but if you'll give me the day off and set a price on it, I'll just run over to New York at my own expense and give him a try. I've come all the way back from Marpen to ask you this."

John Puddleston looked at Billy's eager face over his spectacles' rims, and said carelessly: "Well, there's always an erran' or two I c'n give you to do'n N' Yo'k that'll pay expenses, 'n' it won't be buying neckties either. 'N' as for the price, the market's eighteen, 'n' I'd be more'n glad to get it. Anythin' over 'n' above that price you c'n have for sellin' it, but don't you count on settin' up housekeepin' on that commission," said the old man, grinning sceptically, as he jotted down his memoranda, which he handed to Billy with the air of an indulgent parent pacifying a spoiled child.

Henry Mittigan turned in his chair to speak to the young man as he entered the handsome New York office of the Marpen Iron Company's president.

He received Carthwaite cordially, for he had known him favorably since his sophomore days at the university, and, like the watchful parent he was, had scented his devotion to Catharine.

For a few moments their conversation was general, but finally Billy, inwardly shivering, took the plunge.

"I believe you're in the market for pig

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

iron, Mr Mittigan," he said, taking advantage of a convenient pause in the conversation.

Henry Mittigan eyed Billy, and dropping the social, assumed his business expression, and accentuated the business side.

"Mm—yes—I suppose we might use a couple of thousand tons. Possibly er—a—four or even five thousand tons to advantage if we had them."

"Mr. Puddleton sent me over to New York to attend to a little personal business for him, and he thought I'd better drop in to see whether you had any need of pig."

"I saw last month he'd been cleaning house. Learning the steel, business. my boy?"

"Trying to," said Billy laughing, "I'm beginning to read in words of one syllable, after five years' work."

"Actually out of the kindergarten, then?" asked Mr. Mittigan interrogatively. "What—er—prices, did you say, you were quoting?"

"Twenty."

"Mm—yes. That's just er—two dollars above the market."

"I suppose, Mr. Mittigan, if your people only need two or three thousand tons it's hardly worth while discussing my proposition."

"You have—er—more than a few thousand tons on hand?"

"Yes, sir, my offer is fifteen thousand at twenty."

"My dear fellow, that's perfectly absurd, you know—preposterous," and Henry Mittigan leaned back in his chair and laughed a hearty business laugh.

It was like a call for trumps, and Billy, feeling sure of his hand, was not disconcerted.

"Of course," he said, tentatively playing to the other's necessity, "we could begin shipping this afternoon—say twenty cars."

"Well—er—Mr. Carthwaite, suppose you come in again this afternoon"—Mr. Mittigan consulted his watch—"I have an important directors' meeting in a few moments. If two o'clock will suit you look in on me then, and we'll talk—er—again of this matter." And Billy went to attend to Mr. Puddleston's other commissions, that had nothing in common with the purchase of neckties.

The directors' meeting had at first been stormy, but had finally ended, as is usually the case, in passing resolutions of confidence in the present management.

Henry Mittigan had made a brief statement of the shape in which he had found affairs at the works after his return. The superintendent, in whom he had placed implicit confidence, had proved incompetent, and he found himself to-day obliged to buy pig iron at an extortionate price or close the works. The management he would take under his personal supervision until he had successfully tided the company over its present difficulties, and then he would beg to be relieved entirely, as he wished to devote himself to his other less arduous interests.

But no note of private mortification at being completely in the hands of the young man who had in some way discovered his extremity played on his wooden features when Billy, promptly at two o'clock, was again ushered into his private office.

"Let me—er—see, Mr. Carthwaite, now—er—what were those figures?"

"Fifteen thousand at twenty—twenty cars shipped to-day."

"That's well-nigh impossible."

"The shipment?"

Mr. Mittigan nodded.

"Oh, that's easily arranged if I can get Mr. Puddleston over the 'phone."

Mr. Mittigan leaned back in his chair, placed his elbows on its arms, and his fingertips together so they neatly met.

Billy scarcely breathed, it meant so much to him.

"Well—er—Mr. Carthwaite, I—er—accept your proposition, but only on condition that you can ship me—er—thirty cars this afternoon.

"If you'll let me use your desk 'phone, I'll get Mr. Puddleston, and give the shipping order.

"Certainly, Mr. Carthwaite, just help yourself, and I hope you don't mind my telling you that you're a robber," said Mr. Mittigan grimly, as Billy took down the receiver, and, ringing up the Puddleston Iron Company, asked for the old man.

"Mr. Puddleston," he called when, after the usual aggravating waits on the long-distance, communication was established; "this is Carthwaite, and I'm speaking from Mr. Mittigan's desk. Eh, what's that? From the Marpen Company's New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drawn by Sydney Adamson.

"Crimson Rambler+$30,000=Father—$300,000."—Page 80.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

offices, right at Mr Mittigan's desk I've promised him we'll ship thirty cars of that pig this afternoon. What's that? Impossible? No, it isn't impossible, it's in the bond. The what? Oh, the price is twenty." What the old man said had made Billy laugh. "You and Mr. Mittigan don't agree about that," he answered back; "he says I'm a robber. You understand, I'm talking from his desk, don't you, and he wants especially to be sure of thirty cars leaving Puddleston this afternoon."

Billy glued his ear to the receiver, and as he rang off he turned to Mr. Mittigan. "Mr. Puddleston says to tell you they're beginning to load those cars now."

"I know that you know, Carthwaite," as the young man rose to leave, "that if I hadn't taken your pig we would have had to shut down. But it's none of my business how you found it out."

"You don't mind it's being a bit high in sulphur, then?" Billy could afford to be jocular.

Henry Mittigan made a wry face, but said as he shook Billy's hand, "Young man, if you're ever out of a job, come and see me."

Two cipher dispatches sent later in the day greatly taxed the patience of the Marpen telegraph operator.

The first from Billy to Catharine read:

"Crimson Rambler + $30,000 = Father — $300,000."

To which Catharine's reply was:

"Trellis ready. Come."

BON VOYAGE

By Edwin Arlington Robinson

CHILD of a line accurst
And old as Troy,
Bringer of best and worst
In wild alloy—
Light, like a linnet first,
He sang for joy.

Thrall to the gilded ease
Of every day,
Mocker of all degrees
And always gay,
Child of the Cyclades
And of Broadway—

Laughing and half divine
The boy began,
Drunk with a woodland wine
Thessalian:
But there was rue to twine
The pipes of Pan.

Therefore he skipped and flew
The more along,
Vivid and always new
And always wrong,
Knowing his only clue
A siren song.

Careless of each and all
He gave and spent:
Feast or a funeral
He laughed and went,
Laughing to be so small
In the event.

Told of his own deceit
By many a tongue,
Flayed for his long defeat
By being young,
Lured by the fateful sweet
Of songs unsung—

Knowing it in his heart,
But knowing not
The secret of an art
That few forgot,
He played the twinkling part
That was his lot.

And when the twinkle died,
As twinkles do,
He pushed himself aside
And out of view:
Out with the wind and tide
Before we knew.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE TIDES OF BARNEGAT

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE WRIGHT

V

CAPTAIN NAT'S DECISION

WHEN Martha, with Meg at her heels, passed Ann Gossaway's cottage the next morning on her way to the post-office—her daily custom—the dressmaker, who was sitting in the window, one eye on her needle and the other on the street, craned her head clear of the calico curtain framing the sash and beckoned to her.

This perch of Ann Gossaway's was the eyrie from which she swept the village street, bordered with a double row of wide-spreading elms and fringed with sloping grassy banks spaced at short intervals by hitching-posts and horse-blocks. Her own cottage stood somewhat nearer the flagged street path than the others, and as the garden fences were low and her lookout flanked by two windows, one on each end of her corner, she could not only note what went on about the fronts of her neighbors' houses, but much of what took place in their back yards. From this angle, too, she could see quite easily, and without more than twisting her attenuated neck, the whole village street from the Cromartins' gate to the spire of the village church, as well as everything that passed up and down the shadow-flecked road: which child, for instance, was late for school, and how often, and what it wore and whether its clothes were new or inherited from an elder sister; who came to the Bronsons' next door, and how long they stayed, and whether they brought anything with them or carried anything away; the peddler with his pack; the gunner on his way to the marshes, his two dogs following at his heels in a leash; Dr. John Cavendish's gig, and whether it was about to stop at Uncle Ephraim Tipple's or keep on, as usual, and whirl into the open gate of Cobden Manor; Billy Tatham's passenger list, as the ricketty stage passed with the side curtains up, and the number of trunks and bags, and the size of them, all indicative of where they were bound and for how long; details of village life—no one of them concerned her in the least—being matters of profound interest to Miss Gossaway.

These several discoveries she shared daily with a faded old mother who sat huddled up in a rocking-chair by the stove, winter and summer, whether it had any fire in it or not.

Uncle Ephraim Tipple, in his outspoken way, always referred to these two gossips as the "spiders." "When the thin one has sucked the life out of you," he would say with a laugh, "she passes you on to her old mother, who sits doubled up inside the web, and when she gets done munching there isn't anything left but your hide and bones."

It was but one of Uncle Ephraim's jokes. The mother was only a forlorn, half-alive old woman who dozed in her chair by the hour—the relict of a fisherman who had gone to sea in his yawl some twenty years before and who had never come back. The daughter, with the courage of youth, had then stepped into the gap and had alone made the fight for bread. Gradually, as the years went by the roses in her cheeks—never too fresh at any time—had begun to fade, her face and figure to shrink, and her brow to tighten. At last, embittered by her responsibilities and disappointments, she had lost faith in human kind and had become a shrew. Since then her tongue had swept on as relentlessly as a scythe, sparing neither flower nor noxious weed a movement which it was wise, sometimes, to check.

When, therefore, Martha, with Meg now bounding before her, caught sight of Ann Gossaway's beckoning hand thrust out of the low window of her cottage—the spider-web referred to by Uncle Ephraim—she halted in her walk, lingered a moment as if undecided, expressed her opinion of the dressmaker to Meg in an undertone, and swinging open the gate with its ball and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

chain, made her way over the grass-plot and stood outside the window, level with the sill.

"Well, it ain't none of my business, of course, Martha Sands," Miss Gossaway began, "and that's just what I said to mother when I come home, but if I was some folks I'd see my company in my parlor, long as I had one, 'stead of hidin' down behind the House o' Refuge. I said to mother soon's I got in, 'I'm goin' to tell Martha Sands fust minute I see her. She ain't got no idee how them girls of hers is carryin' on or she'd stop it.' That's what I said, didn't I, mother?"

Martha caught an inarticulate sound escaping from a figure muffled in a blanket shawl, but nothing else followed.

"I thought fust it was you when I heard that draggle-tail dog of yours barkin', but it was only Miss Jane and Bart Holt."

"Down on the beach! When?" asked Martha. She had not understood a word of Miss Gossaway's outburst.

"Why yesterday afternoon, of course—didn't I tell ye so? I'd been down to Fogarty's; it's my week. Miss Jane and Bart didn't see me—didn't want to. Might a' been a pair of scissors, they was that close together."

"Miss Jane warn't on the beach yesterday afternoon," said Martha in a positive tone, still in the dark.

"She warn't, warn't she? Well, I guess I know Miss Jane Cobden. She and Bart was hunched up that close you couldn't get a bodkin 'tween 'em. She had that red cloak around her and the hood up over her head. Not know her, and she within ten feet o' me? Well, I guess I got my eyes left, ain't I?"

Martha stood stunned. She knew now who it was. She had taken the red cloak from Lucy's shoulders the evening before. Then a cold chill crept over her as she remembered the lie Lucy had told—"not a soul on the beach but Meg and the sandsnipe." For an instant she stood without answering. But for the window-sill on which her hand rested she would have betrayed her emotion in the swaying of her body. She tried to collect her thoughts. To deny Jane's identity too positively would only make the situation worse. If either one of the sisters were to be criticised Jane could stand it best.

"You got sharp eyes and ears, Ann Gossaway, nobody will deny you them, but still I don't think Miss Jane was on the beach yesterday."

"Don't think, don't you? Maybe you think I can't tell a cloak from a bed blanket, never havin' made one, and maybe ye think I don't know my own clo'es when I see 'em on folks. I made that red cloak for Miss Jane two years ago, and I know every stitch in it. Don't you try and teach Ann Gossaway how to cut and baste or you'll git worsted," and the gossip looked over her spectacles at Martha and shook her side-curls in a threatening way.

Miss Gossaway had no love for the old nurse. There had been a time when Martha "weren't no better'n she oughter be, so everybody said," when she came to the village, and the dressmaker never let a chance slip to humiliate the old woman. Martha's open denunciation of the dressmaker's vinegar tongue had only increased the outspoken dislike each had for the other. She saw now, to her delight, that the incident which had seemed to be only a bit of flotsam that had drifted to her shore and which, but from Martha's manner would have been forgotten by her the next day, might be detached from some floating family wreck. Before she could press the matter to an explanation Martha turned abruptly on her heel, called Meg, and with the single remark, "Well, I guess Miss Jane's of age," walked quickly across the grass-plot and out of the gate, the ball and chain swinging to behind her with a clang.

Once on the street Martha paused with her brain on fire. The lie which Lucy had told frightened her. She knew why she had told it, and she knew, too, what harm would come to her bairn if that kind of gossip got abroad in the village. She was no longer the gentle, loving nurse with the soft caressing hand, but a woman of purpose. The sudden terror aroused in her heart had the effect of tightening her grip and bracing her shoulders as if the better to withstand some expected shock.

She forgot Meg; forgot her errand to the post-office; forgot everything, in fact, except the safety of the child she loved. That Lucy had neglected and even avoided her of late, keeping out of her way even when she was in the house, and that she had received from her cool indifference instead of loyal love, had greatly grieved her, but it

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had not lessened the idolatry with which she worshipped her bairn. Hours at a time she had spent puzzling her brain trying to account for the change which had come over the girl during two short years of school. She had until now laid this change to her youth, her love of admiration, and had forgiven it. Now she understood it; it was that boy Bart. He had a way with him. He had even ingratiated himself into Miss Jane's confidence. And now this young girl had fallen a victim to his wiles. That Lucy should lie to her, of all persons, and in so calm and self-possessed a manner; and about Bart, of all men—sent a shudder through her heart, that paled her cheek and tightened her lips. Once before she had consulted Jane and had been rebuffed. Now she would depend upon herself.

Retracing her steps and turning sharply to the right, she ordered Meg home in a firm voice, watched the dog slink off and then walked straight down a side road to Captain Nat Holt's house. That the captain occupied a different station in life from herself did not deter her. She felt at the moment that the honor of the Cobden name lay in her keeping. The family had stood by her in her trouble; now she would stand by them.

The captain sat on his front porch reading a newspaper. He was in his shirt-sleeves and bareheaded, his gray hair standing straight out like the bristles of a shoe-brush. Since the death of his wife a few years before he had left the service, and now spent most of his days at home, tending his garden and enjoying his savings. He was a man of positive character and generally had his own way in everything. It was therefore with some astonishment that he heard Martha say when she had mounted the porch steps and pushed open the front door, her breath almost gone from her hurried walk, "Come inside."

Captain Holt threw down his paper and rising hurriedly from his chair, followed her into the sitting-room. The manner of the nurse surprised him. He had known her for years, ever since his old friend, Lucy's father, had died, and the tones of her voice, so different from her usual deferential air, filled him with apprehension.

"Ain't nobody sick, is there, Martha?"

"No, but there will be. Are ye alone?"

"Yes."

"Then shut that door behind ye and sit down. I've got something to say."

The grizzled, weather-beaten man who had made twenty voyages around Cape Horn, and who was known as a man of few words, and those always of command, drew down the shade on the sunny side of the room and faced her. He saw now that something of more than usual importance absorbed her.

"Now, what is it?" he asked. His manner had by this time regained something of the dictatorial tone he always showed those beneath him in authority.

"It's about Bart. You've got to send him away." She had not moved from her position in the middle of the room.

The captain changed color and his voice lost its sharpness.

"Bart! What's he done now?"

"He sneaks off with our Lucy every chance he gets. They were on the beach yesterday hidin' behind the House o' Refuge with their heads together. She had on Miss Jane's red cloak, and Ann Gossaway thought it was Miss Jane, and I let it go at that."

The captain looked at Martha incredulously for a moment, and then broke into a loud laugh as the absurdity of the whole thing burst upon him. Then dropping back a step, he stood leaning against the old-fashioned sideboard, his elbows behind him, his large frame thrust toward her.

"Well, what if they were—ain't she pretty enough?" he burst out. "I told her she'd have 'em all crazy, and I hear Bart ain't done nothin' but follow in her wake since he seen her launched."

Martha stepped closer to the captain and held her fist in his face.

"He's got to stop it. Do ye hear me?" she shouted. "If he don't there'll be trouble, for you and him and everybody. It's me that's crazy, not him."

"Stop it!" roared the captain, straightening up, the glasses on the sideboard ringing with his sudden lurch. "My boy keep away from the daughter of Morton Cobden, who was the best friend I ever had and to whom I owe more than any man who ever lived! And this is what you traipsed up here to tell me, is it, you mollycoddle?" he continued in a voice he would have used to one of his sailors who had disobeyed an order.

Again Martha edged nearer; her body bent forward, her eyes searching his—so

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

close that she could have touched his face with her knuckles.

"Hold your tongue and stop talkin' foolishness," she blazed out, the courage of a tigress fighting for her young in her eyes, the same bold ring in her voice. "I tell ye, Captain Holt, it's got to stop short off, and NOW! I know men; have known 'em to my misery. I know when they're honest and I know when they ain't, and so do you, if you would open your eyes. Bart don't mean no good to my bairn. I see it in his face. I see it in the way he touches her hand and ties on her bonnet. I've watched him ever since the first night he laid eyes on her. He ain't a man with a heart in him; he's a sneak with a lie in his mouth. Why don't he come round like any of the others and say where he's goin' and what he wants to do instead of peepin' round the gate-posts watchin' for her and sendin' her notes on the sly, and makin' her lie to me, her old nurse, who's done nothin' but love her. Doctor John don't treat Miss Jane so—he loves her like a man ought to love a woman and he ain't got nothin' to hide—and you didn't treat your wife so. There's something here that tells me"—and she laid her hand on her bosom—"tells me more'n I dare tell ye. I warn ye now ag'in. Send him to sea—anywhere, before it is too late. She ain't got no mother; she won't mind a word I say; Miss Jane is blind as a bat; out with him and *now*!"

The captain straightened himself up, and with his clenched fist raised above his head like a hammer about to strike, cried:

"If he harmed the daughter of Morton Cobden I'd kill him!" The words jumped hot from his throat with a slight hissing sound, his eyes still aflame.

"Well, then, stop it before it gets too late. I walk the floor nights and I'm scared to death every hour I live." Then her voice broke. "Please, captain, please," she added in a piteous tone. "Don't mind me if I talk wild, my heart is breakin', and I can't hold in no longer," and she burst into a paroxysm of tears.

The captain leaned against the sideboard again and looked down upon the floor as if in deep thought. Martha's tears did not move him. The tears of few women did. He was only concerned in getting hold of some positive facts upon which he could base his judgment.

"Come, now," he said in an authoritative voice, "get that chair and set down and let us see what all this amounts to. Sounds like a yarn of a horse-marine." As he spoke he crossed the room and, dragging a rocking-chair from its place beside the wall, settled himself in it. Martha found a seat upon the sofa and turned her tear-stained face toward him.

"Now, what's these young people been doin' that makes ye so almighty narvous?" he continued, lying back in his chair and looking at her from under his bushy eyebrows, his fingers supporting his forehead.

"Everything. Goes out sailin' with her and goes driftin' past with his head in her lap. Fogarty's man who brings fish to the house told me." She had regained something of her old composure now.

"Anything else?" The captain's voice had a relieved, almost condescending tone in it. He had taken his thumb and forefinger from his eyebrow now and sat drumming with his stiffened knuckles on the arm of the rocker.

"Yes, a heap more—ain't that enough along with the other things I've told ye?" Martha's eyes were beginning to blaze again.

"No, that's just as it ought to be. Boys and girls will be boys and girls the world over." The tone of the captain's voice indicated the condition of his mind. He had at last arrived at a conclusion. Martha's head was muddled because of her inordinate and unnatural love for the child she had nursed. She had found a spook-ship in a fog bank, that was all. Jealousy might be at the bottom of it or a certain nervous fussiness. Whatever it was it was too trivial for him to waste his time over.

The captain rose from his chair, crossed the sitting-room, and opened the door leading to the porch, letting in the sunshine of the morning. Martha followed close at his heels.

"You're runnin' on a wrong track, old woman, and first thing ye know ye'll be in the breakers," he said, with his hand on the knob. "Ease off a little and don't be too hard on 'em. They'll come out right. You're makin' more fuss than a hen over one chicken. Miss Jane knows what she's about. She's got a level head, she has, and when she tells me that my Bart ain't good enough to ship alongside the daughter of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Morton Cobden, I'll sign papers for him somewhere else, and not before. I'll have to get you to excuse me now; I'm busy. Good-day," and picking up his paper, he re-entered the house and closed the door upon her.

VI

A GAME OF CARDS

SHOULD Miss Gossaway have been sitting at her look-out some weeks after Martha's interview with Captain Nat Holt, and should she have watched the movements of Doctor John's gig as it rounded into the open gate of Cobden Manor, she must have decided that something out of the common was either happening or about to happen inside Yardley's hospitable doors. Not only was the sorrel trotting at her best, the doctor flapping the lines along her brown back and encouraging her to her utmost, but as he passed her house, his body swaying from side to side with the motion of the light vehicle, he was also consulting the contents of a small envelope which he had taken from his pocket.

"Please come early," it read. "I have something important to talk over with you."

A note of this character signed with so adorable a name as "Jane Cobden" was so rare in the doctor's experience that he had at once given up his round of morning visits and, springing into his waiting gig, had started to answer it in person.

He was alive with expectancy. What could she want with him except to talk over some subject that they had left unfinished? As he hurried on there came into his mind half a dozen matters, any one of which it would have been a delight to revive. He knew from the way she worded the note that nothing had occurred since he had seen her —within the week, in fact—to cause her either annoyance or suffering. No; it was only to continue one of their confidential talks, which were the joy of his life.

Jane was waiting for him in the morning-room. Her face lighted up as he entered and took her hand, and immediately relaxed again into an expression of anxiety.

All his eagerness vanished.

"I came at once," he said, keeping her hand in his. "You look troubled; what has happened?" He saw with a sinking of the heart, even before she had time to speak, that something outside of his own affairs, or hers, had caused her to write the note.

"Nothing yet," she answered, leading him to the sofa. "It is about Lucy. She wants to go away for the winter."

"Where to?" he asked. He had placed a cushion at her back and had settled himself beside her.

"To Trenton, to visit her friend Miss Collins and study music. She says Warehold bores her."

"And you don't want her to go?"

"No; I don't fancy Miss Collins, and I am afraid she has too strong an influence over Lucy. Her personality grates on me; she is so boisterous, and she laughs so loud; and the views she holds are unaccountable to me in so young a girl. She seems to have had no home training whatever. Why Lucy likes her, and why she should have selected her as an intimate friend, has always puzzled me." She spoke with her usual frankness and with that directness which always characterized her in matters of this kind. "I had no one else to talk to and am very miserable about it all. You don't mind my sending for you, do you?"

"Mind! Why do you ask such a question? I am never so happy as when I am serving you," he answered.

That she should send for him at all was happiness. Not sickness this time, nor some question of investment, nor the repair of the barn or gate or outbuildings—but Lucy, who lay nearest her heart! That was even better than he had expected.

"Tell me all about it, so I can get it right," he continued in a straightforward tone—the tone of the physician, not the lover. She had relied on him, and he intended to give her the best counsel of which he was capable. The lover could wait.

"Well, she received a letter a week ago from Miss Collins, saying she had come to Trenton for the winter and had taken some rooms in a house belonging to her aunt, who would live with her. She wants to be within reach of the same music-teacher who taught the girls at Miss Parkham's school. She says if Lucy will come it will reduce the expenses and they can both have the benefit of the tuition. At first Lucy did

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not want to go at all, now she insists, and, strange to say, Martha encourages her."

"Martha wants her to leave?" he asked in surprise.

"She says so."

The doctor's face assumed a puzzled expression. He could account for Lucy's wanting the freedom and novelty of the change, but that Martha should be willing to part with her bairn for the winter mystified him. He knew nothing of the flirtation, of course, and its effect on the old nurse, and could not, therefore, understand Martha's delight in Lucy's and Bart's separation.

"You will be very lonely," he said, and a certain tender tone developed in his voice.

"Yes, dreadfully so," she answered sadly; "but I would not mind if I thought it was for her good. But I don't think so. I may be wrong, and in the uncertainty I wanted to talk it over with you. I get so desolate sometimes. I never seemed to miss my father so much as now. Perhaps it is because Lucy's babyhood and childhood are over and she is entering upon womanhood with all the dangers it brings. And she frightens me so sometimes," she continued after a slight pause. "She is different, more self-willed, more self-centred. Besides, her touch has altered. She doesn't seem to love me as she did—not in the same way."

"But she could never do anything else but love you," he interrupted quickly, speaking for himself as well as Lucy, his voice vibrating under his emotions. It was all he could do to keep his hands from her own; only her sending for him restrained him.

"I know that, but it is not in the old way," she answered. "It used to be 'Sister, darling, don't tire yourself,' or 'Sister, dear, let me go upstairs for you,' or 'Cuddle close here, and let us talk it all out together.' There is no more of that. She goes her own way, and when I chide her laughs and leaves me alone until I make some new advance. Help me, please, and with all the wisdom you can give me; I have no one else in whom I can trust, no one who is big enough to know what should be done. I might have talked to Mr. Dellenbaugh about it, but he is away."

"No; talk it all out to me," he said simply. "I so want to help you"—his whole heart was going out to her in her distress.

"I know you feel sorry for me," she answered, withdrawing her hand gently so as not to hurt him; she too did not want to be misunderstood—having sent for him. "I know how sincere your friendship is for me, but put all that aside. Don't let your sympathy for me cloud your judgment. What shall I do with Lucy? Answer me as if you were her father and mine," and she looked straight into his eyes.

The doctor tightened the muscles of his throat, closed his teeth, and summoned all his resolution. If he could only tell her what was in his heart how much easier it would all be! For some moments he sat perfectly still, then he answered slowly—as her man of business would have done:

"I should let her go."

"Why do you say so?"

"Because she will find out in that way quicker than in any other how to appreciate you and her home. Living in two rooms and studying music will not suit Lucy. When the novelty wears off she will long for her home, and when she comes back it will be with a better appreciation of its comforts. Let her go, and make her going as happy as you can."

And so Jane gave her consent—it is doubtful whether Lucy would have waited for it once her mind was made up—and in a week she was off, Doctor John taking her himself as far as the Junction, and seeing her safe on the road to Trenton. Martha was evidently delighted at the change, for the old nurse's face was wreathed in smiles that last morning as they all stood out by the gate while Billy Tatham loaded Lucy's trunks and boxes. Only once did a frown cross her face, and that was when Lucy leaned over and whispering something in Bart's ear, slipped a small scrap of paper between his fingers. Bart crunched it tight and slid his hand carelessly into his pocket, but the gesture did not deceive the nurse: it haunted her for days thereafter.

As the weeks flew by and the letters from Trenton told of the happenings in Maria's home, it became more and more evident to Jane that the doctor's advice had been the wisest and best. Lucy would often devote a page or more of her letters to recalling the comforts of her own room at Yardley, so different from what she was enduring at Trenton, and longing for them to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

come again. Parts of these letters Jane read to the doctor, and all of them to Martha, who received them with varying comment. It became evident, too, that neither the excitement of Bart's letters, nor the visits of the occasional school friends who called upon them both, nor the pursuit of her new accomplishment, had satisfied the girl.

Jane was not surprised, therefore, remembering the doctor's almost prophetic words, to learn of the arrival of a letter from Lucy begging Martha to come to her at once for a day or two. The letter was enclosed in one to Bart and was handed to the nurse by that young man in person. As he did so he remarked meaningly that Miss Lucy wanted Martha's visit to be kept a secret from everybody but Miss Jane, "just as a surprise," but Martha answered in a positive tone that she had no secrets from those who had a right to know them, and that he could write Lucy she was coming next day and that Jane and everybody else who might inquire would know of it before she started.

She rather liked Bart's receiving the letter. As long as that young man kept away from Trenton and confined himself to Warehold, where she could keep her eyes on him, she was content.

To Jane Martha said: "Oh, bless the darlin'! She can't do a day longer without her Martha. I'll go in the mornin'. It's a little pettin' she wants—that's all."

So the old nurse bade Meg good-by, pinned her big gray shawl about her, tied on her bonnet, took a little basket with some delicacies and a pot of jelly, and like a true Mother Hubbard, started off, while Jane, having persuaded herself that perhaps "the surprise" was meant for her, and that she might be welcoming two prodigals instead of one the following night, began to put Lucy's room in order and to lay out the many pretty things she loved, especially the new dressing-gown she had made for her, lined with blue silk—her favorite color.

All that day and evening, and far into the next afternoon, Jane went about the house with the refrain of an old song welling up into her heart—one that had been stifled for months. The thought of the round-about way in which Lucy had sent for Martha did not dull its melody. That ruse, she knew, came from the foolish pride of youth, the pride that could not meet defeat. Underneath it all she detected, with a thrill, the love of home; this, after all, was what her sister could not do without. It was not Bart this time. That affair, as she had predicted and had repeatedly told Martha, had worn itself out and had been replaced by her love of music. She had simply come to herself once more and would again be her old-time sister and her child. Then, too—and this sent another wave of delight tingling through her—it had all been the doctor's doing! But for his advice she would never have let Lucy go.

Half a dozen times, although the November afternoon was raw and chilly, with the wind fresh from the sea and the sky dull, she was out on the front porch without shawl or hat, looking down the path, covered now with dead leaves, and scanning closely every team that passed the gate, only to return again to her place by the fire, more impatient than ever.

Meg's quick ear first caught the grating of the wheels. Jane followed him with a cry of joyous expectation, and flew out to meet the stage, which for some reason—why, she could not tell—had stopped for a moment outside the gate, dropping only one passenger.

"And Lucy did not come, Martha!" Jane exclaimed, with almost a sob in her voice. She had reached her side now, followed by Meg, who was springing straight at the nurse in the joy of his welcome.

The old nurse glanced back at the stage, as if afraid of being overheard, and muttered under her breath:

"No, she couldn't come."

"Oh, I am so disappointed! Why not?"

Martha did not answer. She seemed to have lost her breath. Jane put her arm about her and led her up the path. Once she stumbled, her step was so unsteady, and would have fallen but for Jane's assistance.

The two had reached the hand-railing of the porch. Here Martha's trembling foot began to feel about for the step. Jane caught her in her arms.

"You're ill, Martha!" she cried in alarm. "Give me the bag. What's the matter?"

Again Martha did not answer.

"Tell me what it is."

"Upstairs! Upstairs!" Martha gasped in reply. "Quick!"

"What has happened?"

"Not here; upstairs."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

They climbed the staircase together, Jane half carrying the fainting woman, her mind in a whirl.

"Where were you taken ill? Why did you try to come home? Why didn't Lucy come with you?"

They had reached the door of Jane's bedroom now, Martha clinging to her arm.

Once inside, the nurse leaned panting against the door, put her hands to her face as if she would shut out some dreadful spectre, and sank slowly to the floor.

"It is not me," she moaned, wringing her hands, "not me—not——"

"Who?"

"Oh, I can't say it!"

"Lucy?"

"Yes."

"Not ill?"

"No; worse!"

"O Martha! Not dead?"

"O God, I wish she were!"

An hour passed—an hour of agony, of humiliation and despair.

Again the door opened and Jane stepped out—slowly, as if in pain, her lips tight-drawn, her face ghastly white, the thin cheeks sunken into deeper hollows, the eyes burning. Only the mouth preserved its lines, but firmer, more rigid, more severe, as if tightened by the strength of some great resolve. In her hand she held a letter.

Martha lay on the bed, her face to the wall, her head still in her palms. She had ceased sobbing and was quite still, as if exhausted.

Jane leaned over the banisters, called to one of the servants, and dropping the letter to the floor below, said:

"Take that to Captain Holt's. When he comes bring him upstairs here into my sitting-room."

Before the servant could reply there came a knock at the front door. Jane knew its sound—it was Doctor John's. Leaning far over, grasping the top rail of the banisters to steady herself, she said to the servant in a low, restrained voice:

"If that is Dr. Cavendish, please say to him that Martha is just home from Trenton, greatly fatigued, and I beg him to excuse me. When the doctor has driven away, you can take the letter."

She kept her grasp on the hand rail until she heard the tones of his voice through the open hall door and caught the note of sorrow that tinged them.

"Oh, I'm so sorry! Poor Martha!" she heard him say. "She is getting too old to go about alone. Please tell Miss Jane she must not hesitate to send for me if I can be of the slightest service." Then she re-entered the room where Martha lay and closed the door.

Another and louder knock now broke the stillness of the chamber and checked the sobs of the nurse; Captain Holt had met Jane's servant as he was passing the gate. He stopped for an instant in the hall, slipped off his coat, and walked straight upstairs, humming a tune as he came. Jane heard his firm tread, opened the door of their room, and she and Martha crossed the hall to a smaller apartment where Jane always attended to the business affairs of the house. The captain's face was wreathed in a broad smile as he extended his hand to Jane in welcome.

"It's lucky ye caught me, Miss Jane. I was just goin' out, and in a minute I'd been gone for the night. Hello, Mother Martha! I thought you'd gone to Trenton."

The two women made no reply to his cheery salutation, except to motion him to a seat. Then Jane closed the door and turned the key in the lock.

When the captain emerged from the chamber he stepped out alone. His color was gone, his eyes flashing, his jaw tight set. About his mouth there hovered a savage, almost brutal look, the look of a bull-dog who bares his teeth before he tears and strangles—a look his men knew when some one of them purposely disobeyed his orders. For a moment he stood as if dazed. All he remembered clearly was the white, drawn face of a woman gazing at him with staring, tear-drenched eyes, the slow dropping of words that blistered as they fell, and the figure of the nurse wringing her hands and moaning: "Oh, I told ye so! I told ye so! Why didn't ye listen?" With it came the pain of some sudden blow that deadened his brain and stilled his heart.

With a strong effort, like one throwing off a stupor, he raised his head, braced his shoulders, and strode firmly along the corridor and down the stairs on his way to the front door. Catching up his coat, he threw it about him, pulled his hat on with a jerk,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

slammed the front door, and plunged along through the dry leaves that covered the path, and so on out to the main road. Once beyond the gate he hesitated, looked up and down, turned to the right and then to the left, as if in doubt, and lunged forward in the direction of the tavern.

It was Sunday night, and the lounging room was full. One of the inmates rose and offered him a chair—he was much respected in the village, especially among the rougher class, some of whom had sailed with him—but he only waved his hand in thanks.

"I don't want to sit down; I'm looking for Bart. Has he been here?" The sound came as if from between closed teeth.

"Not as I know of, cap'n," answered the landlord; "not since sundown, nohow."

"Do any of you know where he is?" The look in the captain's eyes and the sharp, cutting tones of his voice began to be noticed.

"Do ye want him bad?" asked a man tilted back in a chair against the wall.

"Yes."

"Well I kin tell ye where to find him."

"Where?"

"Down on the beach in the Refuge shanty. He and the boys have a deck there Sunday nights. Been at it all fall—thought ye knowed it."

Out into the night again, and without a word of thanks, down the road and across the causeway to the hard beach, drenched with the ceaseless thrash of the rising sea. He followed no path, picked out no road. Stumbling along in the half-gloom of the twilight, he could make out the heads of the sand-dunes, bearded with yellow grass blown flat against their cheeks. Soon he reached the prow of the old wreck with its shattered timbers and the water-holes left by the tide. These he avoided, but the smaller objects he trampled upon and over as he strode on, without caring where he stepped or how often he stumbled. Outlined against the sand-hills, bleached white under the dull light, he looked like some evil presence bent on mischief, so direct and forceful was his unceasing, persistent stride.

When the House of Refuge loomed up against the gray froth of the surf he stopped and drew breath. Bending forward, he scanned the beach ahead, shading his eyes with his hand as he would have done on his own ship in a fog. He could make out now some streaks of yellow light showing through the cracks one above the other along the side of the house and a dull patch of red. He knew what it meant. Bart and his fellows were inside, and were using one of the ship lanterns to see by.

This settled in his mind, the captain strode on, but at a slower pace. He had found his bearings, and would steer with caution.

Hugging the dunes closer, he approached the house from the rear. The big door was shut and a bit of matting had been tacked over the one window to deaden the light. This was why the patch of red was dull. He stood now so near the outside planking that he could hear the laughter and talk of those within. By this time the wind had risen to half a gale and the moan on the outer bar could be heard in the intervals of the pounding surf. The captain crept under the eaves of the roof and listened. He wanted to be sure of Bart's voice before he acted.

At this instant a sudden gust of wind burst in the big door, extinguishing the light of the lantern and Bart's voice rang out:

"Stay where you are, boys! Don't touch the cards. I know the door, and can fix it; it's only the bolt that's slipped."

As Bart passed out into the gloom the captain darted forward, seized him with a grip of steel, dragged him clear of the door, and up the sand-dunes out of hearing. Then he flung him loose and stood facing the cowering boy.

"Now stand back and keep away from me, for I'm afraid I'll kill you!"

"What have I done?" cringed Bart, shielding his face with his elbow as if to ward off a blow. The suddenness of the attack had stunned him.

"Don't ask me, you whelp, or I'll strangle you. Look at me! That's what you been up to, is it?"

Bart straightened himself up and made some show of resistance. His breath was coming back to him.

"I haven't done anything—and if I did——"

"You lie! Martha's back from Trenton and Lucy told her. You never thought of me. You never thought of that sister of hers whose heart you've broke, nor of the old woman who nursed her like a mother. You thought of nobody but your stinkin' self. You're not a man! You're a cur! a dog! Don't move! Keep away from me, I tell ye, or I may lose hold of myself."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bart was stretching out his hands now, as if in supplication. He had never seen his father like this—the sight frightened him.

"Father, will you listen——" he pleaded.

"I'll listen to nothin'——"

"Will you, please? It's not all my fault. She ought to have kept out of my way——"

"Stop! Take that back! You'd blame *her*, would ye—a child just out of school, and as innocent as a baby? By God, you'll do right by her or you'll never set foot inside my house again!"

Bart faced his father again.

"I want to tell you the whole story before you judge me. I want to——"

"You'll tell me nothin'! Will you act square with her?"

"I must tell you first. You wouldn't understand unless——"

"You won't? That's what you mean—you mean you *won't!* Damn ye!!" The captain raised his clenched fist, quivered for an instant as if struggling against something beyond his control, dropped it slowly to his side and whirling suddenly, strode back up the beach.

Bart staggered back against the planking, threw out his hand to keep from falling, and watched his father's uncertain, stumbling figure until he was swallowed up in the gloom. The words rang in his ears like a knell. The realization of his position and what it meant, and might mean, rushed over him. For an instant he leaned heavily against the planking until he had caught his breath and then, and with quivering lips and shaking legs, walked slowly back into the house, shutting the big door behind him.

"Boys," he said with a forced smile, "who do you think's been outside? My father! Somebody told him, and he's just been giving me hell for playing cards on Sunday."

VII

THE EYES OF AN OLD PORTRAIT

BEFORE another Sunday night had arrived Warehold village was alive with two important pieces of news.

The first was the disappearance of Bart Holt.

Captain Nat, so the story ran, had caught him carousing in the House of Refuge on Sunday night with some of his boon companions, and after a stormy interview in which the boy pleaded for forgiveness, had driven him out into the night. Bart had left town the next morning at daylight and had shipped as a common sailor on board a British bark bound for Brazil. No one had seen him go—not even his companions of the night before.

The second announcement was more startling.

The Cobden girls were going to Paris. Lucy Cobden had developed an extraordinary talent for music during her short stay in Trenton with her friend Maria Collins, and Miss Jane, with her customary unselfishness and devotion to her younger sister, had decided to go with her. They might be gone two years or five—it depended on Lucy's success. Martha would remain at Yardley and take care of the old home.

Bart's banishment came first and served as a target for the fire of the gossip some days before Jane's decision had reached the ears of the villagers.

"I always knew he would come to no good end," Miss Gossaway called out to a passer-by from her eyrie; "and there's more like him if their fathers would look after 'em. Guess sea's the best place for him."

Billy Tatham, the stage-driver, did not altogether agree with the extremist.

"You hearn tell, I s'pose, of how Captain Nat handled his boy t'other night, didn't ye?" he remarked to the passenger next to him on the front seat. "It might be the way they did things 'board the Black Ball Line, but 'tain't human and decent, an' I told Cap'n Nat so to-day. Shut his door in his face an' told him he'd kill him if he tried to come in, and all because he ketched him playin' cards on Sunday down on the beach. Bart warn't no worse than the others he run with, but ye can't tell what these old sea-dogs will do when they git riled. I guess it was the rum more'n the cards. Them fellers used to drink a power o' rum in that shanty. I've seen 'em staggerin' home many a Monday mornin' when I got down early to open up for my team. It's the rum that riled the cap'n, I guess. He wouldn't stand it aboard ship and used to put his men in irons, I've hearn tell, when they come aboard drunk. What gits me is that the cap'n didn't know them fellers met there every night they could git away, week-days

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as well as Sundays. Everybody 'round here knew it 'cept him and the light-keeper, and he's so durned lazy he never once dropped on to 'em. He'd git bounced if the Gov'ment found out he was lettin' a gang run the House o' Refuge whenever they felt like it. Fogarty, the fisherman's, got the key, or oughter have it, but the light-keeper's responsible, so I hearn tell. Git-up, Billy" and the talk drifted into other channels.

The incident was soon forgotten. One young man more or less did not make much difference in Warehold. As to Captain Nat, he was known to be a scrupulously honest, exact man who knew no law outside of his duty. He probably did it for the boy's good, although everybody agreed that he could have accomplished his purpose in some more merciful way.

The other sensation—the departure of the two Cobden girls, and their possible prolonged stay abroad—did not subside so easily. Not only did the neighbors look upon their home as the show-place of the village, but the girls themselves were greatly beloved, Jane being especially idolized from Warehold to Barnegat and the sea. To lose Jane's presence among them was a positive calamity entailing a sorrow that most of her neighbors could not bring themselves to face. No one could take her place.

Pastor Dellenbaugh, when he heard the news, sank into his study chair and threw up his hands as if to ward off some blow.

"Miss Jane going abroad!" he cried; "and you say nobody knows when she will come back! I can't realize it! We might as well close the school; no one else in the village can keep it together."

The Cromartins and the others all expressed similar opinions, the younger ladies' sorrow being aggravated when they realized that with Lucy away there would be no one to lead in their merrymakings.

Martha held her peace; she would stay at home, she told Mrs. Dellenbaugh, and wait for their return and look after the place. Her heart was broken with the loneliness that would come, she moaned, but what was best for her bairn she was willing to bear. It didn't make much difference either way; she wasn't long for this world.

The doctor's mother heard the news with ill-concealed satisfaction.

"A most extraordinary thing has occurred here, my dear," she said to one of her Philadelphia friends who was visiting her—she was too politic to talk openly to the neighbors. "You have met, of course, that Miss Cobden who lives at Yardley—not the pretty one—the plain one. Well, she is the most quixotic creature in the world. Only a few weeks ago she wanted to become a nurse in the public hospital here, and now she proposes to close her house and go abroad for nobody knows how long, simply because her younger sister wants to study music, as if a school-girl couldn't get all the instruction of that kind here that is necessary. Really, I never heard of such a thing."

To Mrs. Benson, a neighbor, she said, behind her hand and in strict confidence: "Miss Cobden is morbidly conscientious over trifles. A fine woman, one of the very finest we have, but a little too strait-laced, and, if I must say it, somewhat commonplace, especially for a woman of her birth and education."

To herself she said: "Never while I live shall Jane Cobden marry my John! She can never help any man's career. She has neither the worldly knowledge, nor the personal presence, nor the money."

Jane gave but one answer to all inquirers—and there were many.

"Yes, I know the move is a sudden one," she would say, "but it is for Lucy's good, and there is no one to go with her but me." None ever saw beneath the mask that hid her breaking heart. To them the drawn face and the weary look in her eyes only showed her grief at leaving home and those who loved her: to Mrs. Cavendish it seemed part of Jane's peculiar temperament.

Nor could they watch her in the silence of the night tossing on her bed, or closeted with Martha in her search for the initial steps that had led to this horror. Had the Philadelphia school undermined her own sisterly teachings or had her companions been at fault? Perhaps it was due to the blood of some long-forgotten ancestor, which in the cycle of years had cropped out in this generation, poisoning the fountain of her youth. Bart, she realized, had played the villain and the ingrate, but yet it was also true that Bart, and all his class, would have been powerless before a woman of a different temperament. Who, then, had undermined this citadel and given it over to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

plunder and disgrace? Then with merciless exactness she searched her own heart. Whose fault had it been? What safeguard had she herself neglected? Wherein had she been false to her trust and her promise to her dying father? What could she have done to avert it? These ever-haunting, ever-recurring doubts maddened her.

One thing she was determined upon, cost what it might—to protect her sister's name. No daughter of Morton Cobden's should be pointed at in scorn. For generations no stain of dishonor had tarnished the family name. This must be preserved, no matter who suffered. In this she was sustained by Martha, her only confidante.

Doctor John heard the news from Jane's lips before it was known to the villagers. He had come to inquire after Martha.

She met him at the porch entrance, and led him into the drawing-room, without a word of welcome. Then shutting the door, she motioned him to a seat opposite her own on the sofa. The calm, determined air with which this was done—so unusual in one so cordial—startled him. He felt that something of momentous interest, and, judging from Jane's face, of serious import, had happened. He invariably took his cue from her face, and his own spirits always rose or fell as the light in her eyes flashed or dimmed.

"Is there anything the matter?" he asked nervously. "Martha worse?"

"No, not that; Martha is around again—it is about Lucy and me." The voice did not sound like Jane's.

The doctor looked at her intently, but he did not speak. Jane continued, her face now deathly pale, her words coming slowly.

"You advised me some time ago about Lucy's going to Trenton, and I am glad I followed it. You thought it would strengthen her love for us all and teach her to love me the better. It has—so much so that hereafter we will never be separated. I hope now you will also approve of what I have just decided upon. Lucy is going abroad to live, and I am going with her."

As the words fell from her lips her eyes crept up to his face, watching the effect of her statement. It was a cold, almost brutal way of putting it, she knew, but she dared not trust herself with anything less formal.

For a moment he sat perfectly still, the color gone from his cheeks, his eyes fixed on hers, a cold chill benumbing the roots of his hair. The suddenness of the announcement seemed to have stunned him.

"For how long?" he asked in a halting voice.

"I don't know. Not less than two years; perhaps longer."

"*Two years?* Is Lucy ill?"

"No; she wants to study music, and she couldn't go alone."

"Have you made up your mind to this?" he asked, in a more positive tone. His self-control was returning now.

"Yes."

Doctor John rose from his chair, paced the room slowly for a moment, and crossing to the fireplace with his back to Jane, stood under her father's portrait, his elbows on the mantle, his head in his hand. Interwoven with the pain which the announcement had given him was the sharper sorrow of her neglect of him. In forming her plans she had never once thought of her lifelong friend.

"Why did you not tell me something of this before?" The inquiry was not addressed to Jane, but to the smouldering coals. "How have I ever failed you? What has my daily life been but an open book for you to read, and here you leave me for years, and never give me a thought."

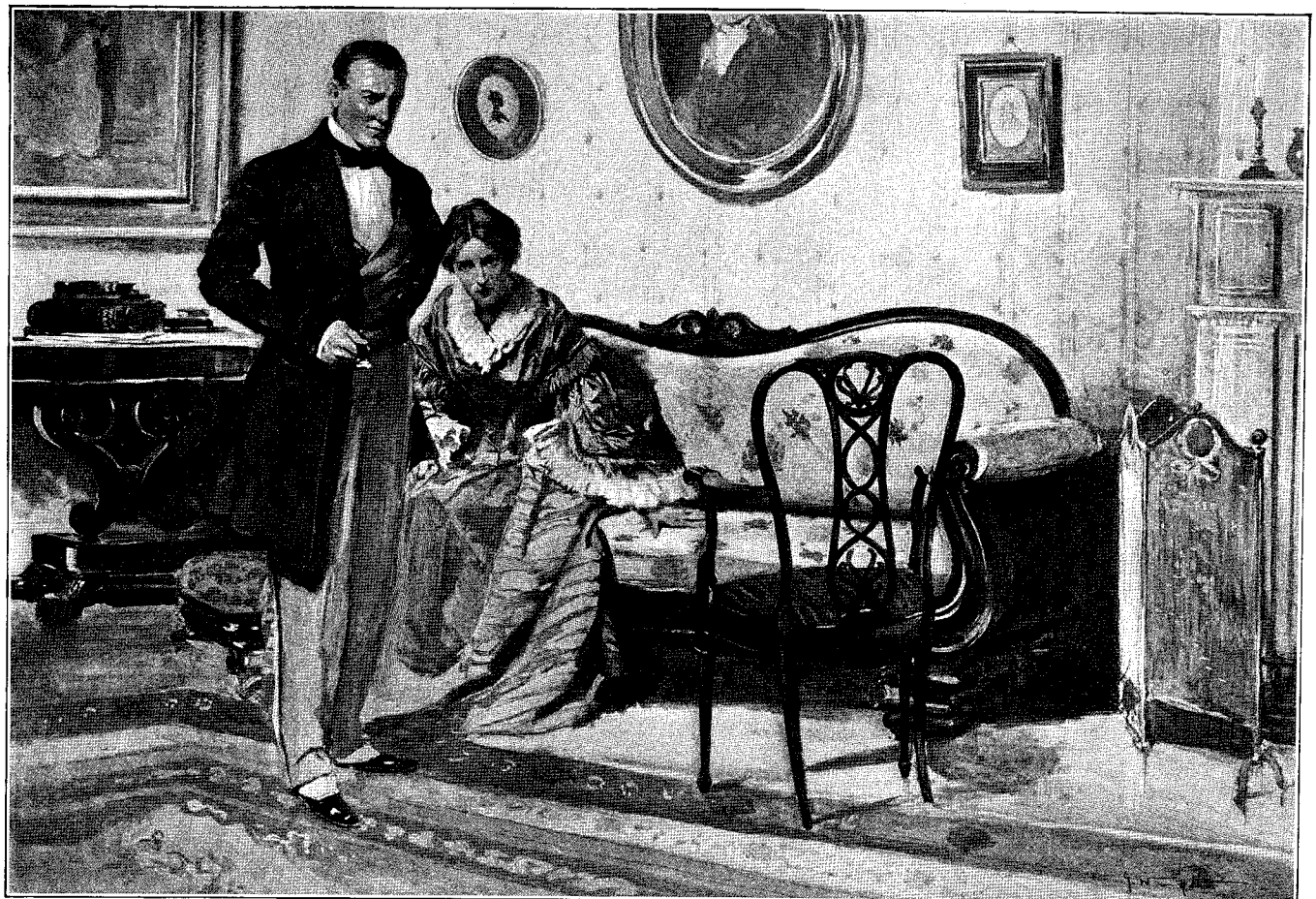
Jane started in her seat.

"Forgive me, my dear friend!" she answered quickly in a voice full of tenderness. "I did not mean to hurt you. It is not that I love all my friends here the less—and you know how truly I appreciate your own friendship—but only that I love my sister more; and my duty is with her. I only decided last night. Don't turn your back on me. Come and sit by me, and talk to me," and she held out her hand. "I need all your strength." As she spoke the tears started to her eyes and her voice sank almost to a whisper.

The doctor raised his head from his hand and walked quickly toward her. The suffering in her voice had robbed him of all resentment.

"Forgive me, I did not mean it. Tell me," he said, in a sudden burst of tenderness—all feeling about himself had dropped away—"why must you go so soon? Why not wait until spring?" He had taken his seat beside her now and sat looking into her eyes

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Drawn by George Wright.

Doctor John rose from his chair and slowly paced the room.—Page 92.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Lucy wants to go at once," she replied, in a tone as if the matter did not admit of any discussion.

"Yes, I know. That's just like her. What she wants she can never wait a minute for, but she certainly would sacrifice some pleasure of her own to please you. If she was determined to be a musician it would be different, but it is only for her pleasure, and as an accomplishment." He spoke earnestly and impersonally, as he always did when she consulted him on any of her affairs. He was trying, too, to wipe from her mind all remembrance of his impatience.

Jane kept her eyes on the carpet for a moment, and then said quietly, and he thought in rather a hopeless tone:

"It is best we go at once."

The doctor looked at her searchingly—with the eye of a scientist, this time, probing for a hidden meaning.

"Then there is something else you have not told me; someone is annoying her, or there is someone with whom you are afraid she will fall in love. Who is it? You know how I could help in a matter of that kind."

"No; there is no one."

Doctor John leaned back thoughtfully and tapped the arm of the sofa with his fingers. He felt as if a door had been shut in his face.

"I don't understand it," he said slowly, and in a baffled tone. "I have never known you to do a thing like this before. It is entirely unlike you. There is some mystery you are keeping from me. Tell me, and let me help."

"I can tell you nothing more. Can't you trust me to do my duty in my own way?" She stole a look at him as she spoke and as quickly dropped her lids.

"And you are determined to go?" he asked in his former cross-examining tone.

"Yes."

Again the doctor kept silence. Despite her assumed courage and determined air, his experienced eye caught beneath it all the shrinking helplessness of the woman.

"Then I, too, have reached a sudden resolve," he said in a manner almost professional in its precision. "You cannot and shall not go alone."

"Oh, but Lucy and I can get along together," she exclaimed with nervous haste. "There is no one we could take but Martha, and she is too old. Beside, she must look after the house while we are away."

"No; Martha will not do. No woman will do. I know Paris and its life; it is not the place for two women to live in alone, especially so pretty and light-hearted a woman as Lucy."

"I am not afraid."

"No, but I am," he answered in a softened voice, "very much afraid." It was no longer the physician who spoke, but the friend.

"Of what?"

"Of a dozen things you do not understand, and cannot until you encounter them," he replied, smoothing her hand tenderly.

"Yes, but it cannot be helped. There is no one to go with us." This came with some positiveness, yet with a note of impatience in her voice.

"Yes, there is," he answered gently.

"Who?" she asked slowly, withdrawing her hand from his caress, an undefined fear rising in her mind.

"Me. I will go with you."

Jane looked at him with widening eyes. She knew now. She had caught his meaning in the tones of his voice before he had expressed it, and had tried to think of some way to ward off what she saw was coming, but she was swept helplessly on.

"Let us go together, Jane," he burst out, drawing closer to her. All reserve was gone. The words which had pressed so long for utterance could no longer be held back. "I cannot live here alone without you. You know it, and have always known it. I love you so—don't let us live apart any more. If you must go, go as my wife."

A thrill of joy ran through her. Her lips quivered. She wanted to cry out, to put her arms around his neck, to tell him everything in her heart. Then came a quick, sharp pain that stifled every other thought. For the first time the bitterness of the situation confronted her This phase of it she had not counted upon.

She shrank back a little. "Don't ask me that!" she moaned in a tone almost of pain. "I can stand anything now but that Not now—not now!"

Her hand was still under his, her fingers lying limp, all the pathos of her suffering in her face: determination to do her duty,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

horror over the situation, and above them all her overwhelming love for him.

He put his arm about her shoulders and drew her to him.

"You love me, Jane, don't you?"

"Yes, more than all else in the world," she answered simply. "Too well"—and her voice broke—"to have you give up your career for me or mine."

"Then why should we live apart? I am willing to do as much for Lucy as you would. Let me share part of the care and responsibility. You needn't, perhaps, be gone more than a year, and then we will all come back together, and I take up my work again. I need you, my beloved. Nothing that I do seems of any use without you. You are my great, strong light, and have always been since the first day I loved you. Let me help bear these burdens. You have carried them so long alone."

His face lay against hers now, her hand still clasped tight in his. For an instant she did not answer nor move; then she straightened a little and lifted her cheek from his.

"John," she said—it was the first time in all her life she had called him thus—"you wouldn't love me if I should consent. You have work to do here and I now have work to do on the other side. We cannot work together; we must work apart. Your heart is speaking, and I love you for it, but we must not think of it now. It may come right sometime—God only knows! My duty is plain—I must go with Lucy. Neither you nor my dead father would love me if I did differently."

"I only know that I love you and that you love me, and nothing else should count," he pleaded impatiently. "Nothing else shall count. There is nothing you could do would make me love you less. You are practical and wise about all your plans. Why has this whim of Lucy's taken hold of you as it has? And it is only a whim; Lucy will want something else in six months. Oh, I cannot—cannot let you go. I'm so desolate without you—my whole life is yours—everything I do is for you. O Jane, my beloved, don't shut me out of your life! I will not let you go without me!" His voice vibrated with a certain indignation, as if he had been unjustly treated. She raised one hand and laid it on his forehead, smoothing his brow as a mother would that of a child The other still lay in his.

"Don't, John," she said, in a half-piteous tone. "Don't! Don't talk so! I can only bear comforting words to-day. I am too wretched—too utterly broken and miserable. Please! please, John!"

He dropped her hand and leaning forward put both of his own to his head. He knew how strong was her will and how futile would be his efforts to change her mind unless her conscience agreed.

"I won't," he answered, as a strong man answers who is baffled. "I did not mean to be impatient or exacting." Then he raised his head and looked steadily into her eyes. "What would you have me do, then?"

"Wait."

"But you give me no promise?"

"No, I cannot—not now. I am like one staggering along, following a dim light that leads hither and thither, and which may any moment go out and leave me in utter darkness."

"Then there is something you have not told me?"

"O John! Can't you trust me?"

"And yet you love me?"

"As my life, John."

When he had gone and she had closed the door upon him, she went back to the sofa where the two had sat together, and with her hands clasped tight above her head, sank down upon its cushions. The tears came like rain now, bitter, blinding tears that she could not check.

"I have hurt him," she moaned. "He is so good, and strong, and helpful. He never thinks of himself; it is always of me—me, who can do nothing. The tears were in his eyes—I saw them. Oh, I've hurt him—hurt him! And yet, dear God, thou knowest I could not help it."

Once, maddened with the pain of it all, she sprang up, determined to go to him and tell him everything. To throw herself into his arms and beg forgiveness for her cruelty and crave the protection of his strength. Then her gaze fell upon her father's portrait! The cold, steadfast eyes were looking down upon her as if they could read her very soul. "No! No!" she sobbed, putting her hands over her eyes as if to shut out some spectre she had not the courage to face. "It cannot be—it cannot be," and sank back exhausted.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When the paroxysm was over she rose to her feet, dried her eyes, smoothed her hair with both hands, and then, with lips tight pressed and faltering steps, walked upstairs to where Martha was getting Lucy's things ready for the coming journey. Crossing the room, she stood with her elbows on the mantel, her cheeks tight pressed between her palms, her eyes on the embers. Martha moved from the open trunk and stood behind her.

"It was Doctor John, wasn't it?" she asked in a broken voice that told of her suffering.

"Yes," moaned Jane from between her hands.

"And ye told him about your goin'?"

"Yes, Martha." Her frame was shaking with her sobs.

"And about Lucy?"

"No, I could not."

Martha leaned forward and laid her hand on Jane's shoulder.

"Poor lassie!" she said, patting it softly. "Poor lassie! That was the hardest part. He's big and strong and could 'a' comforted ye. My heart aches for ye both!"

(To be continued.)

A PARADOX

By Gertrude Huntington McGiffert

QUIET I sit by the hearth as the slow years go.
Helpless I sit and dream—my hungry heart
Afar in strange adventures. Who can know

How I scale the frowning crags of destiny,
And talk with God and angels on the mount,
And there renounce love's right of sovereignty?

How I dare go down into the deeps of dread,
And wrestle in the garden of loneliness,
And vanquish hosts of evil and raise the dead

From adamantine graves? How, robbed and faint,
I lie forsaken beside life's thoroughfare
As the crowd pass careless—friend and priest and saint—

And only a tattered Samaritan dream comes near—
His largess of love my pence at the Inn of Hope?
Who can know of my strangled joy and fear,

Compelling visions, passioning, gain and loss?
How wild winds from the infinite beat on me,
While outlined ahead in the gathering gloom looms the cross,

And I grope on alone a challenge to fate?

. . . . . .

Patient and petted beside the hearth I dream
With quiet eyes, and watch the years—and wait.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STOKER

By William Hervey Woods

ILLUSTRATION BY WALTER APPLETON CLARK

In the darkness under the world,
His roof is the coal-dust cloud o'erhead,
And dust is the floor beneath him spread,
And the mole in garden sod
Knows more of the sweet daylight than he
Who swings his shovel in bunker three,
Or tugs at the furnace rod

Down deeper than engine purrs and swings,
On the grimy under side of things,
He leaps when the bugles blow
And great guns thunder in sudden fight;
And then, pent there in the choking night,
Shifts the coal heaps to and fro

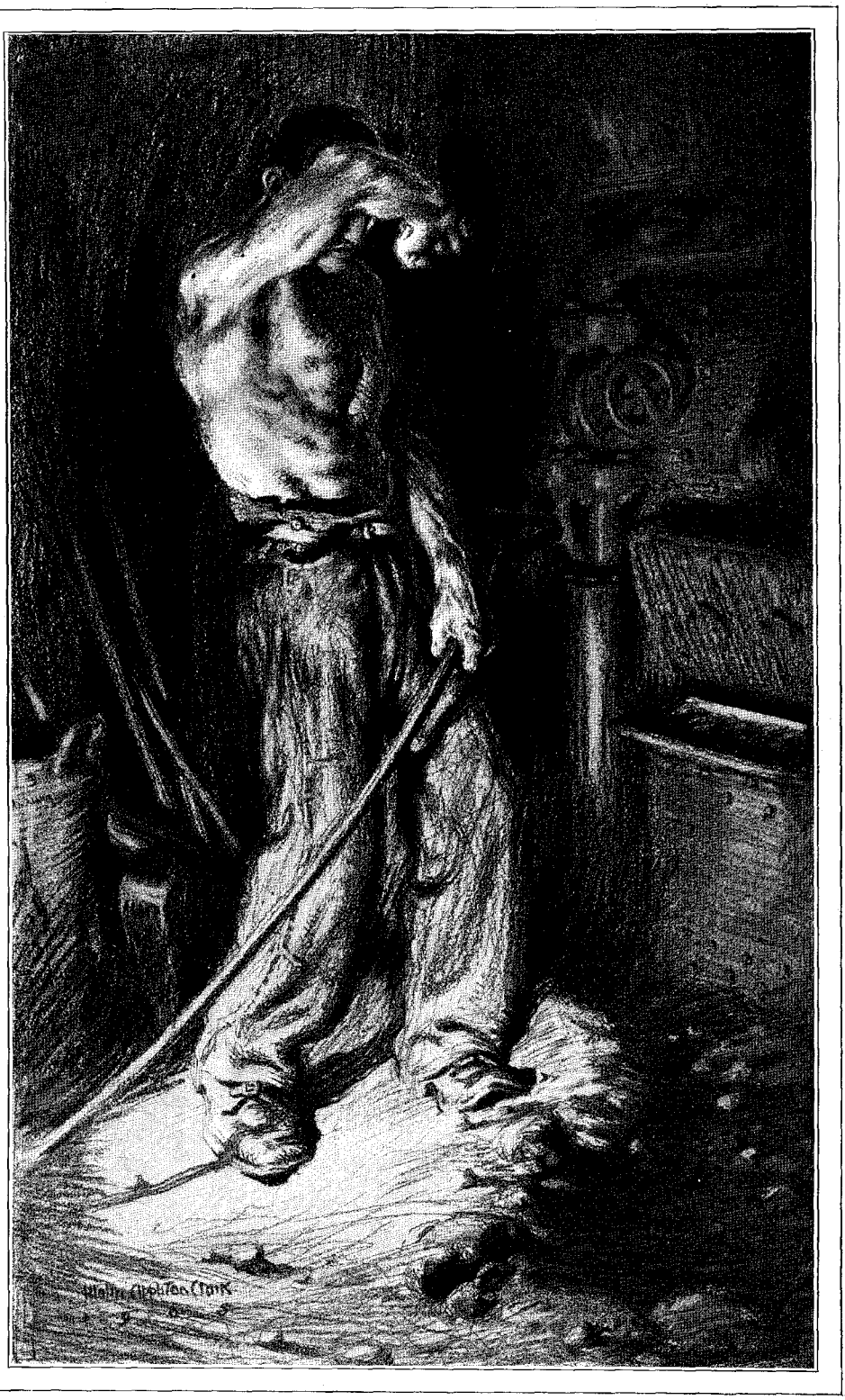
He hath visions of deeds 'twere good to do—
Of a man's part cleanly played clean through
Aloft in the open sun—
But his to sweat by the furnace door,
And reel at last to the reeling floor
When his captain's fight is won.

Other dreams come to him yet more dear—
Of God's wide sky, and a sea glass-clear,
And a salt wind, cool, cool, cool!
To him of the pit a breath divine
That his shrivelled soul drinks in like wine,
In a dream-draught rich and full.

Small is his meed if the old flag win,
And if it lose—then a louder din,
A rent in the iron wall,
And Death swirls in through the jagged gate,
And the stoker finds in the hold his fate
And coffin and grave and all.

God keep thee, shipmate; and some good day
May he from heaven's bridge stoop and say,
"O man by the doors of hell,
Come up! For the stifling toil is past,
And the good ship rides in port at last;
All's over and all is well;
Come up to the deck of the world!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IN THE SPRING OF THE YEAR

By L. Frank Tooker

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J C WIDNEY

I

HAVING always been what he himself would have called "proud-spirited," and in his early manhood something of a dandy, the easy self-deception that kept Captain Amos Cosgrove in the borderland of a perpetually shifting youthfulness was not surprising. At fifty he had cut off his beard, since its rapidly changing color scheme was a constant challenge to his complacent feeling of youth, and thereafter he had presented to the world the bronzed and rounded visage in which he fondly saw a recrudescence of the boyish face that had looked out from his mirror thirty-five years before. At fifty-five no collocation of words was more frequently on his lips than "a man's no older'n he feels," and at sixty, being then a widower of a year's decent mournfulness, he had begun, in the vernacular of Blackwater, to "look up and take notice" with something of the freshness of spirit that was peculiarly his own. In his physical aspect he was wiry, keen-eyed, and active, and not above medium height. It might be added that his fondness for practical joking placed his standing in the community on a sliding scale that ranged between two extremes of opinion: when his neighbors were merely spectators of his sportiveness they were apt to call him a "mighty smart man," but when they became the targets of his exuberant spirits, they were quite as likely to speak of him as "an old fool." In reality he probably occupied the medium ground between the two opinions, and was the average man of his class.

The ice was late in breaking up in the harbor the spring that completed Captain Amos's year and a half of mourning, but as he came out of his house one morning early in March he turned his eyes first, as he always did, to that part of the harbor where lay his little schooner, the *Mary Ellen*.

The ice about her had the gray, watery look that bespeaks speedy dissolution, and Captain Amos's face fell. For the first time in his seafaring career he dreaded the thought of leaving port. As long as his wife had lived he had never thought of the repressive conditions of his home life as other than normal, but more than once in the winter now passing he had caught himself silently admitting that life had never been more enjoyable. At first he had put the thought aside with a conscience-smitten feeling of horror, but as it recurred again and again, he began at last to exult in it, as one might exult in unexpected wealth after a long life of poverty. He rejoiced in the liberty, in the right to do as he pleased without questioning or querulous complaining, and as he entered more and more fully into the spirit of his newly acquired freedom, his mood had become a sort of mental intoxication that recognized no bounds other than his will.

He was thinking of all this as he walked slowly down the long, steep path to his gate, and the nearness of his departure served only to quicken his determination to live every hour of his brief stay ashore.

As he passed out of his gate, his eye was caught by a bit of color in a dooryard on the opposite side of the street. It was a pink sun-bonnet on the head of Lizzie Manny, and Captain Amos crossed the road. Lizzie had a trowel in her hand, with which she was industriously stabbing the still frozen ground.

"Well, Mis' Manny," he said, "ain't ye ruther forcin' the season? Ice in the harbor yet an' ground frozen—looks like it was a mite early for plantin'."

Lizzie pushed back her sun-bonnet and, looking up, laughed. She was a comely widow of thirty-five, whose husband, as a boy, had first gone to sea with Captain Amos.

"Oh, I wasn't thinkin' of plantin'," she answered. "My monthly rose died last fall, and, as I was rakin' up the yard, I thought I'd dig up the roots. I hate to see dead things around."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"What's to hender you an' me goin' in pardnership?"—Page 101.

"Well, it ain't no woman's work," said Captain Amos. "Jest hand me that trowel." He entered the yard, and, kneeling at her side, began to dig at the hard ground.

It was a longer task than he had thought possible, and finally he paused.

"Seems like if a thing's dead," he said critically, "it ought to stay underground, don't it?"

"Oh, I suppose it would be just as well to cut off the top and cover up the roots," she replied. "Only I thought that if ever I wanted to set out anything else here there would be that old stump. But I don't suppose I'd strike just this spot; so, if you'll cut off the top, we'll fill up the hole."

Captain Amos had already begun his digging anew, and he put out a detaining hand as she prepared to rise.

"Oh, 'tain't no trouble," he protested;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"See here, boy, if ye don't mind your teacher, I'll come after ye."—Page 101.

"that was only my humly way of sayin' what's gone's gone, an' they ain't no use worryin' over it. Fur 's I'm concerned, I don't know's I could think of anything I'd like better'n potterin' round, diggin' up old roots for a fine young woman like you be. I'd like a stiddy job at it at day's work." He looked at her and laughed.

She too laughed, and glanced at him coquettishly.

"Law, Cap'n Amos," she cried, "I think I ought to be reconciled to losin' all my plants for such a fine speech."

"Plenty more where that come from," he replied gallantly.

He dug on in silence, reached the main root, and, scraping it, and finding it quite dead, pulled it out. Then he pushed the dirt back into the hole.

"There," he said, "that's done. Got any more odd jobs?"

"No," she replied; "that's all. Now come into the kitchen and wash your hands."

He followed her, and while he was drying his hands, she came out of the pantry with a mince pie.

"It's just baked," she told him as she prepared to cut it; "of course it will be better in a day or two, but if you're not too particular——" Then, without finishing her sentence, she brought him a piece.

"Well, I guess pie's pie the world over," replied the captain. "It's like women: ye can't mistake 'em for anything else, if ye've got your eyes open. That's where some young folks slip up: when they're courtin', they kind o' shet their eyes to all the buoy-marks, an' think they're gittin' angels. That's liable to lead 'em in shoal water in mighty short order. Now, I'm different: I wouldn't look twice at one o' them crowns of glory if there was a pink sun-bonnet in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sight." He looked up at the bonnet she still wore and smiled.

"No one would think you'd been goin' to the revival meetin's all winter—a speech like that," she said saucily.

"Oh, I ain't turned my back on the world yet a while," he replied. He finished the pie, and dropped his hands to the table, exclaiming: "Well, that's the real thing! Ain't tasted anything like that sence I was a boy. I'd consider myself jest about fixed if my kitchen stove was turnin' out products like that."

"Suppose I send that housekeeper of yours the receipt?" said Lizzie.

Captain Amos shook his head.

"Twouldn't do no good," he replied, and rose to go. "Buildin' pies like that comes by nature. Does beat all how things git fouled up in this world, don't it? Here you be down here cookin' pies like that, with nobody to eat 'em, an' me right across the street gittin' next to nothing that's like real food. What's to hender you an' me goin' in pardnership? An' that there pink sun-bonnet—blame if it wouldn't look good hangin' behind my kitchen door—an' come to stay!"

He was chuckling to himself as he went down the street.

"Didn't give her no time to answer that," he said slyly.

On the shore road he met Uncle Jimmy Barrows, and stopped to talk. Uncle Jimmy had been cutting cord-wood back in the school-house woods, and was anxious to get figures on the cost of carrying it down to the city; so the two went up to view the long piles and to pass a pleasant forenoon in trying to beat each other down on freight money.

It was noon when they separated, and as Captain Amos was hurrying homeward past the school he saw a group of children standing at the corner of the primary school about Lydia Markham, the assistant teacher. All were looking skyward. As a man of substance, Captain Amos had once been the school trustee, and still had a lingering sense of authority in the place; besides, he had always liked Lydia, and had often wondered why she had not married. So he stopped.

"What ye lookin' at, Lydia—wild geese flyin' over? Heard 'em honkin' an hour or so ago myself," he said.

Lydia and the children laughed, but Lydia quickly brought her face under control.

"It's a goose, all right," she replied. Then she turned and called: "Willie Thomas, you come right down this minute! Come down, I say!"

Captain Amos looked up quickly. On the roof of the belfry a small boy was clinging. One hand grasped the lightning-rod at the top, and in the other he held an open jack-knife, with which he had evidently been carving his name in high places. He was looking down with the undecided grin of a mind balanced between respect for authority and the consciousness of an impregnability that could afford to temporize.

"I'm comin'," he said at last, and made a furtive jab at a shingle with his knife.

"That isn't coming," said Lydia sharply. "I shall send you up to the principal as soon as school begins."

The boy looked down with a show of interest. "Will ye send me if I come down now?" he asked insinuatingly.

"I shall send you, anyway," Lydia answered sternly, "and on two charges if you don't obey at once."

"Two won't hurt more'n one," said the boy. "I'll come now if ye won't send me at all. Won't ye?"

"See here, boy, if ye don't mind your teacher, I'll come after ye," called Captain Amos.

Evidently the boy was not impressed, for he began to carve with great deliberateness. But fate was against him; the blade closed on his hand, and with a gasp he dropped the knife, which bounded from the roof of the school to the ground. A child seized it and hurriedly brought it to Lydia.

"Here 'tis, teacher," he cried excitedly.

Willie, meanwhile, had begun to descend.

"I'm comin'," he called cheerfully.

Lydia saw him reach the ground before she spoke. Then she said coldly:

"I shall keep your knife," and walked off with her head in the air.

"Does seem's if some boys was possessed, don't it?" said Captain Amos, somewhat hypocritically, for he had enjoyed the performance. He was walking at Lydia's side.

"They're *all* possessed," she answered with decision, "and the girls are worse than the boys in a different way. I don't know how I've stood it for fourteen years; but I have somehow. We never know what we can do till we try."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Ye ought to git married, Lydy," said the captain; "a fine young woman like you be."

She laughed.

"I can't get married if no one asks me," she said good-naturedly. "I'd get married quickly enough, if I could do it by myself; but I can't."

"Tain't anyways usual," the captain agreed.

At her gate he stopped her.

"That what ye said about no one askin' ye—what would ye say if I did?" he asked. "There! The cat's out of the bag. Jest think it over." Then he walked on, leaving her staring after him.

He ate his dinner with a peaceful mind, took his usual nap of "forty winks," and then started for the harbor; but as he went down the path to his gate Lucy May Allen called to him from their division fence. It was a new fence for which he had contributed the material and Lucy May's father had built in what Captain Amos considered a shamefully elaborate way. As he walked toward it and Lucy May he thought that she seemed less placid than usual. Her eyes were bright and anxious-looking, and her good-looking face was flushed. Somehow it brought vividly to Captain Amos's mind the image of her, as a little girl, thirty years before, coming over to beg for cookies of his wife through the gap in the board fence that used to separate the two yards. This spick-and-span picket-fence seemed to him unneighborly. Then his eyes caught sight of a contorted ball of white and black at Lucy May's feet and a pair of wide green eyes glaring wildly at him.

"Why, that cat's got a fit!" he exclaimed.

Lucy May laughed hysterically.

"I should think she had," she cried; "a tight fit."

"Ye ain't be'n givin' her any of your mother's cherry-bounce, have ye?" asked Captain Amos, with a grin.

"Well, Cap'n Amos!" she exclaimed indignantly; "I called you to help me. I didn't suppose you'd make fun of the poor thing—caught in the fence like that."

"Good Lord!" said the captain; "so she is!" He seized the two pickets, and tried to spring them apart, but to no purpose. "Have ye tried to pull her back kind o' gently?" he asked.

"I've tried everything," said Lucy May.

Captain Amos shook his head soberly

"I always said that was a poor kind o' fence to put up here," he told her. "It ain't neighborly; ye can't climb over it, an' even a cat can't git through it. I could knock off a picket, if your father hadn't run them fancy pieces of scantlin' over the nails. Have to tear off a whole length jest to get at one picket. Well!"

A sudden panic of fear seized the cat, and she made a fierce struggle to get through, kicking wildly at the dry grass.

"Well, now, that cat's makin' tracks, ain't she?" said the captain, admiringly, as he watched her. "But it don't seem to progress her no great. Same's if she had all sail set in a fresh breeze, an' her anchor down."

"If you can't do anything, I wish you wouldn't make fun of the poor thing, Cap'n Amos," protested Lucy May.

"Why, Lucy May, I ain't makin' fun of her," replied the grieved captain. "I was only thinkin' how she'd be kitin' along if she wasn't, so to speak, anchored-like. She's like a good many folks: she ain't no free moral agent. Maybe if ye held a cup of milk under her nose an' then passed it kind o' slow over her back, she'd back herself out. A cat'll do almost anything if she's hungry."

"She ain't hungry," snapped Lucy May.

"I've got it," exclaimed Captain Amos. "I'll git a drawin' knife an' shave away them pickets; then we'll lift her up an' pass her through."

It was soon done, and, with the cat in her arms, Lucy May stooped to pick up the shavings.

"If father sees them," she explained, "he'll ask about them, and be cross. He don't like cats."

"You come over here an' live, an' you can have all the cats ye want," suggested Captain Amos, suddenly awaking to his new opportunity. "We'd cut a gate through, an' then ye'd be—right to home on ary side the fence."

"It might be home for the cats, but not for me," said Lucy May, laughingly.

"Twould, if ye married me, wouldn't it?" demanded the captain. "You might think it over."

He was on the path, going down to the gate, before the astonished Lucy May had found voice. Then she called to him, but he did not stop.

"Think it over," he repeated. "Ye don't want to make no hasty judgments"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

II

A WARM southwest wind blew steadily Saturday and Sunday, and on Monday morning, when Captain Amos looked out of his window at sunrise he saw the *Mary Ellen* head to the wind for the first time in four months. The ice had gone out of the harbor. All the morning he pottered about the deck of his schooner, overhauling the rigging and making ready for the season. As he left the house after dinner, his housekeeper called him back to give him three letters. Putting them in his pocket unread, he returned to work.

He sculled leisurely off to the *Mary Ellen* through the warm sunshine, and it was not until he had begun to overhaul his mainsheet, preparatory to reeving it through the blocks, that he thought of his letters, and went down into the cabin to read them away from the glare of the sun.

The first one he read with mixed emotions that oscillated between dismay and the natural complacency of a man at finding himself acceptable to an attractive woman; but the second brought only dismay, and when the third was finished, he dropped his hands to his knees and stared before him with a mind benumbed to everything but the bare fact that two of three women had confidingly accepted his jocular proposals of marriage.

He rose to his feet at last, and, walking to the companionway, gazed up at the tranquil sky. There was no comfort in it; he thought it wore a strange and portentous look.

"Good Lord!" he murmured; "good Lord! What am I goin' to do now?"

He read the letters over again, with the forlorn hope of finding some sign that they had been written in the same spirit with which he had spoken. There was none; they breathed only of perfect trustfulness.

"You and I," wrote the widow, "have outlived our foolishness, I hope; but if we can make life more comfortable for each other, as I guess we can, I don't think either of us will have any cause to be dissatisfied. Of course I never expected to marry again, but I don't know as that is any good reason why I should say I won't. I am a reasonable person, I hope."

If the captain had been in a condition of mind to be touched by a spirit of almost humble gratitude, the school-teacher's acceptance would have been even harder to bear than it was, which was hard enough.

"If I should ever learn that you had married me only out of pity," she wrote, "I think I should die of shame. You know, do you not, captain, that what I said the other day was merely a jest? You *must* know it. I must believe that, and believe, too, that it is not pity that makes you honor me. I could not bear to think otherwise."

Only Lucy May gently put his proposal aside, but with a grief at the thought of hurting him that almost moved the captain to mourn the loss of that tender spirit.

"It breaks my heart," she wrote, "to hurt your feelings, for I know how good you are and how kind you have been to me all my life. But my father and mother are growing old, and my duty is to them. I am sure you will see that, and not blame me too much."

The captain put the letters down and rose unsteadily to his feet.

"Good Lord!" he murmured again; "what am I goin' to say to them two women? I can't tell 'em 'twas a joke—they'd be terrible ashamed—an' I can't marry 'em both. Why, I don't want to marry nobody."

Mechanically he fell to work, but when, with a shock, he awoke to the fact that, in his preoccupation, he had taken the tarpaulin cover from the wheel, slipped the becket from the spoke, and was gravely steering his sailless and anchored schooner in a windless harbor, he felt the deepest mortification of his life.

"I guess I'm losin' what little mind I ever had," he muttered, and glanced hastily about, to see if his crazy act had been observed.

Two rods astern Jehiel Dace was rowing leisurely home from the clam flats. His eyes were on Captain Amos, his face wore a broad grin.

"Ain't ye keepin' her a mite too clost to the wind, Cap'n Amos?" he called. "Seems to me, too, you could resk a leetle more sail on her."

"The tiller-ropes don't seem to work jest right," Captain Amos answered readily. "The starboard ropes are too long or the port too short. I'm kind o' adjustin' 'em by the compass."

"Oh!" said Dace.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"That's one scrape I got out of, anyway," chuckled the captain. "If I hadn't had a good answer right on my tongue, he'd 'a' had it all over town by night that I'd gone loony. I guess he'd be'n more'n half-right, too, blame it! Well, I'll knock off for to-day."

As he swung himself over the rail to drop into the yawl, a "stitch" caught him in the side. It caught him again when he stooped to pick up his sculling oar, so he stood still, fearing to take a long breath. The early afternoon sun lay bright and warm on the harbor, which showed not a ripple. The clicking of the caulkers' irons on the deck of a vessel in the shipyard rang clearly in the hushed air; the rumble of a wagon crossing the mill bridge filled the valley with echoes. Captain Amos turned at the sound of splashing oars, and saw two boys crossing the harbor. A brilliant idea crossed his mind, and he called to them. As they rowed up, he held out his painter, saying:

"Boys, jest tow me ashore will ye? I've had a bad turn."

As the little procession of boats approached the landing, the drooping figure in the rear boat drew the attention of near-by workmen, and they hurried down to the landing.

"I've had a bad turn," was all that Captain Amos would say. Then he crawled out, and stood irresolutely staring about him. One of the men asked if he should go for the doctor.

Captain Amos shook his head.

"No," he answered; "I'll jog along home; but if I don't feel no better when I git to my street, I'll drop in on him. I guess it ain't much."

Apparently he felt no better, for he kept on to the doctor's. The old man was just about to drive away, but he went in with Captain Amos, scoffing good-naturedly at the idea of illness.

"Sick!" he exclaimed. "You Cosgroves don't know what it is to be sick. I'd have starved fifty years ago if I'd had to depend on folks like you. You're like your Uncle Billy, the image of him. You'll go like him, too—fall to pieces from old age, with nothing that any man can put his finger on and call disease. You don't look sick. What do you think's the matter?"

Captain Amos told him, and the doctor laughed.

"Haven't you ever had a stitch in your side?" he asked. He would not even examine the captain's heart, and Captain Amos grew a little angry.

"Now see here, doc," he protested, "I guess I know how I feel. My heart ain't right, I tell ye. But jest because you've got some blame the'ry about me, you're goin' to slight my fatal diseases. I've got to die sometime, ain't I? Well, what's to hender it's bein' now? I tell ye, my heart ain't right." He jumped up and down half a dozen times, then clapped his hand to his breast. "Now listen to that," he added. "Do ye call that natural? I don't."

The doctor chuckled as he prepared to lay his ear at the captain's heart.

"You make me think of a man shaking a clock to start it," he said. A moment later he straightened up and looked at Captain Amos quizzically. "About the soundest heart in the port, I should say," he told him.

"Well, ain't I liable to drop off at any time?" demanded the captain.

"Yes," he said, "if you're struck by lightning." Then he chuckled and added: "It might be softening of the brain, to judge from your state of mind."

Captain Amos caught at the idea hopefully.

"Say, doc," he said eagerly, "do ye know what I did aboard this afternoon? Caught myself steerin' that old boat of mine anchored an' all the sails off of her. Don't know how long I'd been at it."

The doctor roared with laughter.

"Captain," he said when he could speak again, "I see it all now: you're in love. Who is she?"

Captain Amos flushed a little.

"Blame if I don't tell ye what I'm drivin' at, jest to show ye how little ye know," he declared. Then he told the doctor of his dilemma. "An' now all I want you to do," he continued, "is to shake your head an' look solemn if anybody asks ye how I be. That ain't much to do for an old friend. You needn't lie none; I'm pretty good at that myself in a pinch. I'll attend to that. I don't believe in it as a general thing, but I've got to scare them women off somehow."

III

Captain Amos remained steadily indoors just four days; then he rebelled.

"I guess I can manage this disease outdoors about as well as cooped up here," he muttered; "I ain't no settin' hen."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He seized the two pickets, and tried to spring them apart.—Page 102.

It was the middle of the afternoon, and with a stout stick for a support he walked feebly down to his gate and out into the street. Lizzie Manny came to her door as he was passing and called to him, and he crossed the road. She met him at the gate.

"Won't you come in, Cap'n Amos?" she asked tenderly; but he shook his head.

"I guess not now, Mis' Manny," he replied. "I'm gittin' a leetle fresh air, if I can."

"Don't you feel any better?" she asked. "You look real well—better'n I expected. I was dreadfully anxious about you."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I can't say I do," he replied. "I guess I've got my summons; it looks like it."

She choked a little, and, putting her hand to her mouth, said:

"Oh, no; you mustn't say that. All your folks are long-lived. What do you suppose brought it on?"

He shook his head.

"I can't put my finger on ary one thing that's the certain cause," he replied; "but I guess it's owin' to gittin' excited an' worked up as much as anything. I guess the seeds of the disease was in my system, an' that brought it out. It's a lesson to me—if I live."

"It's a lesson to them as have the right to take care of you now," she said spiritedly. "What you need is good food and care. That housekeeper can't give it. So the sooner——" She glanced away in confusion.

Captain Amos's heart sank.

"It's mighty kind of ye to say so," he replied hurriedly—"mighty kind an' gen'rous; but I've got to look this right square in the face. You're too young a woman to be tied down by a invalid. Why, I might live on for years, good for nothing."

"Then my place is at your side," she said loyally.

"Well, think it over," he said finally, as he prepared to move on; "you don't want to do anything rash."

"Lizzie's a good woman an' kind-hearted," he said to himself as he walked slowly away. "It might be a good thing for me, if there wasn't Lydia, too. I'd better see her; mebbe she'll be more reasonable. I'll go right up. Might as well know where I stand."

It was after four, and Captain Amos saw her at her desk as he passed the schoolhouse windows. She looked up and smiled brightly and hurried out to meet him, closing the door behind her.

"I'd ask you in, but I'm keeping some children after school," she explained. Then she added shyly: "It was good of you to come to see me at once. I'm sure you're better."

"I ain't likely to be that in this world," he replied solemnly, shaking his head. Then he came straight to the point: "This sickness has changed things considerable; I ain't goin' to have ye tied down to no old man liable to die at any minute, or jest as liable to live on for years with one foot in the grave. I ain't goin' to be no millstone on nobody's neck. Not that I'm old really; but sickness like this——" He sighed.

She flushed a little, then gravely answered:

"I've given my word, captain; and it's my place to help you now that you need me. It is what you wished to do for me."

A small boy opened the door and peered out.

"I got my zamples done, Miss Markham; kin I go now? My mother'll want me."

"You can go when I'm ready," she said, and closed the door. Then she turned to Captain Amos. "That is what you tried to save me from—little plagues like that," she told him. "You wouldn't have me less ungenerous, knowing that, would you?"

"My lands, Lydia!" he exclaimed, "can't ye see it's different? It's——"

She stopped him gently.

"I can't," she said, "and I don't mean to try. I must go in now. It's all right."

As he went slowly homeward he tried to see a way out of his troubles, but he could not.

"They're both nice women—mighty nice—an' I suppose I could manage to marry again, though I don't want to. But two on 'em!" Then, naturally enough, his uncertainty led to anger, and anger to suspicion. "Blame 'em!" he exclaimed; "they're after my money; they know I'm well fixed."

He went up his home path fuming; and because his thoughts were turned inward and he was reckless, he stumbled a good deal on the steep path. He really looked ill. From her dooryard Lucy May saw him and was conscience-smitten. So she called to him as he drew near.

"It's good to see one sensible woman," thought the captain; then he wondered if it might not be well to tell her the truth, and ask for her help.

"Cap'n Amos," she said, "I've been thinkin' it over, and I don't think I've done just right. If you really care, I'll marry you, after all. You've always——"

Captain Amos for once in his life was angry.

"Now, see here, Lucy May," he exclaimed, "I guess I've got about all I can stand, with this here sickness and—business troubles of one sort or 'nother. You told

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"You make me think of a man shaking a clock to start it."—Page 104.

me why ye couldn't marry me, and now, when I'm beginnin' to git reconciled, ye tell me why ye can. What's to hender ye changin' your mind again? Where'd I be then? I can't see no sense in it." He turned and walked rapidly toward his house.

"But, Cap'n Amos," she called, "I truly mean it. I——"

But he did not speak or stop, and behind him she heard the door slam viciously.

Captain Amos went to a rear window and looked down upon the harbor. He could see three or four men moving about on the deck of the *Mary Ellen;* her jib, hoisted half-way up the stay, flapped in the light breeze. A desperate resolve came to him, and twenty minutes later, Tom Allen, his mate, saw him coming over the rail. He went aft to meet the captain.

"Feelin' better, cap'n?" he asked politely.

"How soon can ye git away?" demanded Captain Amos.

"Why, any time, 'most," Tom replied.

"Well, go right ashore to Palmer's an' git our stores aboard; I've ordered 'em," said Captain Amos. "I saw Sim Carr, an' he'll go out as cook; he's gone for his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dunnage now. I guess I can git these two boys you've got here to help run her down, an' we'll start to-night. I'm goin' down to the city to see a real doctor. Old Bellows ain't no good."

They left the harbor at midnight, and all the remainder of the night and the following day they drifted slowly up the sound on the flood tides, and anchored on the ebb. There was no wind, but Captain Amos never complained. Once on his deck again his illness dropped away from him and he was even gay. At nine on the second night he came up to the deck and looked about him. Tom was at the wheel.

"Got a freight, cap'n?" he asked.

"No," answered the captain.

"I thought mebbe you were goin' after that load of brick Boss Hammond was in such a hurry for. Uncle Jimmy said you'd agreed to take his cord-wood, so I supposed it was the brick you was after first."

"Well, I ain't," said the captain.

"I supposed you was," replied Tom.

The captain had not left the rail, but stood looking off into the night. A light air was stirring, and now and then the booms lifted on the sheets with a jangling of the sheet-blocks. Suddenly Captain Amos turned.

"No," he said, "I ain't cal'latin' on takin' no cargo back home. I don't know when I will. I'm tired of the hole."

"Oh," said Tom, and choked, as if stifling a laugh. A moment later he choked again.

"I'd do something for that cough, if 'twas mine," said Captain Amos.

Tom gave a turn to the wheel, glanced at his compass, then looked aloft.

"That Lydia Markham's a mighty smart girl," he said irrelevantly; "she's got some fun in her."

"Never noticed it partic'lar," replied Captain Amos, stiffly.

"That's queer," Tom replied. He was silent a moment, and then went on musingly: "'Tain't none o' my business, of course, but, lookin' at it full an' by, I should say that if I was goin' to propose to three women at once, I wouldn't select 'em all out of the same church choir the day before they rehearsed, especially if Lydia Markham was one of them. I don't know, either, as I'd place much reliance in Doc Bellows keepin' a secret."

Somewhere off in the distance the thud of paddle-wheels came to them softly through the darkness, and they heard the spat of small waves running along the side of the vessel. They were sounds the two men were used to, but now they seemed to fill the silence strangely. All at once the captain spoke.

"Ain't that Execution Light right ahead?" he demanded. "I thought you knew the course."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE POWERS AND THE SETTLEMENT

By Thomas F. Millard

THE apparent disposition of the American press and people to regard the making of peace between Russia and Japan as having considerably advanced the Far Eastern question toward a satisfactory settlement must have impressed even the casual observer. This is the tone of a great majority of the serious journals, while that numerous class of publications whose practice is promptly to drop all subjects the moment they cease to be the sensation of the hour has usually, in committing the war and its issues to the dust-heap, adopted a tone of finality in speaking of its results.

One needs, then, a strong conviction and a fairly well fortified opinion to advance the suggestion that, far from settling the Far Eastern question, the peace leaves it in almost as unsettled a state as before hostilities began. This should not be construed as meaning that nothing has been accomplished by the war. Much has been accomplished. A new and potent element has been injected into the situation; an element by many long deemed visionary in prospect, and much scoffed at—a waking and capable Orient. All the old elements, with all the old cross-purposes and hostilities, still remain, and are now confronted with the problem of assimilating or being assimilated by this new force. The settlement is still a matter for the future.

It is clear that the practical details of the settlement that is to come must be worked out mainly in the future of the Chinese Empire and, incidentally, of Korea; and there are indications that the existing situation in these countries is not fully understood in America. Korea has not consented to be transferred to Japan; on the contrary, she objects as strenuously as she dares. Besides Russia, none of the great powers that are interested, politically and commercially, in the future of Korea have recognized Japan's preponderating influence *except England.* In the new agreement between the English and Japanese governments there is a clause in which England recognizes that Japan has paramount interests in Korea, and engages to not interfere with any measures Japan may undertake there so long as they do not run contrary to the principle of equal commercial opportunity for all nations. Theoretically, the status of Korea remains unchanged. Instead of Russia being in Manchuria, both Russia and Japan are there. Both have agreed to evacuate, it is true, but then Russia has always agreed to evacuate. Taking the situation as it is to-day, there is not the slightest alteration of the political status of Manchuria as a result of the war, and the general interests there remain the same as they were before. Manchuria is to be given back to China "as soon as is practicable"; but the same has been said ever since Russia took advantage of the "boxer" trouble to occupy the country. If diplomatic assurances could have settled these important issues, they would have been settled before the war began, for the terms of the treaty might have been copied, in so far as they apply to Russia, from past official announcements of her intention.

Is it not clear that, while great changes have taken place, nothing vital to the question has really been settled? The actual results of the war have been a decided shifting of the balance of power in the Far East and the establishment of Japanese military authority in Korea and the substitution of it for Russian authority in the southern part of Manchuria. The various policies of the various powers, generally suspended or only surreptitiously urged during the progress of the war, are now seeking to adjust themselves to the altered situation, with the object, as always, of devising ways and means to gain their several ends. Thus the future is full of uncertainty, for desires differ, and in the counter-pressure of complex and opposing forces there is almost infinite opportunity for international friction.

The Far Eastern question, in its present political shape, dates from the war between

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

China and Japan. That war demonstrated two things: China was helpless, Japan ambitious. At that time England's position in that part of the world was decidedly superior to that of any other Western power, and there existed little if any doubt in the minds of British statesmen of the ability of British interests to maintain their position against any competition lacking the assistance of special political pressure.

It is probable that British statesmen regarded Japan's decisive victory over China with mixed emotions. They certainly must have been surprised, in common with the rest of the world; but they do not seem to have been at all sure as to the immediate or probable effects. England refused to join with Russia, Germany, and France in shooing Japan off the continent. Scrutinizing her attitude at this time, its astuteness is obvious. By refusing to take sides she was in a position to retain the friendship of both China and Japan; and, besides, her refusal did not affect matters one way or the other. But significant events followed fast. It soon became clear that, in invoking a concert to suppress Japan in the interest of Western civilization, Russia had in mind to herself reap the material benefits of the transaction. Before Russia secured Port Arthur England cared little for a coaling station in north China. But now she at once felt the necessity of having one, and nabbed Wei-hai-wei. Then came Germany's rapacious seizure of Kiao-chou Bay. England was not exactly alarmed, but she realized that these moves meant new forces in the Far East, which might limit her progress or even threaten her existing advantage. So British statesmen set to work to devise a policy that might be used to safeguard her interests. Presently this policy made its bow to the world in the shape of the "open door" doctrine.

Later came England's war in South Africa, and it seemed for a time that her Far Eastern policy would expire of inanition and uncertainty. She was not in a position to adopt an aggressive attitude, and it was clear that the forces working for dismemberment were getting the upper hand. England still leaned toward the "open door," but if it came to a general split-up she was exceedingly well provided for, with the best part of China as her recognized "sphere of influence" and with a strong power like Germany as a buffer between her Far Eastern frontier and Russia. In this dilemma she tried to carry water on both shoulders and contend for the "open door" while at the same time looking out for her interests if, perchance, the "sphere of influence" doctrine should gain ascendency. The "boxer" trouble, which came at this time, created a diversion. There was a great rush among the powers to send troops to China. Except the United States and Italy, they all sent many more soldiers than were needed to suppress the disorder, and many of them are still there. The events of the "boxer" war need not be reviewed. It had one significant demonstration. This was the readiness and military efficiency of Japan. England was quick to observe and act. Events were moving rapidly—events which she alone was powerless to check. So came about the first alliance between Great Britain and Japan. The "sphere of influence" doctrine temporarily dropped out of sight, and the "open door" was again hoisted to the peak. Then came the war, to which England contributed her credit, and its result; and now comes the new alliance with Japan.

If the war failed, in the making of peace between Russia and Japan, to result in any decisive advance toward a solution of the Far Eastern question, it at least produced in this new alliance something which will have a tremendous effect upon the settlement. The general intention and scope of the instrument is declared in the preamble, which follows:

"A—The consolidation and maintenance of general peace in the regions of eastern Asia and India.

"B—The preservation of the common interests of all the powers in China by insuring the independence and integrity of the Chinese Empire and the principle of equal opportunity for the commerce and industry of all nations in China.

"C—The maintenance of the territorial rights of the high contracting parties in the regions of eastern Asia and of India and the defence of their special interests in the said regions."

Let us strip this preamble down a little to get at what it really means. The first clause is merely the usual thing, and quite meaningless. The second clause is an intelligible declaration for the open door, but

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

its meaning would have been clearer had the characteristic bit of diplomatic humbug been omitted. Instead of its object being "the preservation of the common interests of all the powers in China," it is, of course, the preservation in China and the far and middle East of the interests of Great Britain and Japan. The phrasing almost amounts to an impertinence, since none of the other powers have asked England and Japan to take care of their interests in that part of the world, and none of them would be at all disposed to admit greater competence on the part of these two powers to look after other national interests than is possessed by the other nations themselves. The third clause appears to be intentionally ambiguous. Its declared object is the maintenance of the "territorial rights" of Great Britain and Japan "in the regions of eastern Asia and of India and the defence of their *special* interests in said regions." The ambiguity lies in the doubt as to where the territorial interests which are to be defended lie. If Japan had any territorial rights in eastern Asia or India at the time this alliance was signed it is not generally known.

However, the third clause is the kernel of the nut, and probably holds all of sincerity and real purpose that the whole preamble contains. There is no humbug in this clause. It declares its object flatly to be purely selfish, and has, therefore, a ring of genuineness. It will endeavor to maintain the territorial rights of not all the nations interested, but of Great Britain and Japan. It will defend in the regions affected not the "common interests of all the powers," but the "special interests" of the contracting parties. Here is something the mind can lay hold of; and it only remains to determine what are the territorial rights and special interests of England and Japan in those regions to get fairly at the real intent of the treaty, and how it may affect the interests of other nations.

Fortunately, the terms of the treaty afford a reasonably clear view of its scope. While, in the wording of all the articles, there is an evident attempt to give an impression that the alliance is conceived in a defensive spirit, this impression vanishes upon close scrutiny. On the whole, it stands revealed as an offensive and defensive alliance, in the broadest meaning of these terms. This intent has been cloaked as far as phraseology could accomplish it. Article II provides that should either power be involved in war "in defence of its territorial rights or special interests" the other shall at once come to the assistance of its ally and wage war in common with it. It will be noticed that the word "defence" is used, but "special interests" may be made to stretch a long way.

Undoubtedly the most significant thing about the new alliance is the recognition on the part of England of Japan's paramountcy in Korea. This is a distinct advance over the former treaty, and is the price England pays for Japan's promised assistance in protecting British possessions in India. This is an interesting proposition and directly affects the interests in Korea of other nations. While Japan has completely usurped political authority in Korea, and fully intends to retain it, the kingdom is still presumptively independent. Other nations, particularly America, have large commercial and industrial interests there. It may be that some or all of these nations will prefer that Korea remain independent, fearing that under Japanese control their interests will suffer. Yet the kingdom has been coolly disposed of without a pretence of consulting their wishes. England has formally recognized the right of Japan to do practically as she pleases in Korea, and under the terms of the alliance will be bound to come to Japan's assistance should any other nation dispute Japan's ascendency. There is no denying that, in so far as it affects Korea, the alliance hands it over to Japan and binds England to assist Japan in holding it. This looks very much like forcibly depriving other nations of their rights there, and that their interests may be small or problematical does not affect the principle involved. And it should be remembered that this new treaty was signed August 12, 1905, or before the war between Russia and Japan was ended. The fact that this clause binds Japan to undertake no measures in Korea contrary to the "open door" principle is designed to deprive it of its sting, but it will be poor consolation to the other powers, with Japan's authority absolute, should they find their interests suffering.

Let us examine England's situation in respect to Korea. At one period of the country's history British trade was paramount

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in Korea, but within the last decade this condition has changed, until now she is rapidly losing ground. The greater part of British goods sold in Korea to-day first go to Japan, and are carried into Korea through the channels of Japanese commerce. So England, finding herself in a position to profit by Japanese friendship, and realizing that in direct competition with America and Germany she is steadily falling behind, has a good business reason for looking favorably upon a Japanese occupation of the hermit kingdom, and one which does not apply, in the same degree, to other nations. But even if turning Korea over to Japan should adversely affect British commerce there, England would still have an excellent reason for making the concession, and this lies in the added security given to her Indian frontier and other interests by the alliance. Something had to be done to make the alliance reciprocal, and British statesmen probably thought they could well afford to take chances in Korea under Japanese control to secure a positive gain elsewhere. That in making this deal the interests of other nations, in so far as they could be affected, might suffer by the change, could not have been expected to deter them. How the other powers will feel about this remains to be seen.

The prominence given in the preamble of the new alliance to a declaration in favor of the "open door" in China has led many commentators to regard this doctrine as the fundamental principle upon which the alliance rests. This view is not without plausibility, but it is weakened by the tantamount reservation to themselves by the contracting parties of the safeguarding of the "common interests of all the powers," which implies the right to determine what those common interests are. It is profitless to twist phrases in an attempt to show that this is not the intention of this clause. Since any infringement of the interests of either England or Japan will call both nations to arms, the clause can work out in no other practical way; for I suppose no one thinks that England and Japan will permit other powers to decide when their, or to adopt the wording of the second clause, the "common interests" are threatened or violated. Under any such construction the alliance would have no utility to the contracting powers. The essence of the second clause of the preamble is that any other nation which may dissent from what England and Japan regard as best for the "common interests" in China will either have to submit to their decision or fight both of them combined. And however "defensive" it may be in theory, such an alliance can easily become decidedly "offensive" when it comes to working out the details as tested by the course of events.

It seems clear, then, that the intent of the alliance is that England and Japan shall have the power, if not the right, to construe the "open door" doctrine in the light of their own needs and advantage. To say this is not necessarily to attack the good faith or intentions of these two powers. They certainly have the right to make a treaty for such a purpose if they see fit, just as some of the other powers might make an alliance to counteract its influence. One of the questions which may be seen looming up is whether it will provoke such an opposing alliance. This depends, naturally, upon what construction the two powers eventually place on the term "common interests"; and the antecedents for that construction lie in a determination of their own *special interests*.

I have already indicated the reasons underlying England's action in originally promulgating the "open door" doctrine. But her position in China has materially altered since then. She still occupies the first position commercially and industrially, but her Western competitors are gaining upon her so rapidly that already she sees her supremacy threatened. The former confidence that, with equal opportunity, British interests can more than hold their own has vanished. How this may affect England's attitude toward the "open door" is evident. It is conceivable that in time the "open door" may be positively disadvantageous to British interests in China. In fact, this presumption is not without probability. There are at present practical difficulties in the way of a complete abandonment of the "open door" by England other than the obligation entailed by diplomatic assurances; but anyone who has studied the course of her advancement in the Orient can scarcely doubt that should it become a thorn in her side a means to evade it will be found. British policy is for British interests first, last, and all the time,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which is true of most national policies nowadays. To have dropped the "open door" doctrine out of the new alliance with Japan, especially while at the same time giving her ally a free hand in Korea at the possible expense of other Western nations, would have been a diplomatic *faux pas* of the first magnitude, and might have been disastrous to the successful launching of the treaty, by provoking action designed to thwart it. And I have no doubt that the "open door" will be insistently talked about should a disposition to criticize the alliance grow in America. What I wish to point out is that it is by no means certain, or even probable, that the *special interests* of England in China will for long be best served by strict adherence to this policy. And even if England should desire to adhere to a modified "open door" doctrine, as a means of preventing the formation of a formidable opposition to the alliance, it is clear that her wishes must conform in a measure to those of her ally. So, in reason, the *special interests* mentioned in the third clause of the preamble to the treaty must be a mean between the interests of England and Japan. This brings us to a consideration of the *special interests* in China and Korea of Japan.

In behalf of Japan the alliance engages to defend her territorial rights and special interests in eastern Asia. Taking first the matter of territorial rights, let us see what these rights are. The fact that such rights are mentioned specifically in the treaty establishes their existence at least in the minds of the contracting parties, who mutually bind themselves to fight, if necessary, to preserve them. This treaty was signed, it appears, on August 12, 1905; so it cannot possibly be presumed to refer to anything which may have occurred since that date. What, then, were the territorial rights of Japan in eastern Asia on August 12th last? Port Arthur and the Kwangtung peninsula could not well have been meant, although then occupied by Japanese troops. But the war was still going on, and such an act on the part of England would have been directly hostile to Russia, since it bound her to help Japan defend the ground already won. Even to-day, while Russia has agreed by the peace terms to transfer to Japan her limited leasehold of this peninsula, China has not yet agreed to the transfer, and while there is small probability of her wishes being considered, it is reasonably certain that she will resist it as well as she is able. Yet in attempting to get at the meaning, in so far as it refers to Japan, of this clause we are driven to assume that it must allude to territories on the continent then occupied by Japanese troops; for on the day the alliance was signed Japan did not possess on the continent of Asia, either by sovereignty or leasehold, a foot of territory. Then, to thus give it its obvious meaning, since otherwise it has no intelligible meaning at all, the territorial rights in Asia of Japan referred to in the treaty must have been *Korea* and that part of *Manchuria* then held by the Japanese armies.

Turning to the *special interests* in eastern Asia of Japan, it seems better to first discuss those within regions where she is disposed to claim territorial rights, since it is clear that such rights, if recognized, will place her on a better footing than other nations. It is true that she is engaged by oft-iterated declarations, the latest being embodied in the peace treaty with Russia, to evacuate Manchuria and restore the administration of that region to China. But the same assurances were given about the independence and integrity of Korea, and have now been almost openly thrown aside. I do not suppose there is a single person who has kept touch with recent events in the hermit kingdom who expects Japan to ever voluntarily relinquish her present absolute control of Korea, and if one such exists he should come to the fore, to add to the gayety of nations. And, in the abstract, I consider Japan's diplomatic utterances concerning her intended course in Manchuria to be worth just as much as her declarations regarding Korea have already proved to be, although circumstances may compel a different course in the two territories. However, it is well to keep in mind just what Russia and Japan mutually engage to do in Manchuria. Article III of the peace treaty follows:

"First—To evacuate completely and simultaneously Manchuria, except the territory affected by the lease of the Liao-tung peninsula, in accordance with the provisions of additional article one annexed to this treaty, and

"Second—To restore entirely and completely to the exclusive administration of China all the portions of Manchuria now in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

occupation or under the control of Russian or Japanese troops, with the exception of the territory above mentioned."

Russia further declares that she will not in the future claim in Manchuria any territorial advantages or preferential or exclusive concessions, but Japan makes no such declaration, which is significant in view of the fact that it was considered wise to put Russia on record. Why, in a mutual agreement as to the future of Manchuria, did Russia alone renounce exclusive rights and privileges? The supplementary article referred to deals with the details of the military evacuation and future policing of the property interests of each. Eighteen months is fixed as the maximum time within which Japan and Russia must withdraw their military forces, except railway guards to the number of fifteen per kilometer of line. It is stipulated that the removal of troops should begin as soon as the treaty was ratified.

Plain as these clauses seem to be in assuring, should they be carried out in good faith, the restoration of Manchuria to China, some loopholes for equivocation may be noticed by one familiar with conditions in the country. In describing the territory covered by the Russian leasehold the term "Liao-tung peninsula" is used, instead of "Kwang-tung peninsula," which correctly describes the locality affected. I pointed out the significance of this substitution in a previous article. But the chief reason for uneasiness rests in the limit placed upon the final consummation of the military evacuation, and the declaration of an intention on the part of both powers to indefinitely keep troops in the territory under the name of railway guards. On the part of Russia, she merely once more obligates herself, for about the fourth time I believe, to take her troops out of Manchuria except those necessary for policing the railway. The only difference between this and former promises of a like nature is in the limitation of the number of "guards." At fifteen men to a kilometer, the two powers reserve to themselves the right to keep in Manchuria from 30,000 to 35,000 soldiers indefinitely, or permanently as may be.

It is interesting and suggestive to recall here that at the time the peace conference was held China expressed a desire to be represented in so far as the negotiations affected her territory, and that she was promptly sat upon by Japan, the victorious belligerent. And since the peace treaty has been published China has ventured a feeble protest against certain of its terms regarding Manchuria. She has pointed out that eighteen months is a longer time than is needed to get the two armies away from Manchuria, that there is nothing in the state of the country to warrant so large a railway guard, and that while the contracting powers obligate themselves to restore the administration of Manchuria to China, no date for this promised restoration is fixed. In all these contentions she is clearly right, but no one expects that she will be attended to. Russia and Japan have, in so far as they have noticed China's protests at all, let it be known that it is for them to decide these matters, and the tone of these statements convey the impression that China is, or will be, lucky in getting Manchuria back under any terms. I cannot resist the desire to call attention to the wording of the second clause above quoted, in which Japan and Russia agree to *restore* to the administration of China the whole of Manchuria. Since we all know, through repeated diplomatic asservations of both powers, that Chinese administrative autonomy in Manchuria has never been interfered with, this clause somewhat illuminates the unreliability of diplomatic assurances.

Having been in Manchuria at different times during the Russian occupation before the war, during the Russian occupation after hostilities began, and then during Japanese occupation of the region from which they had dislodged the Russians and which they now control, I have considerable knowledge of the state of affairs there under the varying circumstances. That the Russian occupation to a considerable extent usurped Chinese authority in the administration of the country, to the detriment of other interests there, will, in the present state of feeling in the United States, be accepted without proof. My observation convinces me that during the comparatively short time the Japanese have occupied the southern half of the country they have gone farther in destroying Chinese autonomy than ever the Russians did. I am amply supplied with the details to support this statement, but the character of this article forbids their introduction here.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nor are they, I may say, of a purely military character. What concerns us at the present moment is how the situation resulting from the peace terms is going to work out.

Its most striking immediate effect is the establishment in the centre of Manchuria of a military frontier between Russia and Japan. This is now generally regarded as a temporary condition, soon to be done away with by the removal of the two great armies now assembled. These armies will probably be moved, it is true. Financial considerations, if other reasons were lacking, will probably compel the return of the vast Japanese army to Japan as soon as circumstances will permit. But the ultimate withdrawal to the limit fixed is dependable upon certain possibilities. Russia has agreed to evacuate Manchuria, and there is every probability that she will at last do so, since to fail would be to invite a resumption of hostilities. But the terms do not obligate her to take her army back to Russia. In fact, as I write this to do so would seem to entail a danger, owing to the state of Russia and the existence of revolutionary sentiments among the troops, and there are difficulties about transportation to be overcome. So it is highly probable that the Russian army will for the time be withdrawn only to Russian soil, at places adjacent to the borders of Manchuria and Mongolia. It is reasonably certain that Japan will not consider it prudent to reduce her forces to a total below those of Russia; so the rate of withdrawal of troops from that part of the world will be the rate established by Russia. Without entering further into details, it is probable that the military evacuation of Manchuria will take several years. Assuming, however, that this period is successfully got over without serious friction, under the peace terms the two powers are entitled to keep inside the borders of Manchuria railway guards aggregating some thirty thousand men, which, under the agreed division of the railroads, will be about equally divided between them. In other words, Japan and Russia are each to be permitted to keep about fifteen thousand troops in Manchuria, even after the transitory period is passed, and the administration of the country has been *restored* to China. Nothing is said in the treaty as to how these troops are to be distributed, or how they are to be employed. Naturally, they will be kept where they are more apt to be needed, and that means near the borders of the line of delineation between Russia and Japan. Where this line is to be is already tentatively established by that part of the peace treaty by which Russia cedes her railways south of a certain point to Japan. Apparently the point of contact on the railway is to be at or near Chang-tu, where it crosses the old palisade, or barrier. This is about where the front was at the time hostilities terminated, and it is reasonable to expect that the new frontier will extend east and west along the line of the then existing military front, although this may later be more accurately determined by explicit agreement between Russia and Japan. Vast fortifications already extend along this frontier, which could be easily made permanent. Here, in the immediate future, at any rate, Japan and Russia will continue to watch each other just as distrustfully and carefully as nations in Europe do under similar circumstances.

In the light of the uses to which so-called railway guards have been put of late years in various parts of the Orient, particularly in Manchuria, it requires an incorruptible optimism to see in these conditions any great promise for the genuine restoration of Chinese administration in Manchuria. No doubt, for some years to come, all the old and well-worn subterfuges will be kept up. China is not deceived. This is getting to be an old story with her, and her protest that she is willing to maintain order in Manchuria and protect the railroad contains a note of pathos. The fact is that, notwithstanding pretences to the contrary, she now has both the power and disposition to govern her formerly turbulent provinces, but the chances of her being permitted to do so are slight if they depend solely upon the assurances of Japan and Russia; which in my opinion are worth collectively just what they are worth separately, and we have only to go to the very recent course of events in Korea and Manchuria to compare promises to fulfilment in the case of both nations. Before the war Russia's "railway guards" in Manchuria were the *bête noire* of other chancelleries, and many were the epithets levelled at them; but now they seem suddenly to have acquired international respectability. Russia's reason for having such "guards" in Manchuria is the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

same as it always was, no doubt. What, now, are Japan's reasons for copying Russian methods, to which she formerly objected? This is worth probing a little, for it also illuminates the purpose behind Japan's determination to seize and retain Port Arthur. Had Japan no other interest in the future of Korea and China than a commercial and industrial opportunity there equal to those enjoyed by other nations, why should she want a military and naval base in north China? The answer is that she needs one to protect her "territorial rights" and "special interests." She is undoubtedly preparing for the time when she may have to defend her position in Manchuria. Port Arthur is not needed to enable Japan to defend Korea so long as it is not under the control of an adversary. But Port Arthur is essential to the defence of Manchuria by Japan. It secures the sea terminus of the railway and overlooks the mouth of the Yalu, which will soon be connected by rail with central Manchuria. There is much significance in the well-understood intention of the Japanese Government to fight to absolute exhaustion rather than to permit Port Arthur to be again wrested from her.

A brief reference, in passing, to the "common interests" of Japan in China, in contradistinction to her "special interests" in eastern Asia, so sharply outlined in the preamble to the alliance with England, serves to emphasize the meaning of the two terms. Japan's "common interests" are the same as those of, for example, the United States; and will amount to whatever of commercial and industrial development the energy of her subjects, supported by the political and financial energy of their government, can wring from conditions within the empire. No other nation has a moral right to object to any progress of this nature Japan may be able to make, provided the gain is not made at the expense of, or does not grow out of invidious detriment to that other nation's legitimate interests. But evidence that forces of invidious detriment, set in motion and stimulated by Japan, are already at work against some Western interests in China and Manchuria has been multiplying within the last few months and may be expected to gain force as time passes unless promptly checked. I dislike to make this assertion here, unsupported by the details upon which I rest it, but the limitation of space compels me to indicate only a few of their significant manifestations. A study of the origin and progress of the so-called boycott of American goods by the Chinese, of some of the methods adopted to extend Japanese influence throughout China, and the incentive underlying the present recrudescence of the anti-foreign agitation, should afford food for reflection to all Westerners. And as to purely commercial matters, I know of an instance which occurred very recently, wherein the principle of a Japanese "sphere of influence" in Fukien, Chekiang, and Kiangsi was diplomatically invoked at Peking to obstruct an important American business enterprise in those provinces. This statement rests upon something more than circumstantial evidence. In fact, a conclusion forced upon one by a study of the Anglo-Japanese alliance is that, while declaring for the "open door," its most significant immediate effect is the conversion of a hitherto nebulous position of Japan in Korea and Manchuria into a *de facto* condition of territorial appropriation supported, in effect, by the military and naval forces of England. In other words, the "sphere of influence" doctrine, to give a moderate interpretation to the present situation, has been revived in a more concrete form than it ever had before.

A consideration of the "sphere of influence" doctrine and its possible effects upon Far Eastern politics leads, naturally, to examination of the policies of the powers which have in the past seemed to favor it. Prominent among them is Germany. Of all the foreign powers which have or claim interests in China, the course of Germany has been in some respects the most remarkable. Less versed in such methods than some of her competitors, she has cut her path with such broad strokes that a novice can follow it in all its main turns. It is doubtful if contemporaneous history affords a parallel, in sheer unprincipled rapacity, to her seizure of Kiao-chou Bay. She did not go to the trouble to stalk her prey through the usual processes of evasive diplomacy, but sprang abruptly upon it without warning and established possession by pure audacity almost before other powers realized what was happening. Nor, her so-called lease once secured, did she hesitate to go forward along the same lines.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What was possibly a misstep in respect to some matter of mining machinery which she proposed to compel the Chinese in Shan-tung to purchase from German rather than American bidders, aroused Mr. Hay and brought about what is known as the Hay agreement respecting the principle of the "open door." But, although compelled by circumstances outwardly to lower the colors of the "sphere of influence" doctrine, she never swerved from her purpose, which was undoubtedly shaped in expectation of, if not in deliberate effort to bring about the dismemberment of China. The "boxer" troubles gave her a new opportunity. North China will not soon forget the punitive expeditions undertaken by the Kaiser's picked regiments. In the readjustment of interests which followed the "boxer" war, or rather in the ensuing haste of most of the powers to grab what they could while unsettled conditions lasted, the German-Russian *entente* had its origin.

This *entente*, denied by both Russia and Germany in the days of its influence and now reduced by recent events to inanition, had undoubtedly at one time a tangible existence. Its traces may be found in all the windings of Far Eastern diplomacy in the years between the "boxer" trouble and the war between Russia and Japan, but I cannot follow their intricacies here. Its fundamental basis rested upon a mutual understanding as to the division between the two powers of that part of the Chinese Empire lying north of the Yiang-tse Valley. During this period German diplomacy at Peking was characterized by an unparalleled aggressiveness and insolence. The unfortunate death of the German minister just prior to the "boxer" outbreak, now generally considered to have been largely the result of his own imprudence, to give his conduct a mild name, was made the excuse for numerous exactions to which the humbled and helpless Chinese Government was compelled to submit. Meanwhile as a corollary to political and military energy, and calculated to give some apparently adequate foundation for both, extraordinary measures to advance German "interests" in China were inaugurated. A minute elucidation of the details of this attempt to "create interests to protect," which I have gathered in the course of two visits to Shan-tung province since the German occupation, and elsewhere throughout the empire, would be very interesting and illuminative of what is getting to be a common method of indirect political aggression upon weaker nations; but an indication or two must suffice. One cannot fail to be impressed with the material demonstrations of German "interests" in China. At Tsing-tau she has built a modern city scarcely inferior to the one Russia constructed at Dalny; and so close is the relation between German and Russian method in the Far East that there is little doubt that the one is the replica, in political purpose, of the other. From Tsing-tau she has built a railway which already penetrates beyond the heart of the province, and will soon be connected with the Peking-Hankow road, and by a branch to the north will reach Tien-tsin. German subsidized steamships ply along the China coast and on the Yiang-tse, creating by a clever method of port registration a most exaggerated impression of the extent of German shipping interests. At every important treaty port within the empire impressive and commodious consulates have been or are being built, while an elaborate commercial bureau, fully supplied with clerical aid, supplements the ordinary consular work. At Shanghai a magnificent post-office has been built to handle a comparatively small amount of German mail matter, while the Kaiser is said to have provided from his personal funds part of the money to build the splendid Concordia Club now being erected on the Shanghai bund, and which, with a small membership to support it, will eclipse any similar building in the Orient. A press news service and a number of publications are maintained, and no means neglected to supply obvious indication of great and varied German "interests" throughout the Far East. It is true that close scrutiny of these "interests" will reveal that they are to a great extent fictitious, and really exist upon government subsidies; which conveys definite assurance that, in their present state, they were instituted and are maintained for political rather than commercial purposes. And here we touch the heart of the matter. Are we to assume that a power like Germany, after ten years of energetic striving and enormous expenditure of life and money, will see her prospects blighted and abandon her purpose

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

without an effort to protect them? Whatever may be the possibilities of German commercial and industrial interests in the Far East under the "open door," the opinion in Berlin seems to be, and I am inclined also to think that they will be better served by absolute predominance in a certain "sphere" than by equal opportunity throughout the whole of China. At any rate, there is no doubt that Germany's policy has up to now been shaped on this theory, be it mistaken or not.

While there is no sound reason to warrant the belief that there has been a sincere alteration in the policy of Germany, there is no doubt that it has undergone an outward change within the last few months, or since it became certain that Japan was to be victorious in the struggle with Russia. I have it direct from a member of the Wai-wu-pu that, beginning soon after the battle of the Japan Sea, German diplomatic method at Peking underwent a transition which amounted to revolution. At that time Germany was pressing upon China a number of minor, though not unimportant, concessions in Shan-tung, which, if granted, would have almost certainly caused dissatisfaction to other powers, as well as being a relinquishment of Chinese autonomy. The Wai-wu-pu was resisting this pressure as well as it could, but might have been compelled to yield in the end had not the now famous naval battle completely demolished Russia's chances. The German change of front was so sudden as to be almost laughable; in fact, the Chinese official who gave me the details did laugh exceedingly in their narration. He had the wit to see the humor of the situation, while at the same time in his heart deploring the state of affairs which made China the shuttlecock of fate. But, while outwardly acquiescing in the existing *status quo*, until she is able to determine upon what shall be the next move, Germany undoubtedly regards the Anglo-Japanese alliance with suspicion and alarm, and only bides her time until conditions make the formulation of an opposition policy feasible.

The other great powers who may be presumed from the logic of their situation to favor the "sphere of influence" doctrine are, of course, Russia and France. France is not active in the advancement of any special policy, but her inclination will be to support Russia under ordinary circumstances, in order to prevent Russia from flying to the arms of Germany. However, she will probably not take a decided stand either way, having at stake neither so much to win or lose as to warrant it. But with Russia it is different. Although defeated, and for the time distracted by internal problems, she is certain to emerge from these temporary disabilities and resume her position among the powers. While, owing to her defeat at the hands of Japan, her prestige in the Orient must temporarily suffer, her position on the borders of China will always make her felt at Peking, and she can never be left out of any reasonable estimation of political probabilities in connection with the Far Eastern question. In a few years she will have her present Siberian Railway double-tracked, and the new line via Tashkent and Kokand finished, which will vastly increase her military potency in Asia. Besides, it is idle to assume that she will abandon what is to her a permanent purpose, and her still great material interests on the Pacific. That England and Japan fully recognize this is indicated by their alliance. Why, unless she still fears Russia, does England apparently sacrifice desires in other directions to assure the assistance of Japan should the Indian frontier be attacked? There is a logical foundation for the belief, entertained by some statesmen in Europe, that England was practically forced into the present alliance to prevent Japan from reaching a reciprocal agreement with Russia. And does not this assumption imply the existence of a certain harmony between the designs and intentions of Russia and Japan in eastern Asia, or, to speak more exactly, a disposition to compromise in advance a possible future collision? This leads, inevitably, when the whole situation is considered, to the question: Has England sacrificed the "open door," with its now doubtful advantages to her, to the more certain and definite benefit of the security of her Indian frontier and her "sphere of influence" in China?

Since it seems probable, indeed almost certain, that out of the existing situation will come a realignment of policies in which the "sphere of influence" doctrine will be revived in a more specific and formidable form, perhaps to the extent of eventually reducing the "open door" to a meaningless

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

phrase, the position of the United States demands attention. Our national aims in the Far East are pretty well understood by Americans to be confined to commercial and industrial matters, with no desire or intention to acquire additional territory. There is no doubt that American statesmanship, skilfully directed by Mr. Hay, has pursued this course consistently and with asbolute sincerity. I advance no claim that we are more disinterested than other nations. Our policy is based upon the belief that the "open door" will be best for our interests, just as some other powers consider the "sphere of influence" doctrine as best calculated to advance theirs. All are purely selfish, in the sense that each nation is concerned most about its own advantage. In the case of America, there exists a sincere desire to advance our national interests as far as possible without injuring other nations; indeed, we would like to see them prosper as well as ourselves. Unfortunately, all national policies are not built on this plan, but many are conceived in a school of statesmanship which seeks comparative advancement through detriment to competitors. And this is the guiding spirit of most of the policies now exerted in the Far East. With them all competition implies a fight. And in shaping the Far Eastern policy of the United States to meet the new conditions, this should not be lost sight of.

I have already pointed out how the peace terms and the alliance with England definitely concede to Japan what are practically spheres of influence in Korea and Manchuria never before claimed by her. In fact, "sphere of influence" is too weak a phrase to describe this new condition. "Territorial rights" is the term used in the alliance treaty. Now "sphere of influence" is somewhat intangible, and requires caution in manipulation; but "territorial right" is absolute, and carries with it the power to control and regulate a country. "Territorial rights" imply sovereignty. Does anyone suppose that the French, German, and Russian foreign offices are deceived as to the real meaning of this term? And are we to expect that these powers will quietly consent to have their own special interests and privileges in their tentative "spheres" curtailed by the declaration of the alliance in favor of the "open door," while the very next clause and the supplementary articles turn over absolutely to Japan a very large "sphere" where she is to have a practically free hand? European chancelleries have no delusions about the assurance that Japan will respect the "open door" in Korea and Manchuria. Will they not insist upon retaining special privileges in those regions where their influence predominates? What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. And under any revival and application of the "sphere of influence" doctrine, where will the United States land? Our commerce will be compelled to fight for a foothold in the Far East under any handicaps which other competitive nations may choose to impose upon it. And it should be remembered that the logical outcome of the "sphere of influence" doctrine is dismemberment. China will herself exert an influence upon the eventual settlement, but the foreign powers now hold the balance of power.

This, then, is the situation American diplomacy is facing. It begins to look as if the United States, having once before rescued the "open door," will be compelled in her own interest to save it again. I cannot help feeling that there is something rather humiliating to this nation, whether intended or not, in the wording and spirit of the Anglo-Japanese alliance. Americans certainly are capable of determining what are their interests in the Far East, and if they are not capable of defending them it is pretty sure that no other nation will defend them for us. Can Americans afford to intrust the care of their interests in the present and future of the Orient to what seem destined to be our most energetic and formidable competitors? It is clear that at present we could not protect those interests in an extreme issue with any hope of success, owing to our military and naval weakness in the Pacific. But besides taking steps to alter this situation by maintaining a strength in the Pacific which, while threatening no one, will induce consideration of our reasonable wishes, the government should lose no time in instituting more efficient measures to preserve and extend our interests by peaceful means. The United States should have a larger consular force in China, and by all means a commercial and industrial bureau provided with a clerical force and funds to keep abreast of our competitors. Our position now, in respect to such matters, is almost ridiculous.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Just a word to those Americans who may sincerely hold the opinion that the United States should abandon its position in the Pacific and abstain from any positive or aggressive policy in the Far East. The possibilities of the Orient, in a commercial and industrial sense, have not yet been scratched, and that the present century will witness a tremendous evolution there cannot be doubted. That the tendency of material discovery and its application to the wants and needs of mankind is to eliminate those conditions which for so long kept large segments of the human race in comparative isolation from each other, and to bring into direct contact and a more common channel what have, in man's narrow view of his own possibilities and destiny, appeared to be widely divergent forces is now generally recognized. To assume a future for civilization in which a majority of the earth's inhabitants will not be strongly, perhaps decisively influential, seems not only to contradict probability, but to negative political principles now widely accepted as the guiding and predominating force in human progress. It is roughly estimated that two-thirds of the human beings who now inhabit the earth live in that part of the world usually spoken of as the Orient. This constitutes, in sheer weight of human mind and matter, a decided, almost overwhelming majority, and sh uld it eventually succeed in making its desires felt in the councils of the nations it cannot fail to seriously affect the course of civilization.

What will be the effect upon the Western world of the introduction of modern material progress into an element largely homogeneous and which holds, in physical preponderance, should means to apply it be found, the ultimate balance of power? This is the Far Eastern question. Can we conceive a future for our country in which it will not be brought seriously into contact with this question? I cannot. America must, whether she wishes or not, take her part in its solution.

AN IMPRESSION OF HENRY IRVING

By E. S. Nadal

IN one respect Sir Henry Irving was especially remarkable: he was such a singular combination of artistic and practical ability. But that comes very far short of describing what he was. Besides being an artist and a man of business, he was a consummate man of the world, a diplomatist, and a man of great intellectual ability. He was, furthermore, a very kind-hearted man. He had a kindness not often to be met with in one at the head of large enterprises, who must of necessity say "No" many times for once he can say "Yes." With the force and decision of character of a man of action, he combined a great deal of tact and address—qualities, no doubt, all the more effective by reason of his kindness of heart.

To Irving more than any other man is due the change that has taken place in London in recent years in the social position of actors—a change which has come within my own memory. When I first went to London in 1870 there were no actors in society. When I came back in 1877 there were a good many of them to be seen about. There was growing up a society which was composed of successful artists, the new rich people, and the professional classes, with a sprinkling of such of the older society as had a fancy for art and the theatre. In that society the actors had not only a good, but a distinguished place.

Irving had a high idea of the dignity of his own profession, and he illustrated in himself what he thought the position and the manners of an actor should be. He had not in the least what has always been supposed to be the off-the-stage manner of an actor. He thought an actor should be just like anybody else. I fancy that is not an

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

easy thing to do. The actor must be indeed a gentleman who can preserve in private life the simple and quiet behavior of one. A gentleman should be himself—that is a *sine qua non* of the character—and, as a rule, he should not have any keen anxiety upon the question of what you think of him. An actor's business, on the other hand, is to be somebody else. He is, moreover, necessarily much interested in the question of what other people think of him, although that is a quality which he shares with all the rest of the tribe of artists. The above remarks, however, apply rather to the tragic and melodramatic actor than to the comedian. They do not apply at all to the women of the profession. A woman does not become unladylike by being affected. Her business is to please; it was for that she was created; the desire and effort to please are natural to her; and all disguises and affectations are legitimate which are assumed to that end. The desire to please and to interest us and to fix our attention is of itself a grace and an attraction.

Irving, it should, however, be said, had a position very much higher than any it was in the power of fashionable society to bestow. He had a place which his commanding talents had won from the public and from the country. He was, of course, conscious of this. Not that there was the least assumption about him. If he had not been too kind, he was too wise and clever for that.

He himself no doubt thought most of his Shakespearean parts and thought less of the parts the world liked best, "The Bells" and "Louis XI", although I have heard him speak with pleasure of the evidences he had had of the popularity of the latter play. Those were certainly his greatest successes. It was in "The Bells" that he made his first great mark. After seeing him in that part, Charles Dickens, not long before his death, happening to meet Toole, the actor, said: "I tell you, Toole, that man Irving is a genius." "Louis XI", perhaps his greatest success, was full of his mannerisms and personal peculiarities, but was on that account none the less delightful to those to whom his personality was agreeable. How characteristic was the trick he had in that part of moving his hands behind his back, to denote apparently one of those peculiarities of manner into which a man so highly placed as to be above criticism and out of reach of ridicule is likely to be betrayed. It has been said that an absolute despot is necessarily a madman, and certainly all men are the better and safer for the repressive influence upon themselves of the criticism of others. I am sorry I never asked Irving where he got that idea, whether from the observation of some individual or out of his own head. He may have had some historical authority for it.

Of the Shakespearean parts in which I have seen him, the least satisfactory to me was his Shylock. When, not long ago, I read in the papers that he had been lecturing at the universities on Shylock, I was much interested, because I distinctly remember that when I first heard him in that part he seemed to be delivering a lecture upon it, rather than acting it. At many points he seemed to be saying: "Now, if I were acting this part, this—and this—is what I should do." His favorable and sympathizing conception of Shylock was probably the result of living in a society in which Jews have of late taken an important position. Mrs. Fanny Kemble went to hear him in this part, in company with Mr. Henry James, who described to me how, during the whole play, she was contrasting Irving's representation with the offensiveness which she had seen Kean throw into the character.

I saw Irving in the two parts of Iago and Othello when he played them in London in conjunction with Booth. In the first week Booth was the Iago and Irving Othello. The next week they reversed the parts. I was present on the two first nights. Of course, my national sympathies were with Booth. But the situation was against him. Irving was upon his own ground. I believe it is true that, when Yale and Harvard play football, Yale has an advantage if the game is played at New Haven, and Harvard if it is played at Cambridge. And if boys kick a football better for influences so subtle, how much more will they affect actors, who, of all the sensitive race of artists, are of necessity most subject to them. Some years afterward Booth told me that he felt this at the time. By the way, Booth's enunciation, otherwise so very fine, was during these performances at times decidedly nasal. It may be that I remarked this because the peculiarities of the American speech are, of course, more noticeable abroad than at

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

home. But I am inclined to think that this habit was one which had grown upon him in later life.

I thought Irving's Iago excellent. I liked him also in Othello, but when I told him so, he answered that he was sure that he could not make a success of the part. I told him that I thought he had spoken well the "Farewell to War": "Farewell, the Plumed Steed", etc. He shook his head and said: "No, no; I can't do it."

One night he asked me to see "Louis XI" and to take supper with him after the play. Back of the stage at the Lyceum there was a room in which he had supper, and which he told me had formerly been occupied by the old Beefsteak Club. After the play I went to the supper-room, where he presently appeared, looking very fresh and fit. When I said that I had expected to find him much exhausted with the exertions of the evening, he replied that this part took very little out of him; it was after playing Hamlet that he was tired. And he seemed to think that his exhaustion in Hamlet was due to the higher character of the effort he had put forth. Men are apt to think that they have done well what they have done with difficulty, whereas I suppose it is more likely to be true that they have done well what they have done with facility. I was much struck with one thing he said: he told me that he had decided not to play Hamlet at all in the United States, whither he was about to go for the first time. His reason was that he believed the people of the United States had accepted Booth's Hamlet as the right one, and that if he should play Hamlet in America, the national *amour propre* would be enlisted against his representation, and as a consequence, to some degree against himself. It seemed to me that he showed great wisdom in this and that this decision was evidence that there was in him as much of the diplomatist as of the artist. The only two persons besides myself who were there were also Americans—Sam Ward and W. H. Hurlburt. Hurlburt talked a great deal and was as entertaining and flippant as ever. Sam Ward made but one remark. Reference was made to an expected event still some years ahead, and someone suggested that we might not all be there to see it. Mr. Ward said, "Old Sam won't be there."

I remained after Ward and Hurlburt had left. Irving told me that he had in his possession the lantern that belonged to Clark, the farmer whom Eugene Aram murdered. It will be remembered that the body of Clark was found in a cave twenty years after the murder. The lantern lay by the body and was one of the means by which the crime was fixed on Eugene Aram. After the trial it passed back into the hands of some member of Clark's family. One of his descendants, who had it in his possession, after hearing Irving play Eugene Aram, presented the lantern to him. I asked to see it, and it was shown me. It was a neat, substantial little contrivance, very innocent looking, the glass of a greenish color, and it looked somewhat new and smart to have had such a history. I asked to have it lighted, and it was done. The lamps were turned down and the greenish light which, at three o'clock in the morning, it shed in the darkened room was sufficiently eerie and grewsome.

This was in the fall of 1883, just previous to Irving's first visit to America, as I have said. I recall an incident of about the same time, which will serve to illustrate Irving's thoroughness as a man of business. Happening one day in Pall Mall to meet Lord Houghton, that sprite of eighty years, who, in the course of his long and joyful life, had encountered many amusing things, and who was still as keen as ever in the pursuit and appreciation of the humorous, he told me that he had just been to the Lyceum Theatre to see Irving's preparations for his visit to this country. He noticed upon the stage a number of large boxes. He asked what they were, and was told that the boxes contained the snow to be used in "The Bells." "The Bells" was to be the first play given in New York, and Irving was leaving nothing to chance. "They were taking their snow with 'em," said Lord Houghton, laughing merrily to himself, as he moved away.

The last time I saw Irving was in the fall of 1901. I came home on the Atlantic liner on which he had taken passage, with his company, for this country. There were some seventy of them. They had, most of them, their wives or their husbands with them, and they came on board, two and two, like the animals into Noah's Ark. On the Saturday evening before landing there was the usual performance in the saloon, and most

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the company took part and did stunts. Miss Terry read something and shed tears; Irving sat on the platform in a dress coat and smiled benignantly upon them all. He was especially pleased by one young fellow, whose eyes shot forth beams of mirth as he sang the misfortunes of a man who had bought a stair carpet and had taken it home and tried to tack it down, and who was very funny—so funny, indeed, that the pretty young mother of an infant phenomenon and wife of a scene-shifter, who sat near me (and who, one would have thought, must have had a surfeit of similar exhibitions), went into such gales of natural laughter as to make her quite the pleasantest feature of the whole show.

Irving had his own dining-room, where he asked me to dine one night. Miss Terry came in and mixed the salad and then withdrew. There were present, besides Irving, two of the actors of the company. Irving said not very much. I remember that he said that the best theatrical town in the English-speaking world—*i. e.*, the most theatre-going—was Boston. When I ventured to remark that the "School for Scandal," brilliant and perfect as it was, was shallow when compared with Goldsmith, he said, "Ah, you find something artificial in that, do you?" as if he himself did. That was nearer what I meant to say. He gave us a very circumstantial and interesting account of a love-affair of the young actor, Montague, a handsome fellow whom old New York theatre-goers will remember. The two actors, jolly fellows and pleasant company, told many stories, in which I thought there was to be observed that excess of the appearance of humor over the reality, sometimes characteristic of the conversation of men of their profession. Irving sat back, laughing indulgently. He had rather a tired look, I thought, the look of a man who knew that he had got about all there was in it, and that there was little more left to be done which could enhance the success of that career, so full of varied achievement.

THE POINT OF VIEW

EDUCATION and sanitation are manias among the Americans, complains that vivacious and indefatigable traveller, Henry Savage Landor. This is not an indictment that puts us to shame. In his recent book Prof. Alleyne Ireland seems to have arrived at pretty much the same conclusion. But while he approves of our broom, he deplores the school-book which we make such haste to put into everybody's hand.

Our Novelty in Colonial Policy

A flag waving above a little house on a remote hillside or in a secluded valley, which one may see from Maine to California, perhaps touches a sentimental chord, but it does not occur to us to regard it as a national phenomenon. It is only when our national attitude toward education comes into close contrast with the ideals and practices of other Western nations that we realize not only its significance, but that it is unique. This it does in the Orient, and it is there, in fact, that the traveller, Mr. Landor, and the publicist, Mr. Ireland, have had forced upon their attention conditions and situations which they do not approve.

These men but voice a common opinion—English, Dutch, French—among our neighbors in the Pacific. The first superficial but partly true reasons for this dissent, one is forced to perceive, is a curious, but not wholly unnatural pique. A nation so little versed in dealing with strange peoples as is the United States might be expected to follow in the paths marked out by older and more practised nations, and particularly in those of the English, with whom we are allied in blood and ideals, and who are regarded as the most successful of all colonizing nations. But we have not done so. We have proceeded in a directly contrary direction, and this waywardness on our part is looked upon as what might almost be called a characteristic piece of American "cheek." In their eyes we should now "stand aside and see ourselves be'avin' like a bloomin' fool." On the con-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

trary we have not endeavored to get their angle of vision; we have not even analyzed our own methods, but have simply gone on according to the laws of our own national being. It remains for the future to say whether we could have been more happily guided, but at present he is a poor American who will not swear to the success of our manner of undertaking.

This is not vainglory. It is but recognition of the fact that the conditions are without precedent. New conditions demand new paths, and it is but fitting that we hew these out for ourselves. The conduct of the Philippines is, in fact, the first instance of a nation taking over other peoples for other than commercial reasons, or in the spirit of conquest. All the colonies in the East are the results of commercial enterprise. The Indian Empire is the outcome of the East India Company. The English position at Hongkong is a corollary of the opium war and the commercial needs of India. The Dutch in Java make no pretence to anything but the furthering of commercial interests and national wealth. The French in Cochin China look to its industries and the opportunity for official sinecures. All these colonies have been administered accordingly, and our critics see us in the light of their experience.

Their experience, for example, they assert has warned them that a common speech is prejudicial to the interests of commerce. The Dutch in Java discourage any understanding between the native and the foreigner beyond those words necessary to the carrying on of affairs. These words they prefer that the foreigner should learn of the native, rather than have the native use the Dutch tongue. The English government in India has no schools except those for the education of government clerks and minor officials. Schools, other than these, are left to the missionaries and sporadic philanthropy. The formula of its justification for this neglect is, "We never interfere more than is necessary with the habits of the native." What they all refuse to recognize is that their contention does not apply to the ends that we have in mind.

The prompt introduction of a public-school system in the Philippines, instead of our building a great white way and putting up fine Government buildings, has sent a shiver through the tropics. The Malay has curious and subtle ways of transmitting information. That which is whispered in Luzon is soon echoed in Borneo, Singapore, and Java. What stories are carried from casca to sampan and proa to be repeated in rice paddies, indigo plantations, and tea-fields, over the strange doings in the Philippines! There is not one of these tribes or peoples who will not recognize in what they hear something higher, more desirable than they have attained, however vaguely it may be comprehended. This sort of information carries its own seeds of discontent; and the planters of Borneo and Java are not without reason in thinking that reading, writing, and arithmetic will not march with the interests of commerce, when it is concerned only with the development of coolies. So rooted is this idea that even Professor Ireland seems to recognize nothing better for these peoples than commercial standards. Our own attitude toward education, whether right or wrong, wise or unwise, is so different that we may expect to be misunderstood, or if understood, to be criticised.

Curiously enough this country, which in the Occident bears the reproach of commercialism and materialism, in the Orient is regarded as running over with idealism and dangerous sentimentalism. It is an interesting situation, and we may find entertainment in contemplating ourselves so placed. One thing is certain: what we have undertaken is the latest thing in colonies. If it should be that we set the fashion!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FIELD OF ART

THE COLOR-PRINTS OF MR. EDWARDS

PRINTING in colors is most commonly done with a number of stones, or blocks, or plates, each one being used for a single color only. The colors printed in this way can be juxtaposed or superimposed; in fact, almost all elaborate pieces of color printing include both methods. A certain hue is produced by printing one color upon another; but, also, a great many hues are printed directly upon the white paper, each lying by the side of and closely adjoining another, which may be either pure like itself, or may be the result of two printings, as above suggested. Whether it is the wood-cut process of old time, the chromo-lithography of 1850 and later, or newer methods employed with half-tone plates or the like, the idea of a plate or block or stone for each color, and therefore for each printing, is the central idea upon which everything depends.

There is, however, a process which has been ignored among Europeans for a century; one that was very popular, and also much affected by the French and English patrons of art of 1760 and thereafter. In this process the artist simply paints an engraved plate in as many colors as he chooses to apply to it, lays a piece of wet paper on the plate, passes the whole through a powerful press, and produces at one impression a many-colored print. This way of producing prints has been revived in our time by an Englishman, S. Arlent Edwards, living now in New York, and whose prints in color are for sale at several of the most approved fine-art emporiums in New York. The prints resulting from this process are so attractive, and the process itself is so curious, although simple, that it is interesting to anyone who cares for art matters at all. It is also especially attractive to collectors of prints; and it is well that there are many print collectors in the community. They, whether collectors in small or on a great scale, are among the most useful employers of artists. If there is any one form of fine and significant art which is peculiarly fitted for the private man—for the student who would study and enjoy at home—it is that art of the printed leaflet, the result of wood-cut or lithograph or engraving. But the addition of color, even in a limited development, to the more familiar study of light and shade, black and white, gray gradation or sharp contrast in the print, is a most notable fact. And there are the immense and as yet undefined possibilities of the art in question. Attractive as are the works of Mr. Edwards, it is probable that as they now appear they mark an early step in a very important artistic development.

It has been said that the plate is painted, and a single impression taken from it, in which the painting transfers itself to the piece of dampened paper. The reader will understand, then, that each separate painting is a work of art. There lies the plate on the table. The artist applies to it different colors which are nothing more than pure ground pigment, mingled with oil of certain special qualities and in certain special proportions. He puts these colors on with dabbers, or with brushes, or, for choice, with finger and thumb, rubbing the color well into the engraved lines of the plate—that is, into the depressions previously made by his gravers. The interesting fact results that no two prints can possibly be alike. Each print is a transfer, a reversed reproduction, of a separate work of art, as was said above—that is, of a painting which has been made by hand upon the copper. The hair is blonde or brown, the cheek is rosy, the flesh is more or less fair, more or less flushed imperceptibly, with color. The dress is made up of many parts, invested with many hues; the flowers, the leaves, the lips, the eyes, are more brilliant or more positive bits of color, and the distance, including the sky, is a gradation of green or blue, or more commonly, of a gray affected by or toned

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by green or blue. That is what has been done to the copper plate, and that is what the wet paper takes perfectly from the copper plate and perpetuates.

The reader shall have more minute details. In the first place the copper plate itself may be engraved by any process. The engraving done on metal is always a series of incised lines, or of extremely diminutive hollows such as we call dots or points. These recessed or intaglio surfaces receive and retain the ink. The action of the paper is to pull that ink out of the recesses which have been holding it; and then to retain it permanently. Any kind of engraving in intaglio can be used; line-engraving with the burin; etching and dry-point work done with the etching needle; stipple, which is engraving reduced to a series of points; aquatint, which, like etching, is done with acid, but without line-work, the acid roughening the whole surface; and mezzotint, which is described below. There are still two special systems which are most in use, and these two are stipple engraving and mezzotinto or mezzotint engraving. In the first of these the burin or graver is used, extremely like the burin used for line engraving, and the action of the tool is simply to make dots or triangular incisions instead of lines. In line engraving there is a good deal of dotting done, sometimes; but when the surface is entirely dotted it is said to be engraved in stipple. Those who have by them the Wordsworth volume of the Golden Treasury Series (poems of Wordsworth chosen and edited by Matthew Arnold) will find a good specimen of it in the portrait of Wordsworth on the title-page signed by C. H. Jeens. All the flesh of the head is rendered in pure stipple, as also the background, though with a different texture. In the Byron volume (poetry of Byron chosen and arranged by Matthew Arnold) the statue on the title-page is rendered entirely in stipple. The Wordsworth is the more interesting piece, and Jeens, who died in 1879, produced many portraits of distinguished men, worked according to the same process and all interesting. Some of these were published in the periodical *Nature* as a series of "Scientific Worthies." But the stipples of the eighteenth century were bolder, wrought with a more daring hand, and produced on a much larger scale. Prints twenty inches long were often made by this process exclusively.

The engravings which we know by the name of Bartolozzi are generally stipple engravings, and some of them are bold and coarse-grained enough to have a positive resemblance to lithographs. Those eighteenth-century prints were most commonly printed in brown or reddish brown or some tint, or, more rarely, in a cold gray, and many of the reddish or warm brown impressions were colored by hand. These, when the water-color was skillfully laid on, are rather deceptive. Scores of them have been sold as genuine color-printed Bartolozzis. For, the student will note, even a pale yellow—a delicate blue—a flush of crimson—can be used effectively. The lighter parts of the engraving hold, and transmit to the paper, so very little of the pigment used for printing, that the pale tint of that part of the print hardly affects the hue of the wash of water-color afterwards laid on. So it is that sham color-prints exist, sham, though really printed from Bartolizzi's plates; but scores of them were printed in colors as well, sometimes the same plate being made to serve both purposes without difficulty. Important pictures by Gainsborough and Reynolds were reproduced in this way, the artist working his copperplates in nearly the same fashion, whether the result was to be, as decided in advance, a monochrome or a work in varied color. The use of the same plate for both processes was not, perhaps, often foreseen, as a somewhat different handling might be necessary in the one and the other case.

The mezzotint process is a little more complex, consisting, as it does, of two operations which are quite distinct, the one succeeding the other. In the first place a smooth plate of burnished copper is roughened all over, or more properly, cut into a million little points which alternate with little depressions, this work being done by what is called a rocker or cradle (in French, *le berceau*). The rocker may be two and a half inches wide, and its edge is a circular curve, perhaps one-tenth of the circumference of a circle. This edge is cut into little teeth, not wholly unlike those of a saw, the fineness of them varying between sixty to an inch and twice as many. By any ready means the plate is divided into strips according to its size; perhaps the artist draws two lines approximately straight and parallel with a lead-pencil, and the rocker goes slowly across the plate, keeping itself upon the strip marked out by those

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

two lines, and gradually cutting the whole of that strip into grooves which alternate with ridges—though, indeed, each groove is made up of very minute depressions corresponding to the teeth of the rocker. The whole plate being covered in this way, the rocker begins again in a different direction, guided by a different set of strips or lines, and once more the plate is scored with the toothing or grooving made by the teeth of the *berceau*. A third, a fourth, a fifth repetition of the process follows, until at last the whole surface of the copper is covered with an immeasurably fine granulation, a roughness, consisting of hundreds of thousands of sharp little points alternating with proportionally sharp and proportionally minute dottings or depressions. If you were to cover this prickly surface with ink and then wipe off all that you could wipe off, the plate would look coppery enough, it would be metallic in surface and ruddy in general hue; but all its recessed parts would be filled with the ink that you could not reach with your wiper. The wetted, thick paper is forced strongly down upon this by the rollers of the press. It takes the ink out from those little hollows, and the paper will show an effect like soft black velvet (if the ink is black), one of the most beautiful surfaces which we can produce.

We are not to forget that the plate has been so well cleaned off before the wet paper is applied that it looks brilliant with its metallic lustre. It would take a keen eye to see that its inequalities give shelter to so much pigment. It appears, then, that only the ink which had been hidden in the hollows can be transferred to the paper; the highest projections, the brightest, cleanest surfaces of metal have no ink to give to the paper, and where they have touched it the paper is left white. A pale tint comes from a metal surface which looks almost unchanged, so little color is held in its untraceable depressions. Infinite subtleties of gradation are possible, of course, by the varied depth, the varied minuteness, the varied crowding in one place or another, of the hollows. And all that is needed to turn our uniform velvety surface into a picture is to alter the surface of the grained copper, making the smooth parts which will not hold ink larger in some places than in others, and the depressions much shallower in some places than in others. The depressions themselves are so very minute—they have so little depth—that even after the projections between them are much scraped away the surface of the plate still passes for a perfect flat, and the paper has no difficulty in accommodating itself to it, the plate, over all its surface.

How, then, is the mezzotint picture produced? With a scraper, of which the form is really indifferent, though some very pretty tools are made for the purpose. The artist removes part of that uniform prickly surface from which the velvety bloom may be printed off as above suggested. He lowers it more here, he lowers it but little there. In one place, as where a smooth forehead is to fill a part of the field, the plate is so scraped down that it seems almost to be burnished copper there, although, of course, it is not absolutely smooth, although there are still minute, invisibly minute, depressions which hold a little ink and express the slight rounding of the skin as the light strikes it. The same process may produce a vivid white flower in the foreground or a seeming flash of lightning or a rising moon in the background; all that we have to remember is the extraordinary variety of effect produced by a more or less rapid gradation in our darks and lights. Because of this very simplicity of process, mezzotint is the splendid and fascinating artistic process that we feel it to be. What you have to do is so plain and straightforward! It is so purely a matter of more or less power of perception, power of conception, delicacy of eye, delicacy of touch! To get soft gradations, mutually helping one another to produce a beautiful design, and all the while leading up to some result in the way of record or sentiment: that is pretty nearly a definition of graphic art in general; but it is an accurate account of mezzotint.

The color-prints by Mr. Edwards which are now for sale in the shops are very often single heads or half-length figures taken from Italian paintings of importance. There is a Madonna, forming a part of a well-known painting by Filippino Lippi, the figure turned towards the spectator's right, and kneeling, with clasped hands, while the face, nearly in profile, is seen against the conventional fifteenth century landscape. There is a portrait of a lady, generally ascribed to Leonardo da Vinci in which the figure is turned to the spectator's left, with the face accurately in profile and the whole composition

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

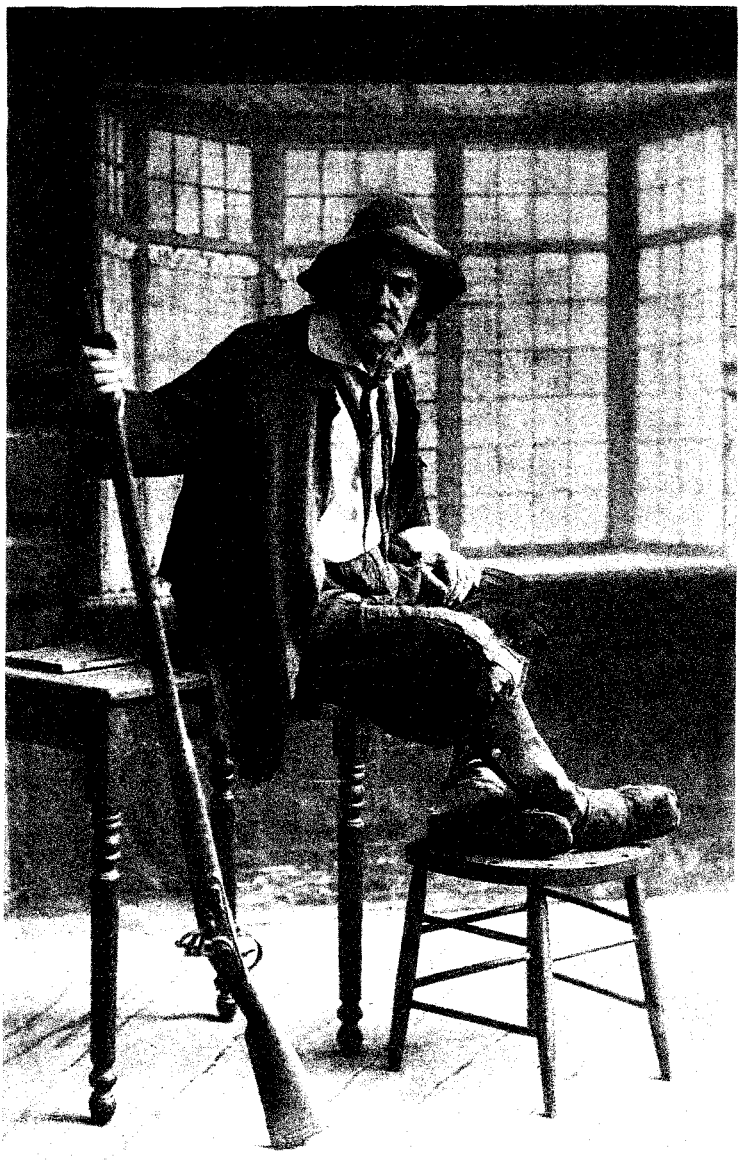
easily recognizable by the dainty head-dress with a string of pearls passing over the head and once about the neck. There is a portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire, by Reynolds, and also that most attractive picture of the same lady with her little girl, whom she is exciting to infantile emulation with raised right hand and motherly suggestion. These and others have been for some little time in the market. Newer ones are a figure in profile, by Sandro Botticelli, from a painting in Florence; again, a portrait of Ludovica Tornabuoni, after a figure in the fresco by Ghirlandaio in the Church of Santa Maria Novella, Florence; and a portrait of Mrs. Drummond Smith, known popularly as "Patience," and the work of George Romney. The process of engraving these has been described in such brief words as are available. The reader will see in any photograph as issued in advertising circulars, or, better still, in an impression from the plate, where the depressions, the little hollows made by the rocker, remain nearly intact, for that is where the deepest darks are; and where the ridges and points between them have been scraped away, here more, here less, giving lighter passages. Now let him imagine the shining copperplate daubed over, as with black, and then carefully wiped off; then, in places, with red, with blue, with pigments of various hues, all ground up with boiled oil; but those reds and blues applied only where there is need of them; whereas a certain uniform gradation has been produced by means of the black ink. When the whole plate has been painted in this way the wet paper takes that painting to itself and gives us the colored picture, which will differ from our black and white reproduction merely in the fact that in the latter case the black ink only has been used.

It is in the greater or less use of that black ink that the future success of this process is to be found—or at least that is what I firmly believe. It is natural for an artist who is both engraver and printer of his own work to look upon black ink as a constant resource; but it does seem that the future of this art of color printing will depend upon the gradual disuse of it—the gradual abandonment, more and more, of that black gradation which underlies the color. It is not by "shading" a hand in black and then tinting it over with pink or warm brown—it is not in that way that a colorist proceeds. The colorist gets his shadings, his roundings, his darks, by means of added color, its exact hue being between himself and his conscience; the certain thing is that he does not shade with black, nor yet with any neutral gray, which is merely black disguised. If a sworn colorist were to take hold of this process, or if Mr. Edwards would spend a year in Venice, and work there, and engrave and print a dozen plates within the intellectual dominion of Titian and Veronese, we should see what we should see! That it would be a magnificent and as yet unequalled —as yet unapproached—artistic result there can be, I think, no room for doubt. If the able workman were also inspired to engrave designs wholly his own, and so become a *peintre-graveur* indeed, it would be only what would naturally follow such an experience.

An exhibition of Mr. Edwards' color-prints was opened at the National Arts Club, in New York, on November 6th. This notice was then already in type; and the present memorandum is added to the proof, because any catalogue or list of the prints, as issued by the Club, would be a valuable document.

RUSSELL STURGIS.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH, COPYRIGHT 1894, BY B. J. FALK.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drawn by George Wright.

"It is not me," she moaned, "not me."

—"The Tides of Barnegat."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED